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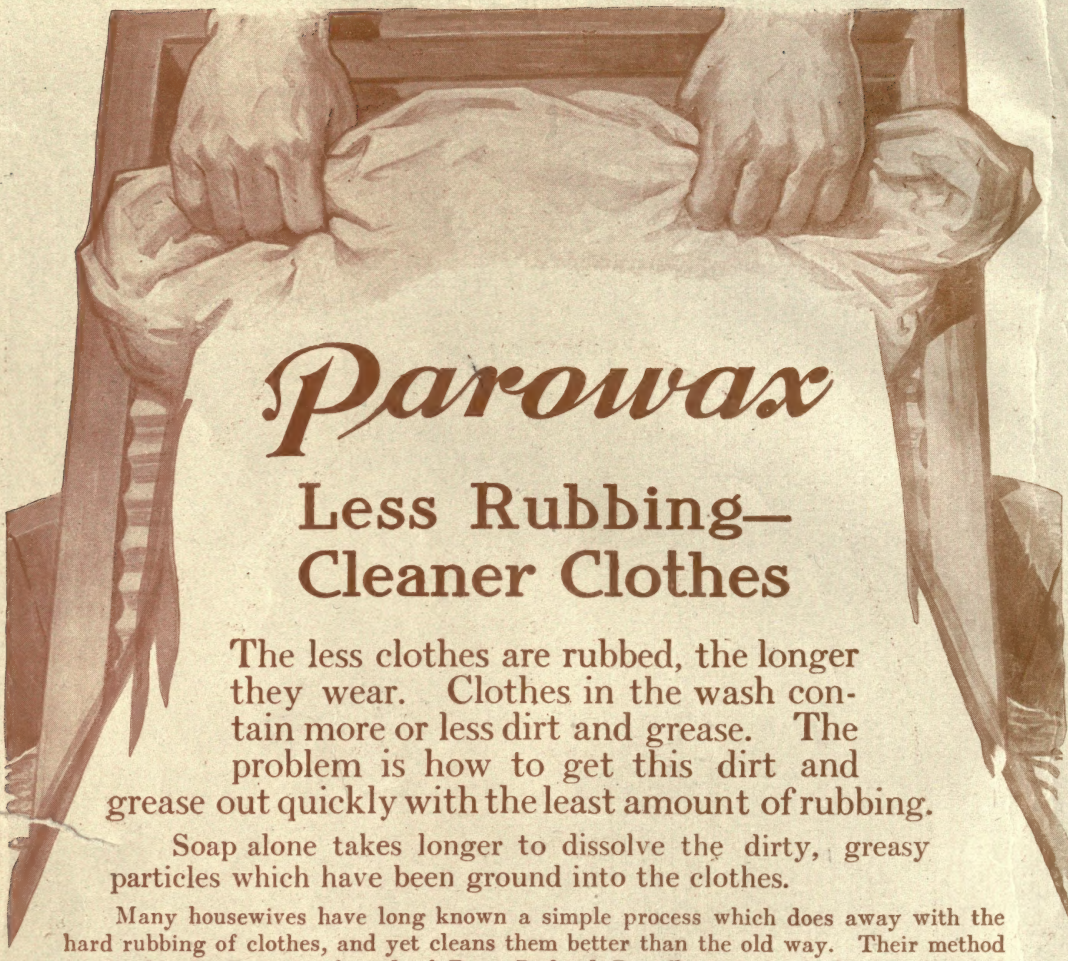
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An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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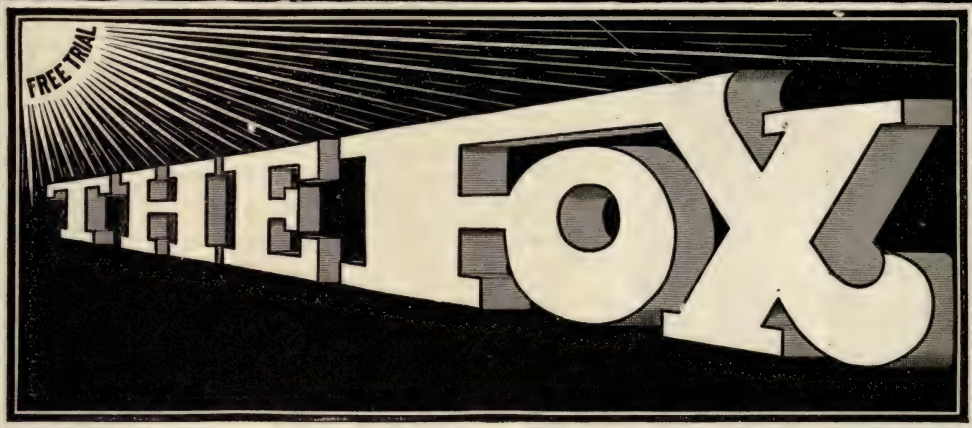
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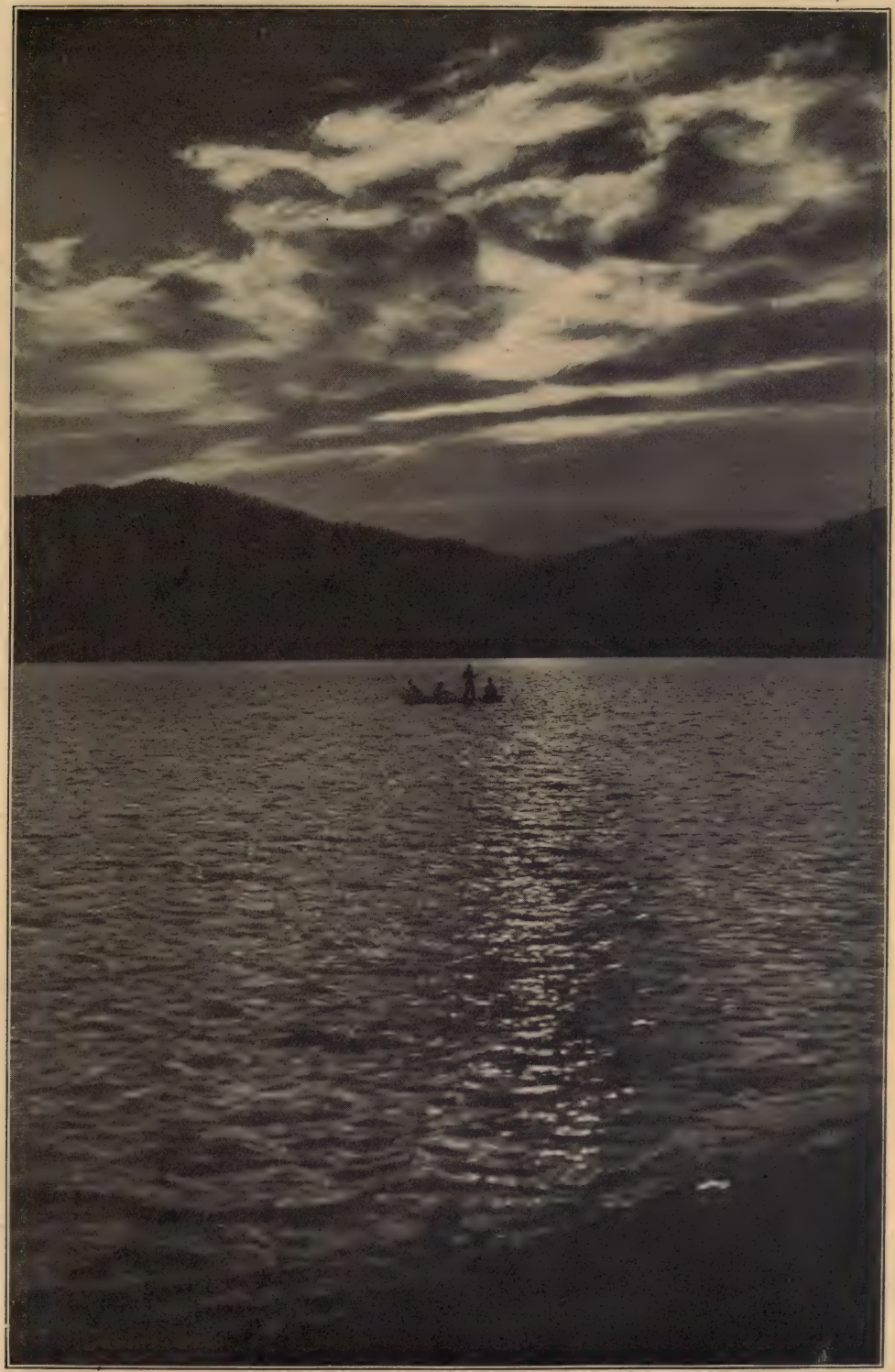
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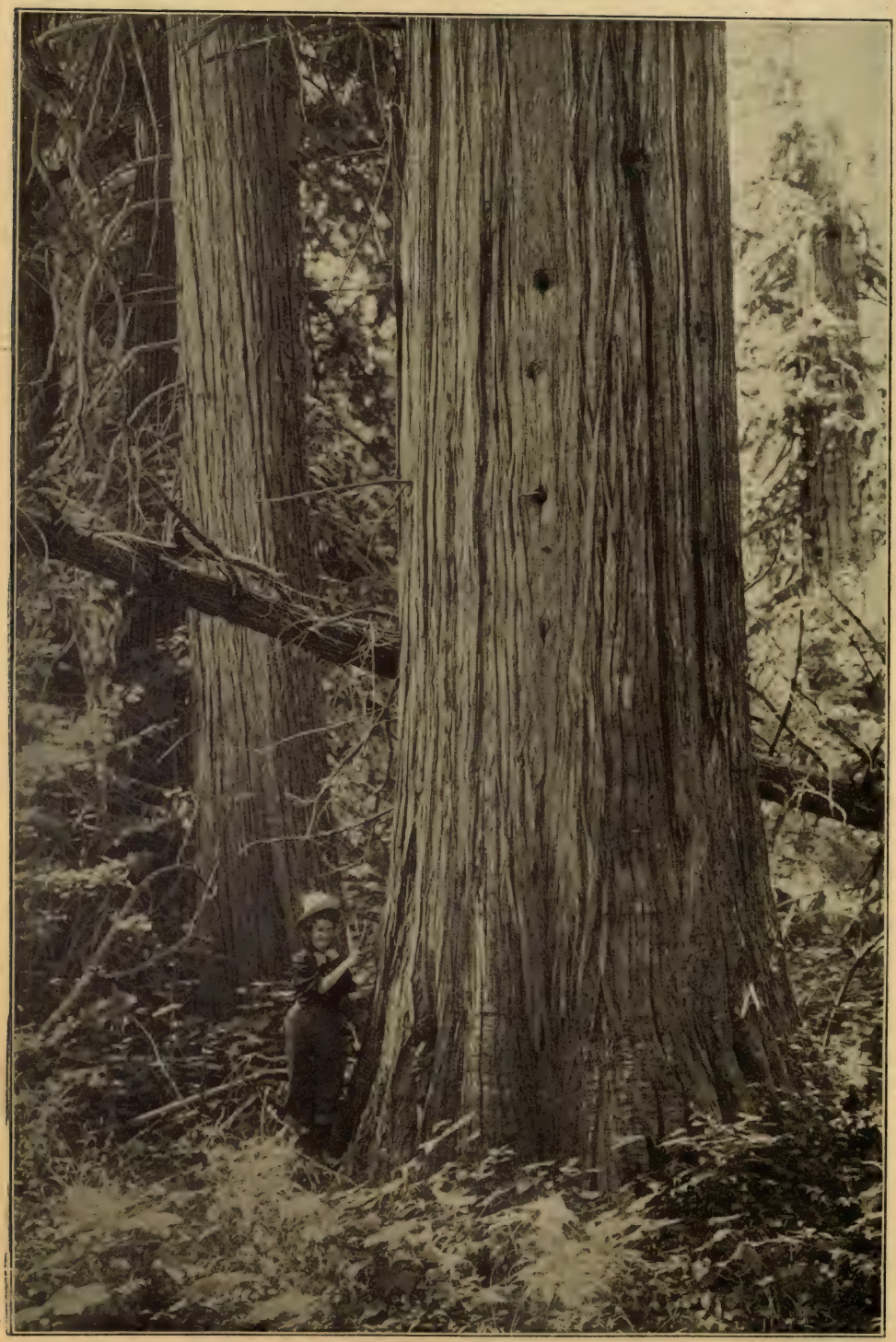
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Sunset at Lake Killarney on the Coeur d'Alene River, Idaho.



Pines and cedars 300 feet high in the Coeur d'Alenes.

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No. 1 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LVII

Founded 1868 Bret Harte San Francisco

THE LUCERNE OF AMERICA

BY L. BYRD MOCK

"DAMN FINE scenery, ain't it?" a brakey was overheard to exclaim as we were speeding through the Bitter Root Mountains, bound for Lake Coeur d'Alene in Northern Idaho.

The above ejaculation on the part of this important member of the train crew came as a conclusion to a series of exclamations of awe and wonder which had well-nigh exhausted the choicest vocabularies of a group of experienced tourists who were standing on the observation platform. And truly, it *was* a trip through a new wonderland.

When it came time for me to take my vacation, a longing for something entirely new had prompted me to seek a spot little known to the world at large. For scenery, the West has nothing grander to offer. The lofty, snow-capped peaks surrounded by green and fertile valleys laved by leaping mountain torrents, the quaint, almost grotesque contour of many of the hills, make another veritable Garden of the Gods. This almost unknown scenery is not to be surpassed in America.

About the middle of a warm August afternoon I arrived in the beautiful little city of Coeur d'Alene, which is built around the head of the lake. Not a hundred yards from the lake front, I noticed a picturesque structure resembling an old Spanish mission. It looked very restful and inviting, with its graceful archways swung with hanging baskets and adorned with palms. I found this to be the Hotel Idaho, so I took a room for the night. Having disposed of my baggage I sought the roof-garden veranda in order to get a better view of the lake. A Corot landscape could not surpass this one in sheer charm and beauty. Never has a more dreamful scene greeted my vision. The quiet blue lake stretches before one as far as eye can see, while on either side rise pine-clad hills with sharp promontories and sheltered bays, while over all hangs a mystic haze like a brooding spirit. A strange peace enters the soul the moment one gazes on this scene, and one feels that he has suddenly left far behind the cares of the world. "I could dream away a lifetime right in this spot," thought I, as I stood enraptured over the scene. I now understood the meaning of the legend I had read on a placard at the desk where I had registered, "In all the West no spot like this," and I knew that a modest truth had been stated; it might well have read, "In all the *world* no spot like this."

I found two other girls intently gazing on this scene of enchantment. I noticed that they were wearing the badge of my sorority. I had never seen or heard of them before, but that made no difference; after having given each other the "grip," we were calling one another by our first names, and asking numerous questions. It turned out that they, too, had just arrived at the Hotel Idaho, where they intended to spend their vacations and enjoy

boating, bathing and fishing in the lake. I suggested that since there were three of us, we might go camping or do something out of the ordinary; they both agreed that it would be much jollier for us to pitch a tent in the pine woods or to rent a houseboat on the river.

The evening grew quite cool, and after dinner we were attracted by the merry crackling of the pine logs in the huge fire-

city disappear from view as we rounded a curve in the mountains, and in a few moments, except for the well appointed steamer we were on, we could easily have imagined ourselves beyond the bounds of civilization, so wild and rugged was the scenery on either side of this quiet lake.

"Toot, toot!" We were startled by a shrill whistle from the boat, though no landing was in sight; on inquiry, we



Moonlight on Lake Coeur d' Alene. Painting by Feodor von Luerzer.

place in the lobby. Drawing the big rockers very close, we continued making plans for our vacation. We decided to rent a houseboat, which we learned could be had for three dollars and a half by the month.

Next morning, early, we three girls boarded the steamer Idaho, bound for a sixty mile trip down the lake and river. Seated aft, we watched the beautiful lake

learned that the pilot had merely spied a deer from the boat, and that the whistle was the customary signal for this event.

Wandering about the boat on a tour of investigation, we derived much interesting information from the steward, Mr. Lansdale, who was a grandson of Mr. Deford, the man who assisted Marcus Whitman in saving Oregon for the United



Forty miles of shadows on the St. Joe River, Idaho.

States. Mr. Lansdale speaks five different Indian languages, having been brought up among the Indians of the West, and he is familiar with all their legends.

"They believe," he said, "that a beaver made this lake; their tradition goes that one of their great medicine men passed from earth, but did not die, and that the Great Spirit turned him into a mammoth beaver. Returning to earth, he found the St. Joe river too narrow for him to turn round in, so he dammed up the stream, throwing great sandbars across the river with his tail."

We learned from the steward the true story of how the Coeur d'Alene Indians got their name; it was given them by the Hudson Bay trappers, the real meaning of the word being "Heart of an Awl," and so, figuratively, "sharp, shrewd traders."

Mr. Lansdale has in his possession the first map (made by his father) of the famous Bunker Hill-Sullivan mine near Lake Coeur d'Alene; this mine is the greatest lead and silver producer in the world, having paid a dividend of more than ten million in the fifteen years since its discovery. All this could have belonged to our steward had his father not considered the prospect worthless, and abandoned the claim. Fifteen years later, it was again on the point of being abandoned, when a belligerent pack-mule pawed up the grass and exposed a rich vein of pure galena, the end of which has never been found. Many other fabulously



The village of Harrison, the gateway to the great lead and silver mines.

rich mines have been discovered in the vicinity of this one, the annual output in a radius of twelve miles being from fifteen to twenty-one million dollars in a territory occupied by only about eight thousand inhabitants.

As the steward was telling us this interesting history, our boat approached a picturesque little town perched high on the hillside. "This is the town of Harrison," said Mr. Lansdale. "It is the place where you take the train for the great mines I have been telling you about."

At Harrison, the Coeur d'Alene river, flowing with liquid lead, empties into the lake, bringing as tribute a fortune in solution every year, the loss from the flumes at the mines. These lead-laden waters are death to animal and vegetable life; a dog or cat drinking from it dies. Just below Harrison, the lake narrows down into the St. Joe river, which is said to be the highest (above sea-level) of any navigable stream in the world. It is certainly the most crooked river in existence, as well as being extremely narrow; it averages about thirty feet in width, while in many places it is two hundred feet deep. So clear and calm and motionless are its waters that the wonderful reflections of the rare scenery on its placid surface hold one spell-bound. Peeking through the marginal fringe on the river bank, you can see mountains five and ten miles away clearly reflected, an effect produced being that of a continuous moving picture show in the water as the boat moves along. No wonder the river is called "The Shadowy St. Joe." As you wind and wind, new and surprising beauties flash on the eye at every turn, and the course of the river is full of turns.

Before our engaging steward excused himself to see after the dinner, he took us up into the pilot house and introduced us to Captain Eli Laird, who proved to be a prince of entertainers; he is an unspoiled son of nature, having spent his early life as a lumber-jack; his personality is as refreshing as a breath of old briny, and he possesses a gift of native wit and eloquence which should have made a famous orator of him. Wondering at his eloquent, though provincial flow of language, we asked him how long he had gone to school.

"I went to school one day in my uncle's place," he replied. The exhibition of logging jargon he gave was quite interesting, though almost wholly unintelligible to us, when our boat was suddenly stopped by a huge lumber boom which was being towed down the river. Our big boat was jammed against the river bank, tearing off the limbs of some of the trees, the remarkable depth of the stream permitting the vessel to lie closely alongside the bank; here we waited an hour or more for the brail of logs to pass.

Captain Laird always carries a gun in the corner of his little pilot room to shoot deer with along the route. He told us that in the eleven years he had been on the boat that he had shot fifty deer from the pilot house windows.

As we rounded Black Rock Point, which place marks the beginning of the Coeur d'Alene Indian Reservation, recently opened by the United States Government to settlers, Captain Laird pointed out an object about the size of the pilot house up in the top of a giant pine.

"This," he said, "is an eagle's nest over a hundred years old. The oldest Indian on the Reservation says it was there when he was a little boy. Many's the time I've seen Old Baldy sitting there hatching out her eggs, and I remember one time when I tried to steal her young ones—she nearly killed me. I never was so scared in my life. I'd rather tackle a bear with cubs any day. That ended my investigations of the eagle's family tree."

As we steamed down the river, a railroad drawbridge opened to let our boat pass. It is claimed that this drawbridge has the highest elevation of any to be found in the world.

The steward came up and announced dinner, so we were conducted to a charming dining salon, where we were served with an old-fashioned chicken dinner, including every variety of food the season afforded. We sat where we could obtain bewitching views of the passing scenery. When we reached Lake Chatcolet, our steward got off to make his customary catch of fish with which to serve his guests on the boat next day.

We passed on until we reached Hell's Half Acre, a rendezvous for bear and cougar, that would rival the jungles of Africa in the density of its undergrowth. Few

white men, we were told, had ever penetrated it.

Near Chatcolet is the only straight stretch in the river; it extends about two miles, and is called by the Indians "The Long Lookem." Wild horses used to roam on the level meadow land along the river at this point, which stretch used to serve the Indians as a race track, until the Jesuit fathers came along and taught them the folly of horse racing. The last of these wild horses were caught only in 1907. The Indians, it is said, would bet everything they had on a horse race. When they had gambled away all their other possessions they even bet their squaws as a last resort. A story is told of "Spotted Louis," a warrior chief of the Coeur d'Alene Indians, who at the close of a horse-race meet had thirteen squaws to his credit.

next turn the river makes it almost loops itself, taking three miles to get around a railroad tunnel only 450 yards in length. Here the river is so very crooked that the boat ahead often looks as if it were coming directly toward one. We saw large fields of peppermint in cultivation along the river. These peppermint beds are said to rival the famous fields of Michigan, and fortunes are in store for the men who are cultivating this shy herb.

From almost every point along the journey, Mt. Baldy, 7,000 feet high, was visible in the distance. Soon we reached another little town, called St. Marie's, which looked like a Swiss village. Here the St. Marie's river, after almost looping itself several times, finds its way into the St. Joe.

St. Marie's is essentially a lumber town, being in the center of the largest body



Upper end of Lake Coeur d'Alene, where the St. Joe River meets the lake.

"Spotted Louis" is still alive, and says he had a "Skookum horse," that he was "big-man-Louis-had-thirteen-wives."

On a ledge a quarter of a mile from the river at the Long Lookem is the spot on which the priests pitched their tents and established the first mission among their tribe of Indians.

The crumbling chimneys of the rude huts occupied by the Hudson Bay trappers can be seen near here from the boat. That this one straight stretch in the river was appreciated both by saint and savage can be realized, when you see that the very

of white pine timber in the world. Certainly Nature has given this little town one of the most exquisite settings imaginable. St. Marie's Peak rises in bold grandeur from an encircling arm of the river.

After going to the head of navigation, our return voyage brought us late in the afternoon to our cozy houseboat near Chatcolet, which the steward had kindly secured for us. Chatcolet is a small lake just to the right of the river, and it abounds in a great variety of fish and game. Several thousand acres of territory

adjoining this lake have been reserved by the State as a park, which is filled at present with big game such as bear, deer, including two species of the mule deer and white elk, moose, mountain lions, mountain goats, wild cats and coyotes. Among the small game to be found about the lake are almost every variety of duck, including teal, mallard, canvasback and butterball—a white duck of exquisite flavor—wild geese, big gray geese, snipe, blue grouse—really a branch of the turkey family—pheasants, Virginia rail, great bittern, little bittern, magpies and swan; fish such as lake trout, mountain trout, char or bull trout, black bass, perch and white fish, are found in abundance. This spot is destined to become one of the most famous playgrounds in America—it will soon be known as the Paradise of American Sportsmen.

Near our houseboat stood Indian Pete's gaily decorated tepee reflected in the water's edge. He makes his living hunting and fishing, so we soon made friends with him and took lessons in the best methods of trout fishing and shooting the game that haunts the lake. It was ideal, cruising up and down the river in our houseboat, and canoeing on the lake. We made the acquaintance of many campers who owned other houseboats or summer cottages on the lake. We counted two hundred houseboats strewn up and down the river.

One day we rowed to Silver Beach near Beauty Bay on the lake, and found an ideal spot for bathing, the water was so clear and calm that the pebbles on the bottom could be seen at a depth of ten feet or more.

Having fastened our boat to the landing, we made an excursion into the pine woods, and suddenly we came upon the quaintest, most rustic little dwelling we had ever seen. It was built of rough pines with balustrades, grillwork and jardiniere stands made of knarled and twisted twigs from the forest. Even a rustic writing table of the same design stood on the inviting-looking though tiny veranda. Moose horns hung over the doorway. A palette and easel under a nearby tree told the story of the occupant beyond a shadow of a doubt. Our expressions of admiration over this sylvan retreat attracted the attention of the owner, who came smilingly to the door and invited us to come inside. Our host proved to be Feodor von Luerzer, a noted Austrian artist with manners most gracious. The walls and even the ceiling of the little cabin were literally lined with beautiful canvases, some only partially completed, but all showing the touch of a master.

"I always spend my summers here," he explained, "at the Lucerne of America," as I have named Lake Coeur d'Alene. I was born in Salzberg, and traveled all over Europe before I came to America, and I have found nothing more beautiful than this lake—nothing more inspiring for an artist—not even in Switzerland. The lake reminds me of Lucerne—only it is larger and even more beautiful, and offers a greater variety of sports and pleasures than the Swiss lake." Often on moonlight nights, Mr. Luerzer used to take a party of us out in his launch, and we could easily have imagined ourselves in Venice. The lake and hills clothed in moonlight presented a scene of irresistible charm, while the brilliantly lighted city of Coeur d'Alene viewed from our boat looked like a crescent diadem encircling the silvery waters of the lake. One of our excursions took us to Hayden Lake, only a few miles distant from Coeur d'Alene. This small glacial lake, with no visible outlet, is a marvel of Nature's handiwork. It is indescribably beautiful. We could only exclaim with Byron, in his apostrophe to Leman:

"Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me with its stillness to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmurings
Sound sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been moved."

President Taft was entertained with a bear dinner at the tavern inn on this lake during his famous trip through the West. "It is one of the most charming spots in America," said President Taft.



Clear, placid Hayden, 2242 feet above sea level, in the midst of the United States Forest Reserve. The lake swarms with trout.



"Ellen's Isle," on Hayden Lake, near Coeur d'Alene.

One day we went to Ferrel's Landing, just below St. Marie's, and near the headwaters of the St. Joe river, and found there a Swiss colony, and we were surprised when they told us in broken French that the Swiss were the first white people to settle permanently on the St. Joe.

"Henri Rochet came to America twenty-six years ago," they said, "and after searching everywhere for a suitable spot for us to locate, selected this because it looked more like Switzerland than any place he had found in America."

With our skookum tilicum (good friend) Indian Pete as guide, we mounted our ponies, which he had secured for us, and early one morning went for a trip through the Indian Reservation. We passed through the great white pine belt where the trees are so high that in trying to see to the tops of them, we almost fell off our horses. Many of these trees, we were told, are over three hundred feet high, and we could easily believe it.

We visited an old Indian called Nees, who displayed with grim pride fourteen scalps of white men, one, of which he is specially proud, is a red-haired scalp. We shuddered, and mounting our horses, rode a bit faster, scarcely speaking a word on the way home. That night as we sat on our little veranda in the shimmering moonlight, we were apprehensive of every skulking shadow as we watched the moonbeams break into a thousand facets resembling a mint of new-made gold. The forest fires, ever present in this region, added to the weirdness of the scene, giving the impression of writhing dragons rising from the inky depths of the forest. Only the friendly lights along the river banks peeping forth from some neighboring camp, gave one reassurance in such a mood.

One of the things which we enjoyed most was climbing the mountain peaks and watching the glorious sunsets. If one has not seen a sunset in the Selkirks (for so the Government has named these mountains) he has been deprived of one of Nature's richest offerings.

Even in our brief sojourn here we felt that we had thoroughly rested our mental machines, and that we had gotten very close to the great heart of Nature and felt her throbbing pulse.

A PLEA

BY SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

O Dear Fair Golden Sun, Sole Light of Day,
Sink not away; sink not away!

O Pale Immaculate Moon, Rare Soul of Night,
Hide not thy light; hide not thy light!

One Star of my life, O Radiant Love of mine,
For me still shine, for me still shine!

AFOOT AROUND TAHITI

BY CHARLES E. CHAPMAN

LAST JULY it was my fortune to visit Tahiti, an island in the South Pacific belonging to France, the largest of the Society Islands and adjoining groups. After a twelve days' voyage from San Francisco we reached twenty degrees south latitude, where lies Tahiti, in the heart of the tropics.

An Englishman, Captain Wallis, was the first white man to make Tahiti known to the world. He reached this island in 1767. Two years later that intrepid sailor, Captain Cook, made his first visit, and thereafter until his death frequently visited the island. From that time on, British influence was paramount in Tahiti until 1842. Then while the British Government was temporarily in the hands of an anti-expansion party, France took occasion to avenge ill-treatment accorded two French priests and sent a man-o'-war to Tahiti. The French captain established a protectorate over this and other islands. In the natural course of events the protectorate ripened into annexation to France.

Tahiti is only thirty miles long and yet is so mountainous that its highest peak reaches nearly eight thousand feet above sea-level. Many ages ago a great continent existed in the South Seas. To-day the ancient mountain peaks, aided by the formation of coral, barely raise their heads above water. But Tahiti is a product of a recent geologic age. Its rugged character and deep ravines mark the youthful isle, not yet worn down by the erosion of old age. As if to testify to its youth, it is covered even on the perpendicular ravines with a rich green tropical foliage. The very atmosphere seems to breathe the love of the tropics, which Kipling's poetry has interpreted to us. Off to the right lies another large island, Moorea, smaller than Tahiti, but even more impressive in jagged outline. If a giant could fall from the skies upon Moorea he would be impaled in a dozen places upon its saw-like mountain peaks.

Only a few hundred feet from the shore at Papeete, Tahiti, we passed tiny little Motu-Uta, half a stone's throw long. Here a French gentleman made his home, until swept to eternity a few years ago by a tidal wave.

The great event of every month in Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, is the arrival of the Mariposa from San Francisco. Not only does she bring new faces and freight, but also the news of the outside world. No cable comes to Tahiti. What the Mariposa fails to tell, the two New Zealand boats, arriving about the same time, supply.

The most celebrated hostelry in the South Seas is that of Madame Lovina in Papeete. To partake of her hospitality is as much a privilege as a convenience. Comfortably located at Madame Lovina's, one may make several interesting one-day excursions in and about Papeete. Once a number of us chartered a boat for a twenty-five mile voyage to Opunohu Bay on the opposite side of the island of Moorea. We had been enamored of the beauty of Tahiti, but we voted Moorea even more beautiful. Another day with two others I went to Loti's Pool, made famous by Pierre Loti in his "Rarahu." Pressing on up the narrow, steep-sided but ever canyon, we climbed to the top of Fautaua Falls, a column of water three feet wide, falling seven hundred feet amidst enchantingly beautiful surroundings. I also saw much of Papeete itself at a time when it was at its best, for this was the season of the native fiesta and the celebration of the French national holiday, the Fourteenth of July.

The most interesting experience in Papeete came on the night of the 13th of July, the night that may be likened to

our "night before the Fourth." People were out to enjoy themselves, but there was none of the fireworks that form so inseparable a part of our national holiday and its night before. The feature of the occasion was the "himeme" contest and the "hula-hula" dancing held in the public square.

The word "himeme" comes from the English word "hymn," but the natives had "himenes," under a different name, long before the arrival of the white man. They are not hymns in our sense of the word, but have come to include any kind of song. The usual type is the song in chorus telling of the deeds of ancient heroes. Different villages in fiesta time send choruses to Papeete to compete. The music is beautifully harmonious and melodious, although altogether different from ours. It is in a minor key, and has one accordion-like note running through it all, along with the variations of the leaders. The chorus seems to be highly trained, but we found out later that it was due more to their genius for music than to any particular training, that this effect is produced. One person, sometimes a man, quite as often a woman, leads for each song. This person may sing anything that comes into his head, and the rest fall in as the harmony may require. The whole chorus except the leaders remain seated. The base singers are very interesting. They give two grunts (Ugh! Ugh!) swaying their bodies to one side and then the other; then they bow to the ground and make the accordion-like sound. This they repeat throughout the song.

The "hula-hula" had for its feature the highly suggestive dancing of some women. But there was more to it than that. Tahitian dancing differs from ours in that there is no sliding or scuffing of feet, but great agility of body, and clever movements performed in unison. These dances look as if they were gotten up for each particular occasion, but really have a set form, which has existed for years, except as modified by Governmental mandate.

Another feature of the evening was the crowd itself. There is a difference of opinion as to whether native Tahitian girls may be called beautiful, but when native blood mingles with French, all agree that the product is often a wondrously beautiful girl.

Papeete is altogether unlike any city or town in America or Europe. In many respects, it is nothing but a village. It has a population of five thousand, of whom less than one in ten is white. The rest are of the dark-skinned Malay or Maori race.

The majority of the houses are unpainted, or poorly painted one or two-story shacks. Retail business is largely in the hands of Chinese, with their general merchandise stores, while there is a small sprinkling of European or American wholesale interests. The streets are narrow, rather ill-kept, and wander at will about the town. But for all this, there is that air of the metropolis about Papeete. It has all the importance of being the administrative capital of the French Pacific. It is the social center of the islands, the connecting link between them and the world.

When I decided to visit Tahiti, I had planned on a trip around the island by the "ninety-mile road." The Oceanic Steamship Company pamphlets had spoken of such a trip as being a four-day carriage drive. Men on board who knew Tahiti laughed at that: it would be possible to get around in four days if the rivers were not full of water, but if they were, I would be lucky to do it in a week. Being unable to hire a bicycle, I determined to walk. I found my companion in Roy Parkes, of Pasadena, a young fellow in the twenties, and an ideal fellow-traveler.

It was not without some misgivings that we set out on our walk around the island. In the first place, we were missing something worth seeing. In order to ensure our return in time to sail on the Mariposa on the 19th, we had to leave on the 14th of July. Also, the native fiesta had three days yet to run. A German cruiser had just come in to lend its officers to the general gaiety that held Papeete enthralled. Moreover, we were in a foreign land, and could speak neither Tahitian nor French. We were told that there were no hotels; a slender population, almost wholly Maori; and well-nigh impassable rivers. But people were unanimous in speaking of the honesty, good-nature and generosity of the natives. Alto-



Papeiha River and Fantantia Falls.

gether, we did not know what we might be "up against."

Fearing the heat, we reduced our equipment to the minimum. Shoes, socks, khaki trousers, an outing shirt and hat, completed our wearing apparel. A tiny valise sufficed for our cameras and a few small articles.

As English is not understood by the natives, I added a limited vocabulary of native words. By "ma-a" we hoped to get "food;" by "hotera," a hotel, a word we did not use after the first day. "To-oto" meant "sleep;" and to complete our necessary vacabulary we had a "ehia muni," "how much money." To this list may be added "Iaorana" (yo-rah-nah.) This convenient word stands for any and all the forms or greeting and parting in the English language. It has more frequent use than salutations in our language, for it is the custom of the road to speak in passing. Parkes and I must have used that word "Iaorana" a thousand times apiece in our walk. Our slight vocal effort was more than repaid by a thousand golden smiles with accompanying "Iaoranas."

Tahiti is in the shape of a figure eight, with Papeete at the head of the larger loop. The Isthmus of Taravao, only a mile wide at its narrowest, is the connecting link between the two loops. All the way around the island, except for a few miles on the lower loop between Taiarapu and Pari, there is a road built by the French Government. This is popularly called ninety miles long, but as a matter of fact it is over a hundred. The road is a good rock-bedded one, about carriage width. The precipitous character of the island restricts the course of the road to the ocean side. Nor is there any climbing by this road. In some places cliff walls at the water's edge have been cut to make way for it. There are mountains and cliffs on the one side, the ocean, the distant coral-reefs and the beating surf or the quiet lagoon on the other. Fully half the time our road was a shaded avenue, and never were we without a view of luxuriant tropical foliage. Parasitic vines grow in such profusion that portions of the forest are sometimes impenetrable. Yet so rich is the soil and so bountiful the water supply that the fruit trees growing wild yield several crops a year despite entwining vines. Many are the unfamiliar plants and trees along the road, but there is one that stands pre-eminent in beauty, number and utility, not only in Tahiti, but throughout the South Sea Islands—the fronded cocoanut palm.

The cocoanut palm grows best along sandy beaches, often taking root from a single cocoanut which has been washed hundreds of miles perhaps across the sea. As a result, the whole coastline, wherever there is a foothold, and the outlying islands, are lined with cocoanut trees, some leaning this way, others that, lifting their leafy fronds a hundred feet or more in air. Through these trees, one peeps at the incomparable coloring of the ocean, at the reefs and little islands: and above them one sees the great white clouds with their occasional deep blue openings. If this island is not Paradise, it certainly looks as if heaven were not far away.

To the practical mind the beauty of the cocoanut palm is in nowise lessened by contemplation of its utility. The cocoanut furnishes food and drink to the natives, not the kind of cocoanut that we in America are used to, for the milk of the cocoanut that we buy is only sugar and water put in to preserve the pulp, and the pulp is hard. The real cocoanut milk is delicious, and the pulp is soft and dainty, a food to allure an epicurean. Of course, numbers of cocoanuts are shipped away, but this use of the cocoanut is insignificant compared to its use in making copra. The cocoanuts are halved and strung on a sheet of wire netting about six feet high by a hundred feet long, perpendicular to the ground. Here they are left until the cocoanut pulp dries. We saw many of these cocoanut covered wires, looking from a distance as if some savage chief had conquered a hostile tribe, and had hung up the skulls as trophies. The copra is sent to America, where it is made over into valuable oils and soap.

Parkes and I started from Lovina's at ten. Our first objective was Point Venus, six miles to the eastward. It was at this point in Matavai Bay that Captain Cook first landed in Tahiti. Here also he made his famous observation of the transit of Venus. A monument now commemorates this fact. An even more practical monu-



The river at Tautira.

ment stands there in the shape of a light-house, so that the infrequent ships that pass in the night may be reminded of Captain Cook's landing, while avoiding an untimely one for themselves.

We soon made Point Venus, and then headed for Papenoo, five miles farther on. Right from the start we came upon many tiny streams. As far as Point Venus we found them bridged. After that bridges became rare, and soon dropped away altogether, so we had to ford the streams. We had gone only a short distance from Lovina's when it began to rain, and with occasional intermissions, it kept up all day. Once there was a veritable cloudburst. As a result, the streams quickly filled from the nearby mountains, and assumed respectable proportions. But if the footing and our clothing were somewhat wet, there were equivalent advantages. The rain cooled the air, making walking comfortable. The road was such a good one that our footing continued solid. The French Government may well be proud of this splendid road, away off in the middle of nowhere!

We very soon discovered appetites, and pondered on the question of "ma-a." A native climbed a tree and brought down a cocoanut apiece for us. We drank the delicious milk and ate the soft pulp. However, we were not in a mood to be satisfied with ambrosia and nectar. We wanted solid earthly food and hot coffee. At Papenoo we found not indeed a "hotera," but a general store where, amidst a varied assortment of native millinery, cigarettes and canned goods, we were able to procure bread and coffee. "Mine host" proved to be a sunny Celestial, nor was this a strange fact in Tahiti. All the way around we were to find that if we were to eat and pay our way we must seek the "Chinos." In fact, the only retail business along the road is carried on by the Chinese. White men may own or rent an occasional cocoanut plantation, and natives will gather fruit, make copra, fish if in the mood, but the real businessman is that great globe-trotter, "John Chinaman." No sign is necessary to distinguish his place of business. Wherever one sees a long, one-story shack, made of unpainted boards, not of cane or bamboo, there one may enter, and if bread and coffee be lacking, he can be sure of sardines and canned meat.

This Chinaman and the native loiterers after many gesticulations made us understand that the Papenoo river, on account of the rains, was too deep and swift to be forded. But we resolved to put it to proof —although others told us the same story and laughed at us good-naturedly when we went on. The word was passed around, and a goodly portion of the village came out to watch our trial. We reached a stream preceding the real river, and had removed our scant apparel before the crowd came. Our nakedness did not trouble us, for that sort of thing matters not in the South Seas. There was matter enough when we tried to ford that tiny, twenty-foot stream! It was so swift that we were unable even to stand up in it, and it was over our heads. We might have crossed it, but it was unlikely that we could get the cameras across in safety; besides, a *real river* was beyond! So we dressed, joked with the natives, and called a halt on the day's march.

We found a Frenchman at the Gendarmerie who sent a boy to show us where we might obtain a night's lodging. The house was not a "hotera," but the home of a native family. The Maori housewife understood my "to-oto," but explanations seemed to be in order. We got the accommodations after half an hour's gesticulations. But it was clear that a more extended vocabulary would facilitate progress, so I resolved to rehabilitate my French, as the natives seemed to know it. Twelve years ago I had a year of French at college, but I so thoroughly took it for granted that I had forgotten all I ever knew that I had not tried to use it in Tahiti, or even to understand it. In the course of an hour or two my meagre recollection, plus such words as I picked up in conversation, enabled me both to understand and be understood. I began by talking with a French woman, Mme. Holozel. She and her husband and their six tiny daughters were driving around the island. They were stopping at the Maori's where we were lodging. That evening in far away Tahiti we held a conversation on the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight! That fight had taken place nearly two weeks before, but news of the result had not yet reached us. M. Holozel asked me all sorts of questions



Chute de la Tautaua.

about the fighters, and interpreted my answers to his eagerly-attentive Maori servants.

After our failure to cross the little Papenoo, we had found some time in the afternoon in which to stroll about the village. It is like every other town about the island in general features, Papeete excepted. The village proper is one long string of houses lining the road, with no side streets. Expansion in a Tahitian village is along the road, almost necessarily so because of nearness of mountain and sea. Papenoo strings itself out for about a mile. There is no village center, for there is no business district requiring it. The long village is extended in the Tahitian mind even beyond the populous part, as the Tahitian thinks in terms of the district. Often we would ask how far it was to the next village, and would be told that we had reached it. But it might prove to be several miles to the "Chinos."

There is always plenty of room in a Tahitian village, each native having a good-sized plot of land. The native never cultivates this, but nothing can tempt him to sell it. Perhaps he has learned that the white man takes the life of a people when he takes that people's land. The result is that the natives, although a dying race, occupy a position as good, perhaps, as that of any subject race in the world.

The sun came out for a time in the afternoon, and we took some pictures of Papenoo. Both here and elsewhere the children showed an exceptional eagerness to be photographed. Several times when I set up my camera I would hear a shout a hundred yards or so away, and turn to see children tearing down the street to get in the picture. Grown people, while less forward, were quite as pleased to be taken. This pleasure in being photographed is only one form in which the inborn Maori sociability expresses itself. There is the pleasant "Iaorana," which is frequently accompanied by a question asking where you came from and where you are going. One might be disinclined to satisfy that curiosity in some lands, but it is an honest curiosity in Tahiti. When we told the natives that we were walking around the island, how they laughed! Such energy is incomprehensible to the native, accustomed as he is to spend his days in happy leisure. They frequently asked us if we were from the Mariposa. Our affirmative answer lent us distinction in their eyes, for the Mariposa is the greatest boat afloat to them.

There is no especial reason why the native should work. Nature has furnished him an abundant food supply; his house is simple in construction; and he is not extravagant in dress, as he wears only a pareu around the middle of his body. This pareu is a piece of cotton cloth about a yard wide by two yards long, manufactured in England. In color it is usually bright red, covered with white or occasionally conventional figures or flowers. In hot weather this is all the native, man, woman or child, wears, leaving the legs and breast exposed. July is mid-winter in Tahiti, when the native often puts on a shirt. We saw many with nothing but the pareu, while children often got along with nothing at all. The women usually wore the Mother Hubbard instead of the pareu. There is a vast difference in the quality of the goods used in these Mother Hubbards. The dress of the poorer women is of the plainest material, while the more well-to-do, especially of Papeete, have their Mother Hubbard of the finest stuffs with the most expensive Parisian embroideries.

As proof that lack of occupation is not incompatible with strong bodies, one has only to look at these Maoris. They average much larger and more powerful than whites, having the muscular legs and arms of a Sandow. But strong as they are, it seems as if their race is doomed. When Captain Cook came to Tahiti there were over one hundred thousand natives in the island. To-day the total population is eleven thousand, of whom perhaps five hundred are whites. Most of this decrease in population is directly chargeable to diseases introduced by the white man. Of these the most powerful reaper has been consumption, to which the natives are peculiarly subject. One disease not chargeable to the white man is elephantiasis. We saw several men affected by this disease, one in particular with a gigantic flabby leg of equal width throughout its length.

Talking to some one after my walk I was asked if I did not think conditions

Road scene on island of Moorea.



Opunohu Bay, Moorea.

would be better under British or American rule. I think it quite possible that the island might be made to produce more commercially, but I fear that an American or British Government would mean the early death of the native race. The French protect the natives in their tenacity of land, even though material progress is thereby blocked. Nor does it tax them out of existence. Practically all that the native Maori has to pay is the annual road tax, amounting to five or six dollars a year. This may be paid in money or in labor upon the road.



Tahitian canoes.

That night in Papenoo we slept on clean beds. Next morning in answer to our "ehia muni," the Maori woman only laughed. We had to employ strategy to get her to accept a few francs. Yet she and her husband had slept that night on the floor, so that the Holozels and ourselves could be accommodated!

The stream that blocked us the day before was in the morning only a knee-deep brook. But the Papenoo beyond was still a mighty river. One hardly expects real rivers in so small an island, but the experience of this day was to prove that they exist. When it rains, especially when there is a tropical deluge, the rivers may rise twenty feet or more, and in their brief course, from the mountains to the sea, acquire the speed of an express train. July is the dryest month in Tahiti, but if this day was a fair sample of their dry month, I wonder what a wet month may be like!

With the help of M. Holozel's canoe and two native pilots, we were able to cross the Papenoo river. An American canoe would hardly be the sort of craft to use in crossing a swift river; but the Tahitian canoe is steadier than an ordinary row boat. It is hollowed out of a log, and has an outrigger attached to it about three feet to its left parallel to the canoe, thus keeping it from tipping.

Having crossed the river, Parkes and I set out for Tiarei, the next village on our

route. The experience of the previous day had taught us that we could not make progress if we took off our shoes in fording streams, as the streams were too numerous and the rocks and bits of coral in the stream beds were too sharp for our feet. We did discard socks, and at first removed our trousers for the deeper streams. Once a native girl, quite the best looking girl of purely native blood I saw in the island, arrived just as I had reduced my wearing apparel to shoes, shirt and hat, but she was utterly unconcerned. Thereafter I kept the trousers on, but my real reasons were that they were rain soaked and that I did not wish to be dressing and undressing all day long, for we passed about forty streams this day, of which four deserve the name of rivers. More than once we were wet clear to the neck, but the rain and rivers only served to make us comfortable. The water was warm, and our walking was too vigorous to permit of feeling cold.

The eastern side of the island is less populous than the western, probably because it is wetter and more rugged. But it goes far ahead of the western side in grandeur of scenery. Frequently the cliffs run down to the water's edge. The surf effects are magnificent. At one point we could see a dozen great splashes on the rocks like the "Old Man of the Sea" at Santa Cruz, California.

Passing Tiarei we came to Mahaeni, where we encountered our second big river. Parkes made a trial of this where the road goes through, but was promptly swept off his feet. Some natives on the other side waved us up the river, and others came along to guide us. We found a wide place in the river, partially bridged by an island, and nowhere deeper than our chests; so we got across.

At Hitiaa we found a third big river, but we were now skilled enough to find a way across. As we ate our noonday meal at the Chinaman's in Hitiaa, we were told that the Papeiha river five miles ahead could not be crossed. No people lived near that river; consequently there would be no boats there nor any assistance. But we decided to try it, and pushed on, amidst the good-natured laughter of the assembled Maoris. As we were leaving the string of houses in Hitiaa, two natives hailed us and beckoned us to their house and told us of the great river beyond. They seemed to think we could cross it on horseback, and as they had two horses, we hired both men and horses to help us to the Isthmus of Taravao.

Before starting, the Maoris ate their dinner, and this gave us a chance to examine quite closely a typical native home. Contrary to expectation, we found it to be clean. The houses are raised from the ground, for it is too wet here for an earthen floor or a wooden one close to the ground. The walls are of cane or bamboo, thus permitting of plenty of fresh air. Sometimes a thatch of either pandanus or cocoanut leaves covered over with pandanus leaves. The natives are used to the ordinary articles of furniture, such as chairs and beds. The beds are heavy mattresses, but rarely any bed clothing except one sheet. We were greatly surprised to find an oil lamp and a sewing machine, not only in this house, but quite generally over the island. The sewing machine seems especially odd, in view of their limited wardrobe. In one respect the Maori home is cleaner than ours; the native does his cooking and eating outside the house. The cooking shed consists merely of a thatched wall and half-roof to the windward, the side toward the ocean. There is usually no stove, but the meal is cooked on a small fire made on the ground, and is then eaten at a rough table.

If one sits down at table with the Maoris, he may have oranges, bananas, mangoes, papaia, feis, bread-fruit or other fruits. The mango is a sweet-juiced, stringy fruit with a very tough skin, and it is much used as the base for a delicious chutney. The papaia, a tree fruit, somewhat resembles a sweet melon in taste. Feis and bread-fruit havet o be cooked, and then taste much like potato. The former is an acquired taste, but the latter is always good. There may also be fish, if the native has felt inclined to go fishing that day or the previous night. The fish in the waters of Tahiti are numerous, and of many varieties, while their beautiful coloring suggests the tropics. The native may have pork on his table, but seldom any other meat. We saw great numbers of pigs along the road, but very few cows. Possibly the native depends somewhat on goats for milk, for we saw many.

But for mere drink, the native relies upon the cocoanut and the streams. For dessert the Maori is very fond of poi, of which one of our two natives brought us a heaping dish. I had always understood that poi was not a dish that white men relish, but this was very good. It tasted like a gingerbread pudding. The chief ingredients are ground cocoanut and arrowroot.

With a blanket for a saddle, rope for reins and no stirrups, we set out for the dreaded Papeiha River, the two natives walking on ahead. We could now see the lower part of the figure eight of this island stretching out toward Tautira. Just before reaching the Papeiha, we saw the river in a most enchanting view. Not far away from the road we saw it falling over the cliffs in two beautiful waterfalls aggregating a thousand feet in height, the two together being known as the Fautauatia Falls. Beautiful under any condition, with its background of high mountains, the Fautautia was grander than ever at this moment, as it bore along the swollen waters of the Papeiha River.

One of the Maoris tried the river first, and got across although swept from his horse; the rest of us then went up stream so as to swim it while coming down with the current. I made the first try. One of the natives swam along with me, holding my horse's rein. My horse walked on his hind feet as long as possible, so that both of us were wet to the neck. Finally we had to swim, but he got me across safely. The river was now subsiding so fast that the natives were able to cross and re-cross for Parkes and our meagre luggage at the place where the road went through. All told, the crossing had taken us an hour.

We had hardly started when we came to a bayou of still water across the road, probably an overflow not there under ordinary circumstances. Parkes' horse nearly fell over backwards from standing on his hind legs, so deep was the bayou. Parkes jumped off and swam ashore. One of the Maoris who was carrying our valise in one hand seized Parkes with the other, fearing that Parkes could not swim. Despite lack of hands, he was able to keep swimming. These natives are veritable water rats. No wonder, considering their opportunities. They have so much water that it gets into their place names. "Pape" means water. It is found in Papeete, Papenoo, Papeiha, Papeari and others.

We learned on this trip that the natives can walk as well as swim. We had difficulty in making our horses keep up with our Maoris. It is not an unusual thing for a native to walk from Taravao to Papeete in six hours, a distance of thirty-eight miles by the western side, and thirty-five by the many rivered eastern.

It was dark when we arrived at Taravao after a twenty-four mile day. There we put up at the only hotel we saw on the road, Mr. Butcher's 'Hotel des Cosmopolites." Mr. Butcher got his own name from a German father, but in all except complexion he was Maori. At first he seemed a rather fearsome fellow, having for teeth two walrus tusks protruding from his upper jaw. One very soon lost this impression in partaking of his hospitality, and experiencing his genuine courtesy. The "hotel" is only a rather-better-than-usual native house, but of the same type. There were three rooms, two at the ends being bedrooms, while the one in the center served as office, sitting room and hall. The cooking kitchen, family dining room and guest dining room, built in the usual native fashion, adjoined the house.

Early next morning we were on the road down the eastern side of the lower loop heading for Tautira, fourteen miles away. We had originally intended making the circuit, but were told that there was a ten mile stretch with no road, and that it was altogether impassable in that part, even for walkers. If we had had more time we might have attempted the "impossible," having already done so in the case of the Papeiha River. As it was, we planned to make the twenty-eight miles to Tautira and back to Taravao.

Our route lay through Afaahiti and Pueu. Streams while plentiful were less numerous than on the day before, and with the exception of the river at Tautira were bridged. Rich in all the general characteristics of beauty to be found along the road, this section is quite distinctive in its mountain scenery. One view across a bayou of the Tautira river is a standard Tahitian beautiful view. Along our route we saw a number of waterfalls, three or

four hundred feet in height, most of which I suppose are only wet weather falls.

We had more than our quota of pleasant road experiences this day. I asked a native for a banana. He gave us a dozen and a basket to carry them in. I had hardly gotten them in my hand when a boy ran up with over a dozen more. Nothing could persuade man or boy to accept money for this gift; we shook hands cordially, and that was all the pay they wanted. At Tautira I asked for a fei, thinking that feis were red bananas. I was given half a bunch. It was then that I learned that feis have to be cooked, for the red skin covers in its raw state an inedible pulp. I returned my half bunch to the native, who thanked me as if I had done him a favor.

We had to ford the Tautira River in two places, but the road had picked the easiest part of the river for a ford. Soon we were in Tautira. Here Robert Louis Stevenson lived for several months. Here, indeed, he must have found peace and quiet, and remoteness from the world, amidst surroundings as beautiful as anywhere on earth. He could not have enjoyed the comforts of a modern hotel, for there is nothing but the tiniest native huts for dwellings in Tautira. But for the Chinese store and the church, this might well be a piece of old Tahiti before the days of Captain Cook.

The Catholic Church at Tautira is an exceptionally good one. There are churches in every village in close juxtaposition as well as competition. The Protestants were first in the field in Tahiti, and stand first numerically. The Catholics have been very successful, and there are also some Mormon missions. The natives like to go to church, but as for being devout Christians, that is another matter, if some authors are to be believed. The natives go to church as to a show. It is a break in the lazy monotony of their lives, and a chance to wear their best clothes. At any rate, Christianity has not yet made any marked change in their code of morals.

The churches are of the simplest construction, usually of wood, but not a few are of stone. They are easily recognized by the fact that they are the only buildings over one story in height. Of course, this rule has its exceptions in Papeete and in a few instances in the homes of whites on the western side of the upper loop.

Another characteristic building is the "himeme" building. This is a long, one-story building often painted white. On account of its length, one gets a distinct impression of its bamboo walls. Like the Chinese stores and the churches, it is to be found in every village, testimony of the native love of music.

On this day's walk and on the western side of the island, we found many Chinese engaged in the vanilla business, besides keeping the general store. They buy the vanilla bean and dry them in the sun. This, according to Mr. Butcher, is not the right method of drying them, the best part of the essence being lost. The beans should be put in air-tight bottles and then dried in the sun. When this latter method was generally employed in the past, Tahiti vanilla was one of the best in the world, bringing about five times as much in the market as it does to-day.

Parkes and I had a fine swim in the pool or bayou in the foreground of the beautiful view at Tautira. Two little boys and a girl, who had been serving us for an hour as photographic models, went in with us. The little girl was the star swimmer. She had a great time splashing us, and was a regular fish for darting away under water.

On the return from Tautira to Taravao the sun came out, and we saw Dame Maori doing the family washing in haste to utilize the sun's warmth. No tubs and wringers for her! She takes her pareus and scant linen to the ever-present stream. There she divides her time between dipping the clothes in water and beating the life out of refractory bits of dirt with a flat stick, the garment having previously been placed upon a rock. If any one passes, she stops to look, very curious, but entirely oblivious of her own slender attire.

As the afternoon waned, we set ourselves seriously to the business of getting back, and it was about six o'clock when we arrived at Mr. Butcher's "Hotel," tired but by no means affected with loss of appetite. Here my French got a much-needed rest, for Mr. Butcher could speak English. We talked much with him about

Tahitian life and customs. He also told us of the beauties of the interior around Lake Wauhiria. If I were to stay in Tahiti for a long time, I should like to spend several weeks at the "Hotel des Cosmopolites." Aside from Mr. Butcher's hospitality, the Isthmus of Taravao is the best center for visiting the scenic parts of the island. Nor is Mr. Butcher so over-burdened with guests as to prevent his serving as companion and guide. We were the only guests he had had for several days. Next morning we felt we had good cause to be thankful that we had not attempted this trip by carriage or bicycle. M. Holozel and his family had started for Mr. Butcher's place in carriages. It was now the fourth day, and they had not yet covered the necessary thirty-five miles!

We were obliged by lack of time to give up the walk to Pari down the western side of the lower loop, and thereby missed some grand scenery, I am told. We planned only fifteen miles this day, through Papeari and Mataiea to Papara, where we were to meet a number of people who came down with us on the Mariposa.

From Taravao to Papeete by the western route the road could not be better. It is level all the way, of a well worn rock foundation, and with bridges. I would advise any one staying just four days in the island, the usual stay of the Mariposa, except in July, when it is eight days, to take a carriage drive or an auto by the western side of the island to Tautira or Pari and back. The route via Papenoo would probably be impossible in the limited time.

The first part of our journey ran along the winding shores of the lagoon, which narrows the Isthmus down to a mile. This stretch of road is particularly beautiful. But from this point on the scenery, while rugged and Tahitian in character, is less distinctive than that on the eastern side and on both sides of the lower loop.

It was Sunday, so we saw the natives in their best clothes. They certainly were a study in color, but were spotlessly clean. Altogether their dress seemed rather appropriate for the tropics. Everybody was out. We saw far greater numbers than on any other day of our walk.

A new feature was the kilometre post, one for each kilometre's distance (about five-eights of a mile) from Papeete. These help to keep the optimistic pedestrian from overestimating his speed, and give an objective more frequent than the next village.

Frequently in our walk we had noticed holes by the side of the road, like gopher holes. Finally we observed that they were the habitations of great land crabs. As the land crab is a slow moving creature and incapable of harming man by bite or otherwise, he betakes himself to his hole some time before man arrives. Their hearing or sense of danger must be very acute.

The first Chinese store in Mataiea had no tea or coffee, so we went on in search of another where we had been told our wants would be satisfied. We had walked about a mile, and feared we had passed it; so we went into a European looking house to make inquiries. Whether or not the man was less ingenious than others in understanding my French, he took occasion to inform me that he spoke Spanish. Explicit directions were thereby made easy, as I really knew Spanish. We had hardly left him when he called us back, and asked if we would share his meal, apologizing profusely for what it would be. We lingered for two hours over the meal and cigarettes. In one respect our friend enjoyed distinction. He was the only Spaniard in the island that had been born in Spain. There were a number of Portuguese, some Chileans and a few others with Spanish blood, but Senor Miguel of Navarra was the only true "don." For the rest, he resembled other whites on this island. He had a native wife, as so many have, and had two little dark-skinned babies. He was quite attached to his family, and was much pleased when I took their pictures. In most cases these marriages of white and natives are no marriages at all according to our standards. But they are recognized as perfectly proper in Tahiti, the white husband and father often proving as dutiful and devoted as would one whose marriage had been formally celebrated.

Leaving our host, we covered the remaining distance to Papara at a rapid gait. There we found a number of the Mariposa people at the house of Tati Salmon, chief of the district. Strictly speaking, we had arrived in Papara some-

time before we reached Tati Salmon's, for although this village is next to Papeete in size, it has the one street character of the smaller towns. It runs through perhaps six miles.

Tati Salmon's father was an Englishman who married into the family of the chiefs of Papara. This family was once the greatest in the island, and to-day is second in importance only to the royal family. Tati's two sons, big, handsome men in the thirties or forties, entertained the crowd from the Mariposa. The house was the largest and best I saw in the island of Tahiti.

The most distinctive feature I should say was the bougainvillea covered pergola in the courtyard. That, of course, is of recent date, but the solid cement walls of the house were built over one hundred and fifty years ago, before Captain Cook's first visit to Tahiti.

After dinner at the chiefery we assembled on the courtyard veranda to hear the singing of the Papara himeme chorus. They had won the prize for two successive years in the contests at the fiesta, and it certainly was a treat to get them at close range. Later, when the ladies of our party had retired, they gave us the real thing in the hula-hula down by the moonlit beach.

Shortly before five on Monday we tumbled sleepily out of bed, and were soon under way in the starlight. It was twenty-three miles to Papeete, and we were eager to get there before twelve for Madame Lovina's "breakfast." By this time, we had walked ourselves into perfect condition, and were able to hit up a Maori lope and maintain it even after sunrise. We had gone ten kilometres before we were able to find a Chinaman with anything but canned goods for the inner man. Finally we found coffee and cakes at the establishment of Wong Chong in Paea. Wong Chong furnished something more than good provender. He had been in America, spoke good English, and was decidedly sociable. Even the Chinese partake of the cordiality that seems so infectious on this island. Wong Chong, however, outshone any other that we met. He was a tall man anywhere about six feet four inches, decidedly tall for a Canton Chinaman.

Leaving Paea we hurried on through Punaauia and Faaa to Papeete. It was beautiful, as it is at all points along the road, but our principal thought now was to get on. Great, fascinating Moorea soon loomed up from the water to remind us that we had completed the circuit—of one loop at least. It got hot, but we kept on, reaching Papeete shortly after eleven. Deducting from the time we stopped at Wong Chong's, we had covered the distance from Papara at exactly four miles an hour.

From Thursday to Monday noon it had cost us just $7.25 apiece, but two dollars of this was for the horse to cross the Papeiha, and in other respects we had spent more than was really necessary. They say that a native can go around the island with only a hatchet with which to husk cocoanuts. Even that is unnecessary, for the natives along the route would gladly furnish everything to the traveler free of charge. I mention these facts to show how immeasurably disproportionate had been our pleasure and its cost. The value to us as an experience could hardly be measured in dollars. We had had one grand good time!



THE DREAM OF A LAUDANUM DRINKER

BY DICK CLOUD

IMAGINE MY distress when I realized that the drug had fastened its irresistible coils about me. As yet, I had taken it only in the noxious fumes of the pipe; but as time went on, I began to recognize the approach of a period when the quantity I could inhale by means of the Chinese stick—which I preferred to the more refined Turkish hookah, as more active in its effect—could not and would not satisfy me. My saturated brain seemed no longer actively sensitive to the vapors from the stick; and I experienced at times a torture of unsatiated craving such as only the rectified extract in its darkish liquid form would satisfy. I felt the most horrifying impulse to drink deep of this blackish poison—to steep my very soul in its sensate deliriums.

It was about this time that I realized a change of scene was absolutely necessary if I resumed the fight which for three years I had kept up with deadly fear at my heart against the inroads of the drug. My digestion was impaired, my nervous system racked and trembling on the verge of total collapse, my fortune squandered in idleness and luxuries, a taste for which the use of the drug had emphasized beyond the endurance of my estate. No longer did I take delight in the researches of my profession, which was that of a physician. I neglected my practice, deserted my study, and—being a bachelor, thank God!—I found the most exquisite pleasure, when under the effects of the opium, in wandering about through the slums and the haunts of misery and vice, viewing with an eye of optimistic, critical interest the wretchedness of the poor. I appeared to study them intelligently, to think clearly and with scientific acumen upon the cause and effect of their condition; to meditate calmly upon the nest of sullen anarchic dreams such dreadful privation engenders. Yet I was wholly devoid of any impulse of generosity—the idea of exerting myself to become an instrument of magnanimous reform never once occurred to me. I viewed these miserable beings as some eager naturalist might study a nest of ants. I had become instead of my former—I have been told—open-hearted self, a creature absolutely selfish, utterly lacking in any feeling for the sickness and moral disease I saw about me, except the singular and exquisitely selfish sense of curiosity such morbid sights produced. Then when the effect of the poison wore away, I became a brooding recluse; poring over and over within my dulled brain the haunting tortures of fear, the madness of regrets; gritting my teeth, clenching my hands at my haggard reflection in the mirror, biting my nails until they were raw in the flesh—all with the agony of realization. This condition, after about forty-eight hours, would be followed by a sudden relief, a refreshened awakening, wherein all my former faculties re-asserted themselves with unwonted vigor. They appeared to rise up and shout a victory over the demon which gripped me. I went at my work with the most extravagant notions imaginable. I whistled—I sang—I felt the strong mastery of my intellect; I fatigued and exhausted myself. I inhaled the fresh air as of old with the keenest joy of youth. Alas! the insidious viper stood in the shadow of my study, grinning at me, dogging my steps as I strolled under the melancholy shadows along the river. The greenish lights upon its copperish bosom seemed redolent of the serpent dreams of opium. Seized by a mighty terror, I would rush back to my study. There in the darkness and the gloom, alone with the devil and my God, the battle was fought and lost. There can be but one result when a man has once knelt at the

subtle hem of Satan's garment. The writhing struggles only tighten the horrid tentacles about one's throat. All that night I roamed, a figure of Mephisto-like insatiable gloom, amid the scenes of wretchedness and vice along the Bowery and under the feeble glamour of Mulberry Bend Park. The next day, after a few hours of tossed and troubled sleep, I was again thrust into that hell of despond, which, as I have said, resulted in the ruin of my naturally vigorous health. A change of habits became indispensable to any further resistance of the poison.

My choice would have been a cottage in Italy, where I hoped the delights of the scenery along the Mediterranean and the balmy Italian climate, might win me from the influence of the drug. A hasty inventory, of my exhausted real and personal property, however, proved to me only too plainly that such a project was out of the question. I then looked about me, to the best of my drug-soaked brain, for a substitute as nearly like that I had at first fixed upon as could be found within the limits of our own country. Thus I decided upon California, which I had been told was a very bracing and beautiful country; and immediately selling out all I possessed, I started one dreary day in early spring for that land of eternal flowers and dreams.

I shall never forget my sensations on that March day at daybreak when I opened my eyes for the first time within the confines of California. We were just dropping out of the Sierras into the Sacramento Valley. On the desert and in the mountains it had been winter, with barren reaches of snow and frozen lakes of ice. Now it was all changed. It seemed as if I must have died in my sleep and now was descending from purple shelving heights into Paradise. Behind and above me were the towering blue-mist peaks. In the distance to right and left we descended through smoking hillsides covered with pale pink olive bloom. Nearer, along the right of way, we fled by enchanting villages, the cottages and the one church spire of which was buried in roses and geraniums. Ripening golden oranges hung almost within reach of the hand. A few more nestling villages snug against the mountain's gray-blue base, then we settled down into the valley, luxuriously carpeted with waving meadows and lakes of golden California poppies floating in their center. Surely I had reached a haven of security. I put my head out of the coach window and breathed the pure fresh air with the pulsing heart-throbs of childhood.

Arrived in San Francisco about noon, after twenty minutes of crushing through the crystal waters of San Francisco bay on a gigantic ferry, I went at once to the old Palace Hotel. Here, for the first time in months, I ate a hearty meal, and as I ate, I let my eyes roam with delightful indolence amid the entrancing inner luxury and beauty of this world-famous hostelry. The orchestra, concealed somewhere among the palms which filled the great inner court, dispensed in Bohemian softness, as I sipped my wine, that most soul-bewitching of all melodies, the Spanish Dance—that divine pulsing click of castanets accompanied by the beating thrum of guitars, which sobs its way to the heart, and throbs through the veins in every land where the dark, rich Castilian stream flows.

I shall never forget it. To this day it melts into my heart like the wail of a passion-wrung soul, with the sobbing melody of a lover's tenderest dream. And just as I half-closed my eyes to enjoy it the more, I saw from my balcony the most beautiful woman my eyes have ever looked upon.

She sat at a small table almost obscured by palms. She was drinking some kind of blood-red wine, and she lifted it to her lips, which were as ruby rich as the wine, with a hand that sparkled with a greenish-blue fire of emeralds and diamonds. She sipped it regally as would a queen. She was tall, and she held her head very high. Her complexion was pale, slightly olive-tinted, and contrasted against masses of dull gold hair. In the shadow of her great, drooping hat, gracefully sweeping back with huge purple ostrich plumes, the hair took on a deeper shade, almost like the bronze of a turkey's wing. Her dress was of pale purple to match the feathers in her hat. About her neck, slightly decollete, was suspended a curiously wrought lorgnette of heavy gold, attached to a jeweled chain, and resting in her lap. Her beautiful hands were sparkling with large

stones, as is the fashion among California women; and a slender ruby and emerald bracelet flashed from her delicately modeled left wrist. She gazed with languid, coldly proud indifference at those who came and went, or kept her eyes upon the lorgnette in her lap, with which she idly played as she finished her wine and cake. Her profile was turned to me, and in the velvet underflush of her cheek I could distinguish a slight copperish hue, as if the same liquid gold which was in her hair flowed beneath the skin in the blood of her veins. She was evidently of ancient Spanish origin, with the blood of the California pioneer pulsing its current amid the warmer stream. Her lips were slightly full, as seen in some Oriental types, suggesting hidden depths of sleeping passion. I sat as one in a dream. She seemed so much a part of the music, the sobbing Spanish dance, this regal setting of roses and palms, and my own almost dazed imagination, that I could scarce believe her a creature of life—she was more like some royal princess, seen in an Arabian Night's dream. Then she finished her meal, paid, and with a graceful sweep of her almost sensually slender body, she left the dining room.

I sat for a moment perfectly still. Then, as a waiter approached to hand me a light for my cigar, I came to my senses.

"Who is the beautiful lady who has just withdrawn?" I asked, rewarding him generously for his services.

"She is the Countess of Gilan, sir; the wife of a foreign nobleman. She 'as come to California to secure a divorce, sir. 'Er case is still in the courts. 'E is a wealthy mining man who came 'ere a refugee from Austria in the fifties. They say 'e is the wealthiest and the wildest man in California, sir—will you 'ave your coat on, sir?"

"No, thank you; I'll carry it," I said, still almost as a man in a dream. Then I, too, arose and went out on the street.

The lady, as I had expected, had vanished in the stream of pedestrians which thronged both sides of Market street; so now I began to bethink myself of a less expensive place to live. I had at first intended going farther south, after a day or two spent in San Francisco. But when I had walked up Market street, then returned and had threaded Chinatown, reeking with its Oriental sights and smells, and had climbed with difficulty to the summit of Nob Hill, from whence I could look down upon the bay, delightful as a dream of silken blue, dotted with tiny islands and touched with snow-white sails which skimmed across its soft blue surface like white-winged butterflies, I was so pleased with its romantic situation, its warm colors, and its clear, wind-swept cleanliness, that I decided to secure some quiet cottage near the shore and remain here for the present at least.

With that thought in view, I took an Ocean Beach car on Ellis street, and speeding round the Pan-Handle of the glorious Golden Gate Park, skirted its long miles of dense green foliage to the sand-bordered Pacific. As I sped along, I carried the picture of that perfectly beautiful woman in my mind. Perhaps, vaguely present, the haunting vision of her, influenced my resolution to remain. Yet, at the thought, I almost laughed at myself. Once, I am sure, my rather tall, dark stature could not have been unpleasant to look upon. But now, with the black fear in my eyes, the haggard despondency in my mouth, the sluggish, bluish tinge of my lips, partly concealed by my heavy black mustache, and the receding sallow bronze of my cheeks, I had little left of personal charm for a woman. Yet I was conscious of a rather poetic melancholy in my wretched face which gave my features the appearance of one whose physical self is becoming exhausted by flights of severe mental tension. Thus my friends had attributed my condition to breakdown from overwork; and I noticed that people stared at me pityingly, men with expressions of semi-sympathetic contempt, women with that dream-like, lingering pity which makes these sweet creatures love him who needs it most, not him who deserves it best. I was aroused with a gasp of delight from my brooding melancholy by the sudden diving of the car through a cut between two immense sand-dunes, and the revealing beyond of the blue Pacific, enclosed in the jasper arms of the Golden Gate.

To the left was a miniature city called Carville, made up of tiny streets and the cottages entirely of antiquated horse cars

reconstructed into pretty bungalows with tiny steps and terraces. I was entranced at the unique charm of this small sea-blown city, nestling at the foot of sloping wastes of sand, which, in undulating ascent, rose to the cypress-clad summits of the Twin Peaks, back of which lay San Francisco. Each small nest of a cottage was perched on stilts above a salt marsh; or was quite hidden in the wiry sand-grass.

I traversed the Ocean Boulevard almost a mile, at the end of which, alone at the foot of a great mountain sweep of sand, I espied a lovely little cottage, similar, yet more secludedly set and better constructed than the rest. It was some distance from the sea and overlooked a wide stretch of shifting sands. In the wastes before it, here and there, a yellow poppy nodded its head at the surf, which swathed up to the sucked out caves of sand. To my joy I saw a sign stuck up in the sand before the cottage, "For Sale." The owner was evidently at home, so I went in to purchase, if possible.

Suffice it to say that I was soon the possessor of this cottage with a tiny piece of sand around it, which, I found later, some mornings was there, and the next was blown away or cut into deep gullies and high drifts. There was a well and a small out-shed for tools. There was a tiny addition attached to one side, and a miniature porch with steps at the front and rear ran about it. There was a red rose, its roots boxed to prevent exposure by the sifting sand, the petals cut and riddled by the breeze-swept sand, yet blooming and trailing up the sill of my window.

The dwelling was divided into four tiny rooms, one of which, in the addition, my servant, a young Jap, occupied, with an adjoining small box of a kitchen. The room in the end of the car, facing the sea, was my parlor and improvised sleeping room. The other was for study and dining room. There I had my books and my instruments. In the front I had luxurious Oriental rugs and lounges, one of which, covered with costly skins, I could occupy for my bed at night. I was cozy as a king; and I think the next twelve months were the happiest in all my life.

My health improved rapidly. Something about the lazy balminess of the clime, there in the shelter of this eternally sun-warmed mountain of sand, so rested my nerves, so made life seem a period of pleasant dreams, a time in which to forget care ever existed, so associated its own opiate splendors of sea and sky with my drowsy fancies, that I no longer thought of opium as a thing of terror. I took it in my pipe in very small quantities each evening—now in the more refined Turkish hookah—and it made itself a part of my life, a thing to look forward to with exquisite sense of anticipated pleasure such as vaguely thrills a youth who scarce waits the night to bring him the encircling arms of his mistress. And strange to say, although she was never out of my thoughts by day or of my dreams at night, at these times that regal beauty whom I had seen but once stole into the white vapors from my bowl, and all through the night she hovered about me with lingering touch and smile, too delicate, too fragile to be sensual—just the most exquisitely sublime fragrance of her presence, coming to me like the soft, quick kiss of one dearly beloved. Never once in all this while did I catch a glimpse of the divine reality of my nightly dreams; and yet I seemed to be perfectly happy with her vapor-like, visitant presence.

I think, however, that during the morning hours of this delicious period my enjoyment was keenest. Then my appreciation of the realities about me was most perfectly attuned. Then I would wander out along the sand, pass up the rocky incline where perched the Cliff House, like some great white-winged sea bird, to Sutro Heights. Along this height, with its pleasant parks, laid out in graveled, palm-sentineled drives and shady, labyrinthian walks, bordered by beds of flowers and studded with milk-white statues—seeming to be white bodies of nymphs half hidden in the foliage of green—I wandered about. Here on the wooded placade, which, like a slender hanging basket, clings to the side of the cliff, overawed by the frowning muzzles of black-nosed cannon, I loved to seek out a sheltered seat and sit and smoke and muse upon the tumbling, seething mountains of foam, far, far beneath me—breaking in roaring tongues of white upon the ragged needles of the Seal Rocks. Mingled with it, rising high, then sink-

ing into its own merciless, thundering under-murmur, rose the weird roar of the sea lions, wild as the wail of some lost soul. On the rocks I could plainly see their silken-black bodies, drying to golden brown in the sun. They would wallow awkwardly about, crowding each other off the slippery, foam-dashed rocks, each huge floundering body, as it fell back into the sea, sending up above the deafening pound of the breakers that strangely weird cry.

To the left, along a crescent of miles of white sand, a rolling lace-work of foam broke twenty feet high; and the surf ran up along a silver sleeve to the edge of the dunes. Hundreds, sometimes thousands, of colored specks dotted this strip of sand. Here the people of the city sunned themselves and bathed along the surf.

Oh, the peculiar, half-waking dreams which came to me then! With them, ever inseparably mingled, was that proud, copper-gold face and that mass of golden hair. The white ships, like butterflies on a blue field, floated out and floated in through the brazen portals of the Golden Gate. She seemed to float out with them, ever smiling; then to float in again on the white wings of the sea mist. Ah! it was a rapture of vision-filled peacefulness which, had I known it, only presaged the horrors of the storm.

When I had sat long enough here, I would take my way to the shore back of the Cliff House. Then I would wander along the caverns under the rocks, treading a carpet of white sand left by the receding tide. Here I sought out strange sea fish and colored shells to decorate the shelves of my cottage.

I was wandering and clambering along dreamily thus one splendid morning in April, now more than a year from the time I had first taken up my abode in this paradise of dreams. It was the spring of 1906. The weather was more bracing than usual. The ocean was a perfect velvet mirror of silver and crystal blue. The sky was as clear and as soft as the sea. Had I known it, it was that period of strange calm which directly preceded the terrible earthquake of April 18th. Not a ripple was on the water, not a breath of air was stirring. The temperature was that delicious, mild balminess, always lasting in this country from season's end to season's end, making grateful the direct rays of the sun.

I looked at my watch. It was nearly time for me to return. The tide at this place rose very high against the perpendicular cliffs, and too great a delay meant certain death to the unwatchful wanderer. There was just one more deep-mouthed cavern, scooped out of the face of the cliff by the waves and carpeted by the sea with silver sand, which I wished to explore before I returned.

Usually I stretched out there on the soft dry sand to rest; but to-day I would scarce have time. Already the ocean was commencing to send up warning white tongues of salt and surf as if jealously eager to lick me in. I scrambled over the intervening projecting ledge of rock, then almost fell into the sucking, swirling sea beneath, as, to my breathless amazement, I saw sitting quietly, mournfully in the center of the sparkling crescent of sand, on a broken spar from some dismantled craft, the tall, proud form, the golden hair glistening dully in the sunshine, the pale olive pink and copper-gold features, the soft, brown eyes of the beautiful lady of my dreams gazing sadly out to sea.

For a few seconds I stood paralyzed, pale and trembling. Could this be a more vivid creation of my opium-crazed brain, the phantoms of which had begun of late to assume most startlingly distinct shapes? No, it could not be so; for I distinctly heard a deep and heart-breaking sigh. As yet, the imagery of my drugged slumbers and be-hazed day dreams had neither sighed nor spoken.

Now a tongue of surf licked the sand almost at my lady's feet. It brought me to my senses. In a few moments more, retreat might be cut off. Hastily, I sprang down upon the sand and stood at her side.

"Pardon me," I said, scarcely able to speak with the excited tremor in my voice, "but the tide is flowing in."

The lady started. She glanced up quickly; then seeing, perhaps, no menace in my face, which, under the influence of this balmy clime had lost much of its haggard, haunted cast, she let her soft, neither large nor small, soulful eyes look up into mine, and said with a quiet smile: "I had not noticed it. Anyway, it does not much matter." Then, very slowly, she got up,

and with a movement of gentle fatigue, took her way towards the rocks I had just crossed. I helped her to mount them, and we walked along together, neither speaking, from strip of sand to broken rocky ledge, until we ascended in safety to the grass-carpeted surface of the cliffs.

"I thank you greatly," she then said, turning to me once more with that quiet smile; then she prepared to take her departure.

"Pardon me once more," I cried, speaking desperately, yet sympathetically, catching up with her again as she moved away, "but you seem to be in deep distress. Can I—is there any way in which I may be of service to you. Forgive me if I am indiscreet, but you do not seem quite a stranger. I have seen you before."

"Yes, many people recognize me," she replied, without offense, perhaps because of the depth of tremulous emotion which must have lain in the undertone of my voice. "My misfortunes have made me a figure of public curiosity. But, thank heaven, they are ended to-day, and I may escape from them—from the eyes of the curious," she added, a look of pain coming into her beautiful eyes.

"Believe me," I cried earnestly, "my glimpse of you was purely accidental. It came from no impulse of idle curiosity. I did not even know who you were then. I had not been an hour in San Francisco. It was at the Palace—while I lunched. You were there, seated in a seclusion of palms. I gazed at you, then asked your name of a waiter, who offered more than I had asked. I was made curious by your great beauty, the fairest type I have ever seen; and I have known the world well in my youth," I cried in a breath.

Something in the earnestness of my compliment, or perhaps the reference to my youth as something so long departed for I was yet a young man, as she could doubtless see, though made old in my feelings by the terrible conflict not much more than a year past—made her blush and her sad eyes light up with a smile of pleasure.

"Beauty counts for little," she remarked simply, "as compared with the happiness we might have."

"You loved him deeply, then?" I ventured to ask, her tone seeming to invite the confidence of a friendly ear.

"Yes, with all the depths of my girlish heart," she replied in a low, musical voice, sounding somewhat stagey and far away. "Of course," she added more pleasantly, turning on me a second time that bewitching smile, after a moment's silence, "that was long ago, in the first year, before my disillusioning. After that, it was the burning pain of living under a knowledge of the truth. My love was then long dead."

"But you are free now?" I cried, with an eagerness from which I recoiled the moment the words were out of my mouth. What could explain to her the inexcusable emotion in my voice? How could she know that her face had never been absent from my mind, waking or sleeping, for more than a year? I trembled lest she grow proudly cold.

But apparently she did not notice it. She replied quite simply: "Yes, my decree was made absolute to-day. When you first saw me, I was no doubt in the midst of the deadness of mind which followed the trial. It seems yet almost like a dream. I can scarcely realize it."

"But why did he contest your right to freedom? Does your husband still love you? Forgive me if I seem rudely inquisitive," I exclaimed jealously.

Her beautiful lips curled scornfully. "No," she cried. "He knew then that he would lose the power of tormenting me with his neglect; that the knowledge of —his wrongs would have then no more possibility of hurting me. That was the reason, that and perhaps the fear that I might marry again and be happy," she added, with a blush of humiliation, the tears leaped to her eyes.

I could have clasped her to my arms then and begged her to let me make her happy, for I loved her with all the passion of my pent-up nature—loved the realization now, the flesh and blood, as I had vaguely worshiped the phantom. I trembled like a leaf. Then my lips curled, too, as for the first time in this year of dreamy indifference I realized the state to which I had fallen, the barrier that accursed black thing had built up between us.

She smiled again, and we parted here, neither speaking. She turned away with a sad light in her eyes which I still see now as I lie here convalescent, her sweetly smiling face bending—but I am getting

ahead. I returned that night to my cottage, after a haunted day among the rocks, maddened by the broken sobbing of the ocean, and I went wild-eyed to my cabinet of medicines and drank ounce after ounce of the wine of opium. I wanted it to kill, but it did not kill. Instead, as if held in the devil's clutches of a demon, the love of that blackish liquid swept into my being, submerging my soul, drowning my will, and for two weeks I lay drunk with the delirium of laudanum.

My God! the torture I endured. Those same scenes I had so loved and delighted in became the lurking haunts of demons. Strange and hideous faces leered at me out of the night. I dreaded the sight of day; and when I went out on the rocks the wild, weird cry of the seals rose to my ears with the terrorized shriek of the damned. During this period, a sudden heavy storm swept the coast. I seemed to delight in it. It was something more awful than the tempest in my brain. I ran about upon the beach in the phosphorescent darkness. The sharp blown particles of sand cut my face with the keenness of a razor edge. I laughed and shrieked with the howl and roar of the wind and surf; and I chased with mad glee the swiftly skimming ghosts of foam that scurried up the slant of soapy sand to burst in a thousand pieces against the tufts of wildly wringing sea-grass. Then the hurricane subsided into that strange, almost breathless calm which preceded the tremulous shudder of the 18th. During this time I lay raving or lifeless upon my cot, attended only by my faithful Jap servant, seeming to see my beautiful beloved writhing in agonies in a tongue of liquid fire, and I unable to succor her. Then, on that awful morning at dawn, came the frightful throe of nature; and with the terrible horror of its fear upon me, I woke from my delirium to realize what had taken place.

My first thought was of the danger to my beloved; and weak as I was, I sprang to my feet, drew on my clothes, drank a glass of whisky to strengthen my legs, and ran—ran like a terrified dog, with panting chest and lolling tongue to the city.

Emerging from behind the sand hills and coming within sight of the dreadful devastation, already I discerned great volumes of smoke belching up in three quarters, one of which, great God! appeared to be about in the position of the Palace. At sight of it I fell on my face and bit the dust with my teeth. I cried out to God to give me strength to continue. I arose upon my elbows, then upon my knees, then staggered blindly to my feet and rushed on.

Already the refugees from the stricken city began to pass me in twos and threes, then in ever-increasing numbers, until they were like swarms of ants hurrying up the side of a hill. They were burdened with every conceivable kind of property, some pulling trunks, others pushing couches loaded with bags and boxes of their most valuable effects; some had nothing but themselves; while many a poor, haggard woman pushed and tugged at a sewing machine, the precious source of her daily bread. Some there were wild-eyed and frantic, clinging with insane desperation to the most useless of things. One woman—I grinned with hideous laughter at the sight, it was such a gruesome contrast with the thing I went to save—carried a bird-cage containing four blind kittens. Another rushed frantically hither and thither, searching the faces of every flying person she passed, a great armful of calla lilies clasped to her breast. No one paid any heed to me as I plunged and staggered on, wedging and fighting my way through the now densely packed, turbid stream. Each was imbued with the supreme thought of self.

At last I came to Market street at the intersection of McAllister. From here I could see over the heads of the moving masses the facaded front of the Palace, with the flames licking their dull, lurid tongues rapidly towards it. They could be scarce a block away. My strength renewed by a superhuman effort, I again dashed on.

Fighting, struggling, falling, kicked and cursed at by the mob, I made my way block by block. The heat was already insufferable, so that I was compelled to cover my face with my sleeve. Still I rushed on. No longer had I any hope of saving my beloved; it was merely the thought of dying with her.

Suddenly the horrible fear seized me that I might pass her as I fled on. So, despite the heat, my aching eyeballs

searched the features of every horror-stricken face which passed me. There were only the stragglers now, followed by a compact body of the crazed and weak, pushed on before the bayonets of the soldiers who had just swept down from the Presidio to take martial charge of the city. Lunged at and struck by a burly soldier, I madly shouted something in his face and rushed on, tearing my way into the jammed pack just now passing the doors of the Palace. With a wild leap I dived under the stroke of a policeman's club, and disappeared into the darkened, debris-littered interior of the hotel.

Splinters from the massive marble pillars tripped me as I ran on through the dim hallway leading eastward into the great interior court. I uttered a shriek of despair when I saw that the place was deserted. The guests had flown. Yet, something seemed to tell me I should find her here—a mad confidence seemed to lure me on.

Crazed with grief, I cried her name, gazing insanely at the cold, shattered tiers of balconies, one above another, looking down on the four sides of the immense center court. Only their empty echoes ridiculed me and froze my heart. As I paused to cry out again in terrible despair, then to listen intently for some faint answer, I heard only the pulsing roar of the fire like the beat of great hammer strokes. The empty Palace echoed with the pressing roar like the interior of a drum. I listened again; but all was silence. Still I knew—I felt that she was there; and I dashed madly up the broad stairs and ran from door to door, each of which was deserted, the contents of the room scattered about the floor. Costly jewels gleamed in evil, discarded luster at me through the dim light, on dressers and on the floor. Again I shrieked her name, mounting flight after flight, racing up and down the corridors, still madly calling her by name, only to be mocked at by the echoes flung back from the rows and rows of empty chambers, or to have my voice lost in the sullen roar of the conflagration, growing louder and louder, and the sultry heat becoming more intense at every minute.

At last I reached the uppermost landing only to fall on my face upon the upper step, and to beat my forehead against the hard wood in hopeless agony. Then—suddenly I listened, every nerve straining to breaking. I could hear distinctly in the ominous bellows of the beating flames a faint moan.

I stared about me. Yes, there at the farthest extremity of the long hall a door was closed. I sprang to my feet and rushed to it. I seized the knob. It resisted my utmost efforts. Yet behind those heavy panels I could hear a faint moan coming at intervals as of one in great fear or pain. Springing back a few steps, I came again and again with the force of a madman against the door. I dashed myself at it heedless of torn hands and bruised body. At last it shook a little, then yielded. I was flung face forward into the chamber; and there—just God! was my beloved, lying pale and moaning on her bed, dressed, but without the strength to fly.

Whether she knew me or not at the time I cannot tell. But, as the great plate windows at the north and east began to break and fall in with a crash, sucking volumes of black smoke and heat, which coiled about the marble pillars, and which ran like bluish devils along the deserted corridors, I seized my beloved in my arms, and staggering under her weight, which to a strong man would not have been great, I bore her tenderly, flight after flight, down the great staircase to the street.

"God of Mercy!" I cried, "give me the strength to bring her away in safety."

Again I picked her up, and running with her a few steps, then falling, lying panting and weeping across her lifeless body for a second, then struggling with her to my feet, pressing her face against my breast to shield her from the breath of the flames, again I staggered on.

Seemingly hour after hour I continued thus, yet gradually winning on the fire, which, to my maddened brain, seemed to be composed of individual demons of red hell, leaping at me, bellying towards me to leap a hundred feet in air. Hot cinders were flung against my neck and burned my hands until the flesh smoked. Yet I never gave up. Once a huge wall crushed into the street in front of me, and I must go round. Had God himself deserted me! No, for after what seemed an eternity of

fleeing from the fires of hell, I fell upon my knees in the sands at the foot of Twin Peaks, my face buried in the unconscious breast of my beloved. There I sobbed like a child, and shrieked my thanks to God.

I mocked and made insane faces at the fire, which raged in baffled tongues behind me. A semi-darkness had settled over the city, although it was now but high noon; and the sun shone like a huge drop of blood through the yellow clouds of smoke. But here I was refreshed by the breezes from the kind sea; and after I had lain motionless for perhaps an hour, I took up my beloved, who was still unconscious, and staggered on.

On, on, on, forever to a thousand eternities, on, on, on! Up through the tangled forest I struggled, shielding the face of my charge from the jealous, switching branches. Toiling, climbing, sweating, to an eternity, a thousand eternities, upward, ever upward. Then at last I saw the sea and the sand like a great sheet of crystal peace. Blue and placid, it beckoned me on to a yellow speck at its foot. Then I began to descend, sinking to my knees at every step into the shifting sand.

I could now see the tiny bungalow below me like a yellow spot on a less yellow sea. It seemed years and years away; yet I struggled, staggered, sank to my waist in the yielding sand; struggled out to sink again; yet, inch by inch, gaining, ever gaining on that yellow dot which now seemed to fly from me and to dance before my eyes.

Then I remember seeing a smaller black speck appear on the little porch at the rear. The speck was gazing at me through something raised to its eyes. Then I saw it fling that something down and leap towards me up the slope of the hills.

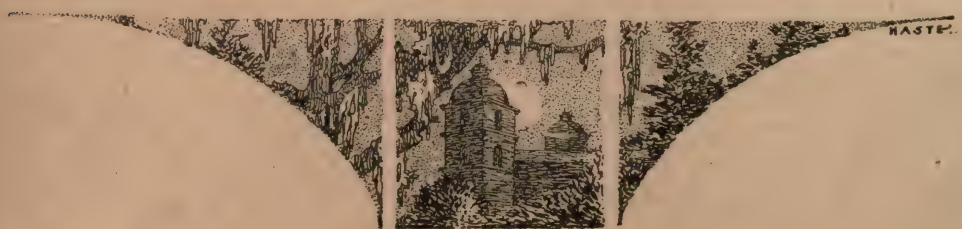
Between us I remember that we carried her in and laid her softly down upon the couch of skins. Then in my brain the whole universe split asunder. A great pain shot through my temples, the floor rushed up, and blackness engulfed me. From that day I knew no more until I awaked a few weeks ago to find that vision of my opium dreams tenderly bending over me.

Almost a year has passed, she tells me, since that terrible day; yet it seems but yesterday. This morning, for the first time, I sat up, and I asked for food. She has promised that if I will be able to walk with her upon the shore, by the day—the anniversary of that dreadful eighteenth of April—just one year, we shall be married in a little church saved among the ruins of old San Francisco.

I scoff at the "if," for I know that He who gave me the strength to save her from the fangs of death will have made me a well man almost by then.

Yet, sometimes, as I lie back among the pillows, gazing out upon the placid sea, listening to the sweet melody of her song while she prepares me some healing draught, or some strengthening potion in the little kitchen off the bungalow, I close my eyes and wonder if it is not all a dreadful dream, followed by the soothing fancies of opium—the very thought of which makes me shudder and for which I have now nothing but the greatest loathing, no craving in the least.

Can it be that I am but a poor, crazed thing, a victim of the demon drug? The thought frightens me. I open my eyes wildly and call to her. Yes, she comes, and places her tender arms about my neck. Then, be it fancy, or be it real, I pray God I may never wake. I am satisfied to live and die with this dream at my lips; be it but the cheated fancy, the lucid vision, the idle dream of a laudanum drinker. Ah! but my God has been good.



PLAYING THE GAME

BY AMOS GEORGE

IT WAS SUNSET on the Luneta, and when the Constabulary Band let up on the Star Spangled Banner, I resumed my natural expression and took the Bagumbayan car for Santa Mesa, intending to go out to the mess, but on the Escolta I looked up and saw Jack's feet out the Ventana, and I got off and went up. Andy and Jim were there discussing the new race track law.

"What's all this fuss and Moral Progress League about anyway?" snarled Andy. "Things is a-goin' all right in Manila."

Just then Baldy Hefton came in and wanted to know what was before the house. "Fool reformers and things," I told him.

"Not changing the subject," says he, "does anybody know what has become of Hefty Rogers?" Nobody said anything, and Baldy went on:

"There was a fellow that needed somebody to love him, and by George, he'd a been some good if he had got started right. Gee, but his trail would have made a regular Borealis back home. Fine, spectacular setting and all that. Ever hear about his big scoop?"

We all chuckled. Hefty's record was yellow enough without moral attachments.

"Don't believe it," yawned Andy. "I came out with him, and they put his two hundred and fifty pounds down by a typewriter in the Audientia at $1200 per annum. He looked good enough to roast. Whatever started him off?"

"Hanged if I know," said Baldy. "The first Sunday he went to church, and there was a regular Amen Chorus next morning, and that night the chief clerk put him next that church didn't go, and that he'd stand better if he didn't go either.

Hefty looked queer and said nothing. Next Saturday we ran him in to go to Coloocan to see a chicken fight, "just for the experience," you know. He hung back, but "Mc." said: "Oh, shucks, this ain't no home-sweet-home; it's east of Suez—do as the Romans do." Well the game wasn't so slow, and it was plain that Hefty got excited, and he sat on the edge of his bench and went home like a fellow in a dream. And that was the beginning."

"Well," said Andy, "old Hefty was the real thing in sports when he got going. You couldn't see him for the dust. Out at Pasay one day I saw him down in the pit. You'd have thought from his portly appearance he owned the whole track. Coming out, I met him getting into his Calesa, and he beamed on me like the rising sun. I rode back with him, and he got confidential and said he had cleaned up a hundred and sixty-five that day. "Now, Andy, old man," and he said it just as loving as if I'd been his sweetheart, "I'm in a position to do you a turn. I have the inside track, and I am ready to throw the switch for you. Next Sunday there's a deal that has thousands in it. Old Roderiquez has a scrub-looking pony he's been training on the side; looks like the dickens, but wait till you see him go! It'll be five to one, and there's your chance."

I didn't enthuse much, but I put up ten pesos and lost it, and you ought to have seen Hefty! He looked like Taft's ghost! He had put up his last peseta, and came out six hundred pesos in the hole. It was ghastly! I felt so sorry for him that I got the boys together and we made up a loan fund and they made me treasurer, and Hefty promised to be good and pay up regularly.

Next Friday was pay-day, and on Monday Hefty came in with the old prosperity smile on him and handed me four hundred and twenty pesos. "Just a trifle on account," he said.

I looked hard at him, but he knew he had the right combination now, and by

next week he would pay the balance.

I knew he'd get caught, but what could I do? He had the bull by the horns and tail too. Next Saturday I went along to try to keep him out of the ditch, but what was the use. The minute he got down by the track he tasted blood, and he didn't know anything else while it lasted. Well, it lasted quick, and he landed two hundred in the hole. Then I went after him straight, and he took it like Moses. He drew a chit on next month's pay, and we saw him through again on his promise to quit. But what's the use? Next time the chief got onto it and fired him, and we charged our loan fund up to profit and loss. That was the last I ever saw of him."

"Well, there's a lot you don't know, then," remarked Jim. "I haven't been spicing up stale facts these years for nothing. Hefty came around and got a job on the paper reporting the water-front. He held pretty level, till he persuaded the boys that he was no end of a sporting expert. He took us all into the secret and got up a pool of two hundred for the next Saturday, and it went a-glimmering. The next week he borrowed all he could get, which was about twenty pesos, and that tobogganed him out of the office. The week after, I saw him out with the paper boys getting up a ten cent pool, and I got mad. He left before I finished my remarks."

"That's who he was," I broke in. "I never knew where he came from, but he was a gem perfecto of his class. Why, that fellow went to Coloocan and organized pools with the Gugus for the gallera, and lived with the natives on rice and fish. He got thin and was about the bummest-looking specimen I ever saw.

"One day on Calle Rosario, he ran up against Sam Belton from his home town, just off the transport. Sam didn't identify the wreck instantly, but Hefty spotted Sam, and didn't know whether to run or strike him for a lift. So he told him he'd been sick and out of luck, and was in need of a few dollars, and of course he got it, but Sam got a line on him, and went up to the Y. M. C. A., and told them that there was a good fellow just dying for a little bit of love, and all that, and one of the fellows hunted Hefty up and invited him up to the rooms in the Walled City. Hefty got his last white suit ironed, and went up, thinking to make a loan off somebody on a hard luck story.

"And by George, do you know that when he got there, it was some sort of special social doings, and there were half a dozen women trying to be sisters to all the boys, and Hefty stood at the top of the stairs about a minute, and then he got out of there like the Devil was after him, which was the fact, I guess. You see, he hadn't seen a good woman for three years, and it was too much for his constitution. And do you know that shook him up more than all the cussin' and bad luck and good advice combined. He left the natives and went to the Sailors' Home down in San Nicolas, and worked the Superintendent to think that he was a special case, but it didn't last long. One night he met me out on the Malecon drive and struck me for two pesos, and I never saw him again."

"Well, I wish I'd never seen him again," said Jim. "About the time he got through with you he came over and filled me up with a story about the inside track on a big story in Chinatown, if I'd give him ten pesos. There was crooked work going on among the dope Chinos down on Calle Baranguay, and we thought that either the police knew, or they didn't know all about it. Hefty offered a regular special extra stunner, and all for ten pesos.

"He seemed so dead sure of it that I promised the ten if he could deliver the goods. So the next night about eleven we went down Calle Ozaro and turned into a crooked little alley about four feet wide. The other side of a dirty entresuelo we came to a door that was locked. Hefty had the combine, and when he knocked two and three and one, the door opened, and a skinny Chino grunted, 'Wha foh have got?' 'Dos Amigos,' said Hefty, and then some more that I didn't get. They argued about me, and I waited, till there was a funny whistle, and that Chino jerked us in and shut the door behind us and locked it.

"'Street alarm,' said Hefty, 'but we're in, anyway.' The Chino seemed convinced and took us through the old hole past two of about the worst-looking door-keepers I ever saw. In the regular dope room were a dozen Chinos and five or six white bums

down on the mats cooking pills and pulling at their pipes. I reminded Hefty that there wasn't any story here, but he said to wait a little and do what he said. Then he sat down and mixed a couple of pills and handed me one. 'Not on your life,' I said, but he said there was nothing in it, so I smoked it, and after that nobody paid any attention to us. The air in there was hot as Hades, and thick enough to cut. I was about all in when Hefty whispered, 'Now get ready.' It was after midnight, and a Chink came out from the back room in a fancy dress and hablad something with the man at the door, and when he went back, Hefty whispered, 'Keep your eyes open now.'

"Well, I did, and I saw enough for a story all right. Out came five Americans, a high-up official, a policeman, two customs house clerks, and an officer, and I knew every one of them. I knew now why the police couldn't locate that joint, and I knew some other things, too.

"When they had gone, Hefty and I crawled over to the door and inspected the back room. It was rigged up in most elaborate style, and the fancy pill rollers were closing up for the night. Hefty leaned over me to look into the corner, and stepped on a board that creaked, and there was a commotion behind us. Hefty was jerked inside, and I was tumbled onto the floor. The door shut without a sound, and I lay low. After a while some of the bums began to stagger out, and I staggered out, too. When I got some fresh air I began to feel better, and I figured it was no use going back after Hefty. He didn't need me in that joint.

"If they muffed him, I couldn't reach him, and if they let him go, he'd be around in the morning for his ten. But do you know that was two years ago, and I never saw him again. I have wondered a lot what really happened."

"I don't remember seeing that story in the paper," remarked Andy.

"That story in the paper! Well, I guess not!" said Jim. "That story was too good to print. The names of those Americanos would have sent an earthquake clear to Washington. Besides, those Chinos would just as soon squash a fellow as not, and Hefty didn't have much to lose. I did. But I'd like to know what happened, and what do you suppose is the matter with a fellow like that, anyway?"

"No backbone, just cartilage and string," grunted Baldy. "Why, he'd fall down if the pressure of the atmosphere let up a minute."

"You're all off," I put in, by way of straightening the thing out. "That fellow was too far from home. Nobody knew and nobody cared, and that's east of Suez all right. But I'd like to know, myself, what happened."

At this stage of the pow-wow, Jack pulled in his feet, sat up and opened his mouth for the first time that night. "You fellows know a lot, don't you? However did the secret service crawl along without you? What you don't know about Hefty would make a biographical dictionary.

"Now, I'm no preacher, but there wasn't a fellow did a mortal thing to head that fellow off. When he lit out, everybody sang out, 'Come on,' and when he ran away from the crowd, you waved your hats and said, 'See him go!' and you didn't wait to see where he lit either.

"And he went, all right. When his dinero was gone, he sent home to his old mother for money, 'chance to invest,' you know, and she drew the last nickel out of the bank, and the tail went with the hide. Then he got down to pitching clackers with the brown kids, and betting on spider sticks. One day I met him out in Santa Mesa—hadn't seen him for months. He struck me for a loan, needed just one peso to set him up in business. Jove, but it was ghastly. Took my appetite for the rest of the day."

That fired us up, for it was plain that Jack knew what had become of Hefty, but as it stood, nobody wanted to pull the thing down on his head by asking. At last Andy asked, careless like, "Well, I suppose you administered on the estate?"

"Estate, is it?" snorted Jack. "Estate!" Then he cooled down and went on. "That is about it, I guess. Estate bequeathed by a kind and paternal Government that sends high officials over here to set a high roller pace to break any clerk that tried to keep it up. Estate of general hilarity for the whole Devil-take-the-hindmost lot of you."

It was straight right enough, but we didn't like it. Jack was no saint himself, and Andy spunked up and forgot to draw.

"Well," he said, "I suppose you warned him, and then went up to the Commission and asked that he be looked after."

Andy had him there, but we wanted the rest of it, so we lay low and pretty soon Jack went on.

"One day Hefty came in here as seedy as the dickens and gave me a letter to read. It was from the girl at home, and it was a daisy all right. She gave him a lot of taffy, and said she hadn't heard from him for months, and what could the matter be? She had too much faith in him to think that he had neglected her, and she was ready now to come over and tie up if he said the word.

"Well, I read it through, 'yours forever,' and all, and then I looked at Hefty. He didn't show any sign of moral intelligence, so I got up and locked the door, and told him some things for the good of his soul. He listened all through, critical like, and then he said: 'Well done, nice description and accurate, but what's a fellow to do? That girl's too good for an angel. She's a Sunday-school teacher, and goodness knows what, and how'll I head her off?'

"Well, I considered, and then I said, 'If I were you, I'd subscribe for the Times in her name, and then I'd go down after dark and tie a stone around my neck and jump off the Bridge of Spain. That head of yours wouldn't stay down without the stone.'

"Then he got mad, and I began to have a little hope. I went on and rubbed it in till he had a regular brain sweat, and after a while he tumbled into a chair, limp as a rag, and I gave him some dope and good advice. The next day he came back looking like somebody else. He stood up straighter, and he said: 'Jack, old man, I haven't slept a wink since I saw you. I went along by the Puerta del Sol last night and you know that big mirror in the window? Well, I ran up against that without noticing, and when I figured out that the bum there was me, I got the shock of my life. I never knew it was so bad as that. All night long I saw the face of that girl, and I saw what a fool mess I have made of it. I've been in Hell and I've got enough of it, and I'm going the other way a while.'

"I hardly knew what to say, he talked so different, but I told him to go in and win. He said it would take more than that, but he didn't strike me for a loan, so I was hopeful. Off he went, and I forgot to ask him what he was going to do about the letter.

"Three days after, I got a note saying he had written the girl that some unfortunate investments for which no one but himself was to blame, had landed him high and dry on the rocks, and that he was going down into Mindanao to go into the hemp business. And he went down there back of Davao and went to work for a fellow with a plantation, and he has been digging in like a Turk ever since, and now he has a half-interest in a hacienda that bears next year. Here's a letter that came last week."

He pulled an envelope out of a pigeonhole, and read:

"Dear Jack: Work down here has been rushing for three months. The new stripper didn't work very well, but I'll make it go yet. As soon as the new Government road is finished, we will be in clover here.

"You may be interested to know that Miss Ethel is to sail in about thirty days for Manila. She comes on the *Formosa,* and we will go out to the parsonage in Ermita, and I want you for a witness to the contract. The parson's wife will do for the other. You can understand that I don't care about having the boys present. I suppose they never found out what became of me, did they? Well, I don't care now whether they ever do or not, but it's none of their business. They never did anything to boost me uphill, though I don't blame them for what I did myself. So long, till the *Formosa* arrives.

"Ever yours,
"HEFTY."

"Gosh-be-darned," drawled Andy.

FOUGHT IN THE FOREST

BY CARROLL WRIGHT

THERE WAS a smell of spring on the air. There was a freshness and moistness, a caressing softness in it that was quite entrancing for the Wood Folk. The thin little quails, puffing and pruning up their feathers, basked in the sunlight and warmth on the southern slopes of little hills that surround the town of Pinconning; and the little pine birds chirped cheerfully on their perches in the trees, while the woodpeckers filled their lean stomachs with sap.

Other life than theirs was not wanting; the fox, the rabbit, the woodchuck and the deer were alive to this fine day. Only old Bruin, in his retreat under the roots of an ancient pine, did not yet smell it and feel it; but then, as yet, he was too dense and lazy in sleep to smell or feel anything.

Strange tricklings and snappings, little gurglings and mutterings of the roots and earth as they began to come to life, were pulsating like life-blood all around him, in his dreams; but he paid no attention to them. Outside, the sun shone brightly, and there was warmth and movement; inside all was blackness and confinement, but there was warmth also; too much of it for Bruin. However, he would, perhaps, have remained insensible to all this had not the little purrings and purlings of trickling water forced their attentions upon him in a sudden, irresistible manner; drops began to filter through the roof of his cave into his ear; and quite a small stream formed around his belly, so that he finally rolled with a grunt over to the other side. But this place was worse than the last. A cruelly sharp-pointed root struck straight up in the spot that should have been most comfortable, and rasped his ribs well. As there was no more room for movement, he slowly dragged his four hundred pounds to the entrance and poked his snout through it. The very first breath of air he drew in was the most invigorating stimulant he could have had. Deliciously breathing it in, he ambled out, rather gaunt and hollow-ribbed, but for all that as fine a specimen of a bear as could be found in the deep pine woods surrounding. A sense of gnawing in his stomach made him hunch along rapidly, and out he struck for food.

Other animals than the bear and his kindred wood folk were enjoying this early March day, also. Mr. "Zeke" DeGraw, a gentleman of the prosperous logging town, had also been inhaling the air with deep gratification. In a ruminating way he was indulging in a pleasant conversation with several sportsmen friends on the hunts, and especially the kills of years gone by.

"I remember, it was just such a day as this in the spring of '82 that old 'Hop' here and me were out; and we got the finest bear I ever see. Hop he lost his ear in that fight. You've seed the hide, ain't you, Joe?—and it wa'n't no later in the year than this here day. They'll be bear out to-day. What's the use o' sticking round on a day like this? Get your guns, boys, and we'll go up on the north slope where I got *her*, and see if there's anything stirring. Hop here's just dying fur something to do."

Thus it happened that at just about the time Bruin came forth into the light, Mr. DeGraw and his friends and faithful one-eared Hop, the mongrel, started for the very part of the woods toward which he was making his way. And it was, therefore, only a matter of time before their trails would cross, and the fight for big Bruin's life would begin; for self-preservation on the one side and the exciting pleasure of "sport" on the other.

II.

Bruin was not conscious of anything as

he crossed over the hill on his way east, except an exceedingly pinched feeling from the ends of his jaws to the tips of his toes. Here and there he dug up a succulent root where the earth smelt good to him, and once when at a certain tree he growled, and getting on his hind legs, scratched and clawed at it as far up the trunk as possible. But these interruptions were of short duration only, for pressing hunger was plastering to his backbone what Mr. DeGraw was pleased to call his "guzzle," and something was needed to detach it at once. Suddenly, as he neared the crest of the last hill between him and the lake, the breeze carried up to him the unmistakably fresh scent of dog, and what he greatly feared more, although he knew not the reason, of *Man*. He stood there hesitatingly on the summit, lifted his muzzle high in the air and sniffed uneasily. A faint recollection of dog and man still remained in his heavy brain from the far-seeming days of his "cubhood;" when his mother had not come home and he had followed her trail the day afterwards, to find only a carcass which sickened and horrified him, and a queer smell, such as now filled his nostrils and polluted the air all around. From that far-away time he had fled at the odor of man or dog without ever having seen either, excepting once; when, pursued by a great, shaggy beast, a Man had been struck down by a flying blow, and left on the gray earth for dead. Never since then had he seen them, and never had he been seen. But now, it was too late; he made out figures below just as they cleared a swamp brush, and looked up to him, and a simultaneous cry arose from both man and dog, and came faintly to his ears.

Though the slaver drained from his jaws with hunger, and his bones ached with it, and though anger burned deep in his breast, his instinctive fear could not be overcome, and he turned to flee.

He turned to flee, but not for his den. No, indeed; he was too wise and far too old and wary a beast for that. He started on a northwesterly line straight for a dense tamarack swamp. He could even now hear the frenzied baying of old Hop gradually getting louder and louder. Hop had been sired by a full-blooded bloodhound, and had a mother with more bulldog strain in her than anything else, and he had that sticking quality that never gives up. He was a thorough fighting dog but one with sagacity, and well he knew how to worry a bear into a cave or tree, or how to nip his flanks or stub tail and delay him until his master could come up and end the struggle, if he had to stick fated Bruin now. All his eager blood was chasing itself in wild, tingling surges through his quivering, shooting body, while his deep, full-toned baying boomed forth like a minster bell. It came pealing over the hill Bruin had but just left, as Bruin gained the swamp. It reverberated through the tall, heaven-reaching hemlocks and branch-kissed pines, and it was echoed by every leaf of the space-filling maples and birches. It filled all the woods and it filled Bruin's ears, and it set his heart beating the faster with fear, and set his lean jaws frothing. It was no amble now that he made; it was a straight-away beat through the toughest, most impenetrable thickets to the lone spot where he had awakened to life, in the very heart of the swamp. Here he would have a rock to back him and a fighting chance, and that was all that he craved, for Bruin was no coward.

But the lighter weight of the hound and the ease with which he followed in the way that Bruin had to tear out, was fast telling. The poor animal first slowed down to a trot and then to a walk. By this time Hop was nearly in on the scene. When he arrived, he did not wait for Bruin to turn and begin hostilities; his gleaming teeth sank their long depth viciously into the unprotected flank and tore back, then he jumped aside to avoid the powerful swing that just slipped his remaining ear. But he had tasted deep of the blood, and the murder lust was on him.

III.

As the thicket became denser, the fight waxed hotter and faster. At times, Hop would rush in and snap with wolf-like quickness at the thick fur covering the ribs of his antagonist, and then he would jump back again with a mouth filled with bloody fur, his eyes flashing, all his teeth visible and gleaming, and the muscles of his strong back and legs swelling and hast-

ening in little knots and bunches to do his will. Bruin, meantime, would strike out powerfully, but uselessly, rarely touching that ubiquitous, flying knot of lightning agility that so fiercely attacked him. When Hop seized him by the flanks a thick red film gathered to his eyes, and he blindly turned and rushed back, striking out right and left, grazing the dog, perhaps, but doing no more. Then as Hop would begin to bay, Bruin had to go on, for instinct still governed him. He heard the pursuers in the distance, and his terror was as yet not to be overcome. Again and again he tried to ward off the electric charges that the insatiable dog made on him, and each time but one he failed. Bruin was nearing his destination then, but that was the beginning of the end. Getting over-confident, Hop seized the maddened Beast's left ear, and with one tearing, crashing blow, the bear had ripped his back open from the middle to the top of the skull, and had sent him whirling, gasping, high into the air to land in a bush. He started towards Hop to settle him then, but the noise of approaching men distracted his attention.

So they were coming! Very well, let them. He could meet them half way. Rising to his full height, Bruin stood braced against a tree, and awaited for what he had heretofore feared as death. There was something grand and inspiring in the sight of that huge brute standing there to oppose with might the skill and brains of man. But it should have had more of pity than anything else, for what chance had he with all his strength if man once saw him well?

The hate of centuries was in his soul, penned up though it might be, and the scent of his dead mother's blood was in his nostrils crying for revenge. With a roar that shook the trees of the forest he made direct for the oncoming men. Hop, crippled and bleeding to his death, whined and moaned in the side bushes, and Bruin, too proud and too engrossed with what he heard coming to him, rushed past and did not attack his prostrate foe.

But he had made a mistake in passing the old dog. The fire in Hop's dying eyes still burned too strongly with hatred to trust him. Here was his inveterate enemy getting away! Staggering, reeling, he followed the giant bear, raising his voice as he did so in one last call, a challenge to the death. Then, as Bruin turned, he fell upon him. He sank his glistening fangs far into the thick throat, and, torn from side to side, hugged, crushed, ripped and disemboweled, he locked them there, never to be unlocked until dissolved into dust. Bruin clawed and tore; then swayed and then slowly sank down in a heap and laid quiet. There had not been one howl, one whimper in this raging contest. Only the fact that the earth was torn and blood-smeared and that grim death reigned already for one of the combatants, would show what had happened.

Meanwhile "Zeke" had worked his way to the scene. A giant bear on the ground, with shreds of dog mingled with fur lying around the spot was what first met his gaze. Apparently Bruin was dead, but as Zeke advanced he rose up to take his last stand. Though wobbling from side to side from loss of blood; though films had closed over his eyes and he struck trees as he moved, the sense of smell guided him toward the man until, mercifully cut down, he fell under the hail of shot everywhere entering his body. Sinking slowly, his head waved first to one side then to the other, and finally in a lump the great creature that had fought so nobly for his life fell to the ground. He had met his death at last, and by the same dog and man who had taken his mother's life.

* * * *

"Fine bear, Zeke." It was Joe who spoke.

"Yes, yes, Joe. But Hop—but how about old Hop!"

Zeke walked up to the carcass and made as if to stroke the head of what had been his faithful companion in all his old-time hunts and pleasures.

"Good-bye, Hop. You died fighting, old boy. You died game and you lived game. That hide is a good one, but it's yours, Hop. You got it, and you shall keep it. I guess I'll have to go now, old fellow. But here's a cover for you," and taking out his hunting-hatchet he cut many long boughs and tenderly, almost reverently, covered over the bodies of both conqueror and conquered. Then he removed his hat and slowly started homeward with his friend.

ALONE ON THE TRAIL

BY RUTH EVERETT BECK

THE DOORS of the old stone mission creaked with the autumn blast and sent a cold, homesick shiver through my frame. A few drops of rain fell on the small square window panes, and the remaining leaves of the vine which clung to the sash telegraphed me to put away the children's papers, leave the crayon-and-dust laden atmosphere, don raincoat and rubbers, and go outside. So I ran up the old walnut stairway, put on my rain-proof garments, and was about to start down again when I caught sight of Tun-in-gi-na, who was taking leave of the matron in her deliberate manner. I had long wished to see her, for she and I were old friends. Extending her hand from the blanket, she saluted me with dignity.

'Will you come to my room?" I asked, for she always paid me a call when she visited the boarding school.

"Since you are prepared to walk, let us walk together," she suggested. So we found ourselves going down the steps from the mission to the road which leads up to the trail along the river bank where strange Indian symbols were then plainly seen and may still be faintly traced to-day. Here we sat down, looking long at the turbulent, murky waters of the Missouri as they hurried southward.

I was troubled by the oldest question that confronts woman, and my agitated thoughts must have perveded the ether between us, for Tun-in-gi-na at last broke the silence: "Thou art in trouble!"

"Tun-in-gi-na," I said, as I impulsively took her thin, shapely hand, "tell me—you who have known the wild life of the Indians, untrammeled as it was in the past by our conventions—tell me: are love marriages always the happiest?"

A far-away look came into her eyes—a look such as comes only into the eyes of an Indian who lives in the new era, yet who is saturated with the atmosphere and traditions of the old.

"My mother might have been the wife of the Ponca chief, yet she married Village Maker for love," she replied, "and she was happy."

"Ah, Tun-in-gi-na, how do you *know* it?"

"Wait!"

Her tone was imperative like the call to hearken to some unwonted noise. She drew her blanket close around her, fixed her gaze apparently upon the waters, and sat for many minutes in silence. Finally she commenced speaking in a thin, monotonous voice as if trying to reach back into the spirit world to recall her mother who had told her the story.

"My mother was Me-tun-in. Happy was she, for on summer nights when the cool breeze sprang up after the hot, dry winds of the day, she and my father, Village Maker, would spread a deer-skin outside the tepee and lie hand in hand looking up at the great heaven filled with the many, many fires placed in that far-off land by loving hands to light the spirits who have passed on to their new homes. And after a few moons I came, and both Village Maker and Me-tun-in loved and attended me, for I was of the flesh of both. And each day my mother would say to my father, 'Village Maker, she is a part of us. Because she is like thee, I love her. Should the Great Spirit, the Wa-kon-da, call thee to the spirit world first, I would have some part of thee left in her to console me.' And my father would hold her in his arms and look into her eyes and say: 'She is like thee and I am happy, but wert thou to go——.' And then my mother would laugh like waters in a pleasant streamlet and pinch his arm and say: 'Ah, my husband, thou art all a brave!' We were very happy.

"But one day there came to our win-

ter lodge a young girl. She was very beautiful, but a look of fear and pain spread over her face as she approached and saw that my father was in the lodge. 'Will Village Maker tell if I speak my heart to thee?' she cried, falling into my mother's arms.

"My father drew himself up with dignity. 'Know thou,' he said, 'that *I* know the ponies for thee have been given to thy people by my father, the Wa-zhinga-sabba. If thou hast no ill to speak of him, be it so. I keep silent—or, better still, I will hunt the *ta-kthe,* the deer, that thou mayest have free speech with Me-tun-in.' And taking his arrows, he went from the lodge in the low timber lands beside the river, up the snow-clad bluffs, through ice-choked trails, to the woods above the mission.

"Now, the winter lodge was with the others of our band down in one of the sheltered woody nooks which abound among the bluffs along the Big Muddy. Then we had no houses, no stoves—nothing which belongs to the pale ones. The earth or skin lodges were kept tightly closed against the blast and the gray smoke-spirits crept up through the smoke holes and hung low over the bare trees, mourning for their friends who belonged with the red leaves of the Indian summer days now gone.

"Nun-za-in-za threw back her robe as my father left. Her black hair hung in two long braids, trimmed with the beaded deerskin, according to the custom of our people, the Mahas.

"My mother had her arms about Nun-za-in-za. 'Sister, why art thine eyes filled with the anguish of the dying doe?' she asked. But the princess gave no reply to my mother for a long time. They loved each other, and between friends silence is sometimes good.

"Suddenly Nun-za-in-za roused herself, and with a moan fell on the floor of the lodge, sobbing.

"'Me-tun-in! Me-tun-in! thou knowest that Mi-ka-a-tunga, my father, has accepted the ponies of the chief?'

"My mother tried to calm her, to tell her it must be good to be the favored wife of so great a one as the much-feared Wa-zhinga-sabba, the great Black Bird—the war chief of the Mahas, the Up-stream folk. He had magic and mystery. He could see visions and foretell the death of any man of his tribe, so great his power. His very hate could kill. Let one but plot against him, that one was the first to die. Would it be wise to scorn his favor? She spoke again of the honor of being the wife of so great a chief.

"But Nun-za-in-za only sobbed the louder, crying that Me-tun-in was no longer the grandmother (friend) of her heart, for she so loved Village Maker she could see naught but good even in his father, the chief.

"'Hast thou a grievance against him, or fearest thou the other wives will not be kind?' asked my mother, for it is better that a man choose the sisters of one family as wives, for their customs are as one.'

"Once more Nun-za-in-za was silent and sullen, and then my mother *knew;* and the shadow of fear and dread entered the lodge and settled beside her, for she recalled then that an unknown lover had once sounded the love call on the Indian flute from a neighboring hill as the women went at dawn for the water.

"'Who—who has looked on thee with—*the look!*' demanded my little mother, and she told me she trembled, for the ghost of dread and fear gripped her heart. Well she knew the strength of the love of a woman, and well she knew, too, that none could antagonize the Wa-zhinga-sabba and not tread the path to the land of the ghosts and shadows.

"So the name of the youth fell not from the lips of Nun-za-in-za, for no pain must come to him through her love.

"Long she looked into the dying embers of the lodge fire, and at last my father returned with the slain deer, the *ta-kthe.* He threw it at the feet of Me-tun-in. Nun-za-in-za saw the look in their faces as they silently welcomed each the sight of the other, and my father tossed me high near the smoke-hole as he took my leathern cradle from my mother's back, that she might be the better enabled to prepare the flesh of the deer for food.

"Then Nun-za-in-za sprang to her feet, and drawing her deerskin mantle about her shoulders, cried, 'A-ga-geth, Me-tun-in, and A-ga-geth, Village Maker, for the last time, for to-night I sleep in the lodge of thy father, the great Wa-zhinga-sabba!'

Her voice became shrill and menacing and her bosom heaved as she went on. 'And doubtless in a year I shall give that look to him as he returns to me with his kill and tosses my zhinga-zhinga to the smoke-hole in glee! Doubtless!' she added in scorn, as her voice rose like the shrieking gale in a winter storm. 'The chief of whom even the braves are afraid and in whose presence women and little children are silent! Ah, thy happiness shows what mine is to be!'

"And she loosened the thong that held the opening to the lodge, and her swiftly silent moccasins fled over the snow, while the hearts of Me-tun-in and Village Maker mourned.

"And that night she was the wife of the great Wa-zhinga-sabba, and Mika-a-tunga and his family were glad and rejoiced, for great was the honor; but the handsome brave, the strong, the high-minded youth, Wa-sa-apa, stalked silently in the cold blast that crept about the medicine lodge, the mun-thin-ti; and he dreamed a dream and the vision said: 'The love of two young hearts is strong. It is the strength of the buffalo. It is the life of the turtle heart. It is the Wa-kon-da. Let not the love of the maiden overcome thee, for it is not good to take the wife of another.'

"Then the bloody knife was found outside, all hot and dripping, though in the cold blast; and Wa-sa-apa knew that to let *the look* pass but once boded naught but death.

"Then for months the dull, slow weaving of the blanket of despair went on for Nun-za-in-za; and Wa-sa-apa had almost killed the feeling that arose within him, for he thought that happiness might have come to her because many and beautiful were the gifts the chief showered upon his wife. The best food was hers, the choicest portions of buffalo tongue and deer meat—hers was the favored spot in the lodges.

"Now came the time when the winter lodges were left behind and the camp was moved through the deep, wet trails that led up the steep sides of the bluff yonder. On that day when the camp was changed happened a thing which showed the tribe how useless it was to try to combat the magic of the chief. In front were the Sacred Pack, the Sacred Pole and the Sacred Tent, in charge of the appointed ones of the Hun-ga Band, for it was then thought sacrilege and death for others but to touch any of these things. Old Wa-ka-ma-thin had charge of the Sacred Tent. The poor, over-laden ponies, thin from a long, ill-fed winter, at one steep, slippery point in the trail refused to go on. The Wa-zhinga-sabba could brook no resistance from man or beast, so Wa-ka-ma-thin was ordered to beat his loved pony, his Min-ne-wash-ka.

"Now, Min-ne-wash-ka had borne Wa-ka-ma-thin through danger, through death laden Sioux trails and through the long, buffalo chases; and she had lain her head upon his shoulder with a moan like the crooning of a woman who loves a stricken man—for that was when the wife of Wa-ka-ma-thin had passed to the land of the ghosts and shadows. So he begged for his pony: 'Oh, Chief, let not this order be; for before the Great Spirit, the Wa-kon-da, I have said that never shall lash be put upon my faithful Min-ne-wash-ka.'

"But the face of the Wa-zhinga-sabba was as a great cloud that looms over the Big Muddy when the wild goose and the brant take their flight northward, when all is damp and cool among the rushes and even along the hill tops where the flowers are struggling to smile on the spot where the Wa-kon-da wishes the camp to be. Though the storm broke not, because the Min-ne-wash-ka yielded at last to the gentle persuasions of her master, and moved the burdens, yet the heart within Wa-ka-ma-thin was heavy and the ghost of fear rode beside him, for none had crossed the will of the great Wa-zhinga-sabba and lived.

"And because all loved the gentle Wa-ka-ma-thin and because he was asked to take soup in the tepee of the chief that night after the camp was pitched in the usual half-circle, a silence fell among the men and a whimpering among the women, and the dogs howled mournfully. Untasted was the stew of the tender duck prepared in the cooking pots that night.

"On the next day they buried Wa-ka-ma-thin with the usual ceremonies of our people, but with unusual awe, for no mark of death was seen on his body, no arrow wound, no sickness. For of a sudden the chief had thrown back the flap of his tepee and had called to his herald: 'Let it be

known throughout the camp that I, the great Wa-zhinga-sabba, have had a vision. The Wa-kon-da has spoken to me, for I am great. My medicine is strong. In the time that it takes for the swiftest runner to go from the tepee of the Band of Peace to the tepee of the Band of War, Wa-ka-ma-thin will be on his long journey. For this I have given him his last food, that he may not go on the road to the land of the ghosts and shadows with an empty belly. No, I am a kind chief. Wa-ka-ma-thin shall not suffer. He shall not be hungry. He shall not be weak.'

"And on the next day as the funeral cortege wound its way to the top of a bluff, only Me-tun-yior, the sister of the Black Bird, she who was more stern and fierce than a brave, dare lift her eyes and gaze deep into those of the chief.

"Then one day came swimming up the Big Muddy one of the great fire-boats that at times stopped at a favorable signal from the herald of the Black Bird. All of the Indians ran to their caches to get the skins stored away for time to trade, but the chief with one wave of the hand forced them back.

"'Dogs!' he cried, 'dare ye not to approach till I have taken my choice of the traders' goods,'—for soon the fire-boat had anchored and all the tempting array was spread before the hungry gaze of the Indians, who love the beautiful.

"Calling to his women, the chief took his choice of the brightly-colored cloths and gave to each wife a gift, but the most beautiful was given to Nun-za-in-za. Encouraged by his relaxed features, the older wives cooed over the younger one, exclaiming in great joy when the chief chose from the stores a pair of ear-rings of solid gold, such as none of the tribe had ever before seen, and with his own hands put them in her ears.

"All the Mahas gathered near as was consistent with the iron discipline of the war chief, to see the display, and his gifts to his wives, and to await his permission to exchange their peltries for beads and new pipes, calicoes and blankets.

"Wa-sa-apa was there, and by accident my mother's eyes were on his face when the Wa-zhinga-sabba fastened the ornaments in the ears of Nun-za-in-za.

"So my mother knew why Nun-za-in-za was seized with the strange shadow death, the faintness. And Me-tun-in felt the ghost of dread beside her more plainly than ever, for well she knew that no power of the evil spirit could keep apart the two whose hearts were kindled with one flame by the Wa-konda, the man and the woman whom the Great Spirit had made the one for the other, to be the father and the mother of children.

"Now, because Nun-za-in-za knew that Wa-sa-apa had seen the chief put the ear-rings in her ears, she hated them, and often took them off and put them from her, but each day the husband would demand of her where they were, and make her put them on till at last she learned to wear them always.

"My mother told me she often lay still in the starlight, fearing that the heart of Wa-sa-apa would overcome him or that Nun-za-in-za would go to him for the heart of a woman once stirred is the fire on the prairie which feeds on the dry grass, the brown memories of once fresh hopes. But though Nun-za-in-za often wandered about the camp while the Wa-zhinga-sabba slept, never did Me-tun-in, my mother, see Wa-sa-apa approach her. Each night he came to guard, but so filled was he with the strength that comes to but few, even though they fast long in the mun-thin-ti, the earth lodge—that he made no sign as Nun-za-in-za wandered about, anxious for his coming.

"My mother grew weak with her secret watch, and my father would say, 'Why so wan, heart of my heart? Art not happy? Is my shoulder not broad enough for thy little head? Longest thy soul for another?'—for my father thought often of the Ponca chief. And pain came to her face, but when she looked into his eyes, my father would know that she was his alone, though she would say, 'Yet a thing which I cannot tell even thee, my brave, for it is an evil dream from the ghost pipes.' And my father grew thoughtful and slept and dreamed dreams in the medicine lodge, but found no peace, and my mother wept much.

"Men offended the chief and died, and the tribe fell into a silence or spoke but rarely. The early summer days had come, the golden summer time when the corn and tobacco having been planted, the good

sun came forth and called life and growth into the plants. Each day the frowning chief walked among his planted lands, to see that corn should grow against a winter famine, to see that the tobacco leaves were coming forth for the soothing pipes of the winter lodge nights, and to watch the drying of the jerked venison.

"The water courses were full, and green were the oaks and willows along their banks, while on the hilltops was a robe of green. Ponies wandered far, attracted by the good food, and birds chirped their happy cradle songs and taught their young to fly. Yet the heart of Nun-za-in-za was heavy like the cloud that soon must burst, and Wa-sa-apa saw no pleasure in these happy things, coming but rarely, and then in day time from his lone lodge on the far side of a distant hill. And when he came, he came but to the councils. So the tribe said, 'Wa-sa-apa makes great medicine. He lives alone. He has no heart for the maidens. He comes to camp only for war talk.' Then my mother was silent, for she alone knew he came each night. And many maidens hung their heads at mention of the name of Wa-sa-apa, for he was handsome and good to look upon, but he had no wish for them.

"Then one night when *mi, the* moon, looked down with all her mystery and her magic, Nun-za-in-za walked among the tobacco plants, looking up at the spirit country above, lighted by its great sad torch. And looking to earth she saw the small patches of Indian corn which showed much work done by the patient women, saw the tepees scattered along the hillsides, while on the bluffs nearest the Big Muddy were the spreading oaks. She thought of the fern-robed earth beneath and of how pleasant it would be to be there with Wa-sa-apa, hiding from the heat of the sun at noonday or lying beneath its branches at nighttime, fearing not the sad cry of the whip-poor-will that always sounded near, for his protecting arm would be about her and her head would be on his breast.

"And she raised her arms in silent, passionate entreaty to the Wa-konda. Suddenly Wa-sa-apa stood before her, yet neither spoke, for the training of our race is that we cry not out with surprise nor wince with pain. But like the fire-mountains his heart leaped forth and he held her one moment to him. Then my mother heard his words: 'Go to the royal lodge! Go like *ta-kthe,* the deer! Faster! Like the *thi-um-ba,* the lightning, lest the death thought of the Wa-zhinga-sabba overtake thee!' His voice was hoarse like the voices of men who have fasted and sung many nights in the medicine lodge and who have dreamed dreams and seen visions.

"But Nun-za-in-za stood close to him. 'Wa-sa-apa, is magic in the knife? Is magic in the arrow? Know that I have seen the white *death powder* given by the black-faced one who came on the fire-boat that walked the river. I fear not the *magic* of the great chief! Let him come! Let him slay us in his anger, for then we shall tread together the path of spirits for four days and for four nights, and after that, the *great forever,* Wa-sa-apa!'

"For one moment he stood, while the spirits of his honor fought with deadly arrows the spirits of his desire. My mother felt the battle rage and in the silence heard the soul war cries. Then, as the fringes of his deerskin sleeve enwrapped Nun-za-in-za again, his voice grew soft like the tones of the mother dove crooning over her nestlings. 'Thou art the wife of the chief. I am but a brave. I have found favor with the councillors of the tribe, I have dreamed dreams; the Wa-kon-da of the Mahas is my friend, for I have acted with honor to all men.' Then his voice grew strained and hoarse again. 'Nun-za-in-za shall be my bride in the spirit land. The visions have shown it. The Wa-kon-da has said it. Go, and come not here again to tempt me.'

He put her from him and was gone, vanishing silently like the light wind along the prairies, like the down of the thistle. And Nun-za-in-za, staggering like a wounded bird, fell into the arms of Me-tun-in, who softly led her back to her sleeping women.

"With the early dawn the camp was astir. The herald came to tell Village Maker that the chief desired speech with him. My mother trembled, and the eyes of Village Maker were troubled. Yet when he returned his heart was light, for it was to be his honor to take a message to a distant band. 'Me-tun-in, my star-shine, Me-tun-in, my sunlight, often has my father asked me why I do not take the other wives to which, by the laws of our tribe, I have

the right. Thou knowest this?'

"And then the look of the kill came into the gentle eyes of Me-tun-in, so that my father laughed much and spoke on: 'And to-day my father has new wisdom, for his heart is great for Nun-za-in-za. He has no wish for his other wives.' But when my mother did not smile at this and began to cry and beg him not to leave her that day, he was troubled. Great was the honor to bear messages too important to trust to a herald. 'I must go,' he said; 'thou art to sleep this night with the women of my father's lodge.' And Village Maker went."

The silence was broken by the clanging of the great bell, and as Tun-in-gi-na ceased speaking, she looked inquiringly into my face.

"Yes," I said, "I must go in, but you must come and stay with me. I wish to hear the rest of the story."

"Not to-night. I cannot come now, but when the autumn is passed and the winter is over, I will tell it to you."

"But, oh," I cried, "where shall I find you? I am so afraid I shall miss you!"

"I have said it, and I will do as I say. The *earth house* tells me I shall not die this year nor the next. *A-ga-geth!*" She gave me her hand, smiling meantime.

"Good-bye, Tun-in-gina," I said, simply, for her manner was too conclusive for me to attempt to persuade her.

The time slipped by with my interesting little folks until the next June, when one morning she came on her little calico pony to say she was ready to take me to see the grave of the Black Bird and there finish her story. She rode bareback and astride, and, as usual, laughed at what she considered my awkward side saddle. We chattered pleasantly till I began to realize as we rode to the top of a hill below the Omaha Indian agency that she was ready to resume the narrative. We dismounted and she deftly staked out our ponies as we seated ourselves on the grass.

"I think it was on a morning like this that Village Maker left Me-tun-in, telling her to join his father's women. As she came into their midst, there was much laughter and chattering, for she was a favorite. Even the Wa-zhinga-sabba gave her a smile, though no word passed between them, for it is not one of our customs that a man address the wife of his son nor a woman the husband of her daughter. But with all this brightness, her face was sad, and the women said: 'So long a wife and yet hast a sad face when thy brave goes on a day's errand! Thou art like the bride of a moon!' And they laughed. But my mother longed to go to the medicine lodge for comfort, but dare not till Village Maker was on the home trail, for he had bidden her stay in his father's tepees till then.

"The women busied themselves with their daily tasks, singing softly or telling tales of brave loves and handsome maidens. But the fear in the heart of my mother made her put me to play with the larger children who were enjoying the damp clay on the edge of a water course.

"Nu-da hun-ga Is-sha-buz-zhi kai dai
Nu-da hun-ga Is-sha-buz-zhi kai dai."

"The air telling of the brave deeds of the hero, Is-sha-buz-zhi, rose and fell with the cadence of the women's voices, but my mother could not join them in their singing. Her eyes followed the chief as he left them and went among his corn and tobacco plants. She looked at Nun-za-in-za, who worked busily on a beaded cradle which was for me or for some brother or sister to come. But my mother's own bear frame lay with its woof of sinews all unbeaded. A chill like that when the dead walk and the lone whip-poor-will calls in the still moonshine came over her.

"Suddenly the voice of the women became hushed as the Wa-zhinga-sabba came to them on swift moccasins. On his face was the war cloud and his eyes were twin Mun-hin-tun-ga, the Big Knives. Great was the fear of the women, for it is not the custom for one of dignity to show his anger. Like the wounded buffalo he came upon them, and they saw in his hand an *ear-ring of gold*. Fear came like Cold Man to freeze the faces of the other woman, while Nun-za-in-za sat as one dead or as one on whom the snake has fixed his look. Thinking to make her tell her shame before all, he said in mock earnestness, 'Who is the owner of this? Where is its mate?' A silence fell, all were breathless, awaiting the awful moment when he should take Nun-za-in-za from them and deal with

her as he would—for such is the law of the tribe—when he left them suddenly like the menacing storm which comes near, then sharply turns away. Yet not one moved, for all were of the thought that he would soon return from his tepee with magic torture we knew not of. But the deerskin flap was fastened as a sign that not even the herald might enter.

"Then the other women, all but my mother, began to speak of escape. 'He has a great heart for thee. Hide till his anger is spent, and he will then forget. Though stern and fierce, the Wa-zhinga-sabba, yet in his face is always *the look* for thee. We have seen it, and greater is it than the strength of many war clubs.'

"Then as they moved softly about, they spoke in hushed voices things necessary to their daily life, or in whispers as they made plans to hide Nun-za-in-za away. Then she spoke: 'Idle talk! Escape the wrath of the Wa-zhinga-sabba! The words of children! When did a *brave* ever escape him?' She waited as if for an answer. 'Then speak no more of me, a woman! I am ready to go to the tepee of my husband when the herald bids me. Prepare the burial food, make ready my cooking pots, my robes, my wampum, all the ornaments I love.' She took the jewel from her ear and threw it to the ground, then slowly replaced it. A strange laugh sounded from her throat, while in her eyes was the hunted look.

"Then began the endless waiting, waiting, the suspense, the dread. Always before, the Wa-zhinga-sabba had been quick to strike—was the rattlesnake, one stroke, the burial: or the *thi-um-ba*, the lightning—the flash, one thunder voice, then the kindling of the four night fires on the grave. So the women had no heart for their tasks, but sat waiting, waiting.

"On the far side of the run where the willows grew on the bank, the children played the game of Mi-ka and Kaga-mi-kay, and their shrill voices came across the silence:

"Kaga-mi-kay! Kaga-mi-kay!"

"Suddenly even that song was still; the timid children hid like the quail in the thicket along the run; the dogs slunk from sight; the ponies lifted their heads, scenting danger in the air, for the deerskin flap of the tepee of the Wa-zhinga-sabba was lifted, and the face of the war cloud appeared. But though Nun-za-in-za was ready for the death stroke it came not. The chief passed through the camp, striking down women on the right hand and on the left hand, insulting, reviling all who came in his way, so that braves stood aloof in the silence which speaks dignity, and they said one to another: 'He has the madness, the Wa-zhinga-sabba's body is filled with the evil spirit.' And some said, 'Bear with him, for he has had a great wrong, and it is meet that we should bear with our greatest chief.' But others said, 'He is our greatest *war* chief, but too cruel is the Wa-zhinga-sabba to be called our greatest chief'—though this they spoke in low voice and only to trusted friends—'yet because his trouble is great, let us bear with him.' And thus they made excuse among themselves that they answered not his insults, for all feared his magic, his power to foretell death.

"And at last with dull eyes he sat outside his tepee and moved not as the wounded day dragged on throughout the camp. Food was cooked, but the few who took it ate in silence. Carefully prepared pemmican was timidly set before the chief by his women. It was all untasted. And the food set aside for the favored wife fell at last to the dogs that whined uneasily, but whose bellies were always empty, for no sadness, no fear, can fill the hunger of a dog, but with man, sorrow can fill the gnawing of much hunger.

"At last the cooking pots were put away, the last pipes were smoked, ponies fed contentedly on the sweet prairie grass at the end of their tethers. The women prepared the sleeping hammocks, placing the wonderful new nets which had been bought from the traders to keep off the *wa-hunga*, the mosquitoes—over the rude arbors beneath which the hammocks were hung, for there they slept beside the tepees when the nights were warm.

"Then the great stillness which speaks to man with its many voices was over the camp. And the moon came out and hung with sad and pleading face over the Wa-zhinga-sabba till his heart was like the heart of a mother for her child. And to him the moon and the silence spoke: 'Oh, Wa-zhinga-sabba, stern with braves, be

thou gentle to the woman, for she is weak, for she is helpless. And when in the council would one ear-ring in the corn lands be proof against even a brave? And the print of a man's moccasin near to the print of hers! Would the council say it was caused by other than the idle wandering of feet through the full fields?' Because his heart was great he called his herald and said: 'Bring Nun-za-in-za to me,' and when my mother heard the words come through the still moonlight, a cold hand gripped her heart, for Nun-za-in-za had softly stolen away, had gone so quietly that none but my mother, her heart friend, knew.

"As she passed from the camp, the sentry had friendly eyes that saw not, had friendly ears that heard not. The dogs, accustomed to her presence, made no further outcry than to continue their low, uneasy whining at the foreboding silence. Her favorite rose and fawned upon her. With one hand she pointed to the rest, and he slunk back abashed. Her one thought now was to die with Wa-sa-apa. Because the chief had spared her life through this long day, she thought he but planned new torture, worse than the cutting out of the tongue, for no revenge was thought too great for a wronged husband.

"Outside his lodge on the side of a hill sat Wa-sa-apa with bowed head, for he was sad and troubled. Warning had come to him from the camp of the chief, and because of this he suddenly stood erect with drawn knife, when, walking on light moccasins over the grassy prairie, came Nun-za-in-za. Then the Wa-kon-da, the one who had made them, the one for the other, put words into her mouth to try Wa-sa-apa: 'It is I, Nun-za-in-za. Because *the look* has passed between us, because I have heard thy flute on the hillside, I have come. No longer of this earth am I. My life is forfeit. Even now the chief may be near.' And as she looked back with a shiver like the leaves of the shaking tree which white men call the aspen, the knife fell at their feet as if to cut the sinews which held them apart. And Wa-sa-apa forgot his vows of the *mun-thin-ti,* remembered not the respect of the council, and took her in his arms so that she heard his heart beats, and she asked, 'Our lodge, Wa-sa-apa?' And he answered her, 'Our lodge.'

"Now even while they were happy, the herald cowered in the shadow of the tepee of the women, fearing to be the bearer of evil tidings. Wa-zhinga-sabba waited in impatience, and hearing no sound of resistance from the camp of the women, he ceased his restless pacing, and listened that he might hear one sound of woman's tears to make him glad, for the woman who weeps at man's anger loves him. But only the heart-beats of the Big Muddy came to him through the now chill moonshine of the late night, and then the truth, and with the truth the madness. And the chief in anger was like the hurricane that sweeps along the prairie in the spring-rain time, ready to destroy all in its path. He came toward the hammocks of the women demanding in the thunder voice, 'Where is she, the favorite wife?' And when they cowered in fear and gave no answer, he grasped my mother, Me-tun-in, and spoke to her, 'Thou knowest Me-tun-in! Where is she?'

"Then they feared the more, for he had *spoken to the wife of his son!* And he wildly sought her, tearing the nets from the hammocks, putting the bead-work in disorder, trampling, stamping, raging like the wounded bull of the buffalo. He rushed from them and went from tepee to tepee, asking the old question in the voice of the storm. And so great was the fear of the people that even the children made no outcry, though they were sleep hungry.

"But at last came the calm. In moody silence he sought his own tepee.

"When morning came, the camp was early astir, and when men saw the herald go forth from the chief, their hearts feared for two of their tribe. For once the women hushed their sobbing. And of all the band, Me-tun-yior, sister of the Wa-zhinga-sabba, dare speak to him. 'My brother, let pass thy anger. They are young and they love, and it is good to be young and to love. The Wa-kon-da has said it. The dreams of the medicine lodge declare it. Do not kill them, for see! they come!'

"Over the brow of the hill appeared the face of the herald, one whom all despised. And the look on his face was not good to see. It spoke of no kindness, but only of triumph over one fallen. As the wildcat drags her prey to the lair, so brought he

Nun-za-in-za. The beautiful braids of her hair were in disorder, her garments torn and stained, but on her face was the brave look. As she approached the chief, she began to speak, but one sharp, short word from his much-prized revolver forbade her to say more.

"And while the others marveled, Me-tun-yior, the sister of the chief, ran to Nun-za-in-za and lifted her up, and as the eyes gave the last earth look, the lips spoke, 'Tell him the anemone of spring grows not for the winter lodges, that my heart is heavy that this is so. But tell him that the herald is a wolf, waiting for the wounded buffalo, then eating its heart away slowly, for vile are the insults he has heaped upon me as he brought me hither—so vile that even as the ghosts gather round me, my cheeks yet burn as I think of it. Though low is Nun-za-in-za in the favor of the chief, yet the Wa-zhinga-sabba brooks no insult *to his wife!*'

She paused as Me-tun-yior gave the message to the chief. He nodded, but said no word.

"'And tell Wa-sa-apa I waited, hoping the ponies would drink their fill—*Wa-sa-apa!*' She tried to stand and call softly once again, 'Wa-sa-apa, loved one!'

"Then spoke the chief, 'To-night the herald prepares for the long journey. He takes food in my tepee, for he starts with full belly.' And as the death chant for Nun-za-in-za rose from the women, the herald was as the pale faces, for well he knew *his* own wives would speak in yet hoarser voices before another sunrise because of much wailing.

"Now when the ponies of Wa-sa-apa had drunk their fill of the sweet water that ran between the softly green-fringed banks of the water courses and gently spoke of love, he returned to his lodge—no longer to him simply a lodge because of Nun-za-in-za; and when she came not out to greet him and he saw the print of small moccasins in the dust about the door and near them the print of large ones, the fear was upon him. And the signs which speak when words are dumb said, 'Follow the path which shows where a burden has been dragged across the prairie grass.'

"Seizing the rifle bought from the traders, his moccasins took up the trail. And a red mist floated before him, the mist of hate and love, for there a few feet distant was an earring. As he placed it on the bear claw necklace which was about his throat, pausing not, for though swift his moccasins as the deer foot, the red mist that led him was as the whirlwind leading him madly on till he came to the brow of the hill, and heard the wailing of the women, heard the death chant.

"Then went the red mist from him, and the rifle fell to the earth. And he stretched his arms to the summer sky above, the look of pain upon his face was deep as the water in midstream, and he called aloud to the Wa-kon-da:

"'That my ponies had died from the water hunger!
I left her alone.
Nun-za-in-za, come!
My loved one return!'

"But Nun-za-in-za was already on the path of the four days' journey to the land of ghosts and shadows. The women ceased their death-chant to listen, whimpering with sad hearts meanwhile; braves covered their heads, but the chief sat unmoved as the stone face far to the eastward where once lived the Ojibways. But yet was the look not the same, for the old men say that the stone face is kind, while the Black Bird's look was like that of the Evil Spirit when he makes bad medicine, when men and ponies die, when no wild game is near, when famine and the Sick Man come.

"And while this look should have warned him, Wa-sa-apa recked naught of it, for the madness of a great loss was upon him, and he pleaded with the chief: 'Oh, Great One, Wa-zginga-sabba, pity my little one! Alone! Who will take her hand and bring comfort when the fears come upon her, when the ghosts of evil men come near her, when the four grave fires burn low as the chill morning approaches? She never walked the bright earth alone; the little fawn will be weary; the dark forms, the gray shadows will frighten her.' His voice became low and soft like the cooing of the dove to his mate in spring time, like the love talk of the water in the brooklet. 'Only last night was she beside me, my sweetheart, my Nun-za-in-za! And now she is alone, alone, stumbling along the dark and dreary road!' He put forth his

hand and seized the rifle, offering it to the chief, imploring him to take his life. 'She was mine, O Chief! Long I fasted and dreamed dreams, and fought to kill the love within me. And the Wa-kon-da had pity. Last night he sent her to me. Wait no longer, Chief! Haste! Send me to her, that my ghost, my jibi, may join her on the pathway!'

Then a stillness of death fell over the people, hushed was even their very breathing as the chief took the rifle. He looked around at the half-moon of waiting faces as the breast of Wa-sa-apa was bared to receive the wound. And many moments went by as Wa-sa-apa waited. And the longing grew that the chief should send the ghost of Wa-sa-apa to walk the four days' journey with that of Nun-za-in-za. But taking the rifle, the chief retired to his tepee.

"Then a great sob went up from the women, and even strong men moaned, for it is the law among our people to split the soles of the feet of one who takes his own life—even to follow after a loved one—that his ghost may not come back to earth to haunt them, and his spirit treads not the path that the other spirits tread on the way to the happy hunting lands. So the strong heart, the brave heart, sobbed over his dead even as women sob, and yet men said no word of scorn. And he said words calling her back to life, back to health and to strength. But when the winter snows have come and the blasts howl through the naked trees, no flowers smile. So answered not the cold lips of Nun-za-in-za.

"Then Wa-sa-apa sat in the earth house and fasted, nor saw the sun for four days, coming out but once each night to put wood on the sacred fire that burned on the grave of his loved one to light her on her dismal journey. And dreams came to him, and he spoke to the Wa-kon-da, begging that the ghost of the herald might not overtake her. So it was promised, for he repented much and gained much medicine, so that for many days after great strips of flesh dragged the earth as Wa-sa-apa walked! For it is good that a strong man forget not the feeling of pain.

"Though for many years there was the grief look on the faces of my father and my mother, yet lighter were their hearts for there was no longer a secret between them. And they loved me, and many children came to be my brothers and sisters. We played the children's games, and were happy, but often we saw the lone man, the Silent One, as Wa-sa-apa was now called, going to the medicine lodge, and we whispered, 'My heart is the dead heart. Hush! He goes to the mud lodge to gain mystery!' He lived but half a life, always apart from the others, never joining in the games, mingling with the tribe on the hunt only. Even when Cold Man came shrieking from the North, blowing the icy needles from his mouth, yet the Silent One wore no moccasins, and when the buffalo hunt led them through cactus-covered plains, mile after mile, bloody foot-prints showed the Wa-kon-da the sorrow and repentance Wa-sa-apa felt for the wrong he had done;—for many of the earth house then said Wa-sa-apa had not heard the Wa-kon-da aright about Nun-za-in-za because of a bad heart, that to them who had fasted long in the mud lodge and gained clean hearts, he had said, 'It is not good to take the wife of another. The Wa-kon-da did not send her.'

"Many were the tribal songs which told of the bravery of Wa-sa-apa, for he was always at the front when the tribe was on the war trail, both to be brave and to gain the death wound. He wooed the arrows with whisperings of passion, but they turned from his breast, till at last in a bloody battle with the Sioux, the Wa-kon-da heard the soul cry. That night the ghost of Wa-sa-apa started on the long trail to the happy hunting ground and Nun-za-in-za. And the promise of the Wa-kon-da was fulfilled."

Again we sat in silence for many moments. I dare not speak to the woman beside me, for she seemed to be in another world. Presently, however, she roused herself and with a smile spoke: "And now, my little friend, you see what the love of a man and a woman can do even with a savage. Settle your question in your own way, but my medicine tells me you will choose your Wa-sa-apa."

AN ARABIAN STUD FARM IN CALIFORNIA

BY LUCIA SHEPARDSON

THE ARABIAN horse has been famed in literature and in art since time immemorial. The mighty bards of the Old Testament sang of him, again and again do we find mention of him in their pages; the artist of to-day goes to the desert when in search of equine perfection, for only there can he find what he desires. Yet scarcely one person in twenty has ever seen an animal of pure Arabian descent. It is possible to export him only by express permission of the Sultan of Turkey, which is not easy to obtain; the expense of his purchase from his Bedouin master is very great, the latter being well aware of the value of his steed; and the journey from Arabia to the Western world is long and hazardous, with much risk of injury. There are less than a hundred Arabians in all America at the present time. Because of his rarity outside the confines of his native land, one is inclined to believe that he is largely a creature of fiction, and that if he at any time existed as portrayed by his enthusiastic admirers, it was in some far-off period of the past. On the contrary, he lives to-day in his ancient habitation in all the glory of his beauty and his strength even as in the days of Job and of Solomon; and occasionally we of the West are so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of this aristocrat of the East.

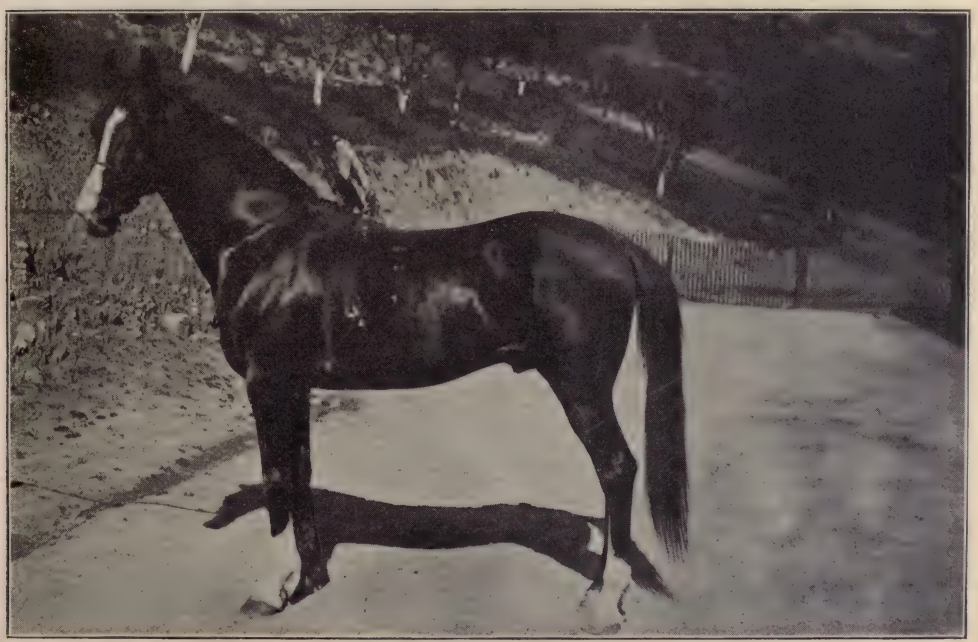
On the long and level highways of the Santa Clara Valley, or in the leafy roads leading back into the Santa Cruz mountains, you may meet, perchance, a slim girl mounted upon a horse at which you will look again and yet again; well you may, since he is of the illustrious desert breeding, and his worth would ransom a king. The slim girl rider is Mrs. Richard Walton Tully, better known to her readers as Eleanor Gates. Having been always keenly interested in horses, and an expert horsewoman, she has taken up the raising of the Arabian in California. About five miles back in the mountains from Los Gatos, a little town on the edge of the Santa Clara Valley, Mr. and Mrs. Tully have a large ranch, El Rancho de las Rosas, which being interpreted is, The Ranch of the Roses, and here may be seen those marvelous creatures which have no peer among their kind.

While there is but one general breed, there are five different subdivisions or families, and in order to be considered shubbi, or, in our language, thoroughbred, an Arabian horse must belong to one or more of these primary branches. They are called collectively the Khamseh; individually they are the Kehilan, the Seglawi, the Hamdani, the Abeyan, and the Hadban; of these there are of course many minor strains, but the five great families are the parent stocks. The Bedouins say that they are descended from the five mares of Salaman, a sheik who lived in the year 1635 B. C. After a long and arduous battle, the warriors were resting, and their steeds were drinking at a river. Suddenly the trumpet call sounded to return to battle, but only five mares responded. From them have sprung the Kamseh. Oddly enough, in the desert a colt always takes the name of its mother, instead of its sire, although the latter must, of course, be shubbi.

Each of the horses at the California ranch belongs to one or more of these principal strains, four horses and eight mares comprising the stud. Each of them has all the identification marks of the pure desert animal. They are not large—the average is about fourteen and a half hands in stature, sometimes a little under. They are perfectly proportioned in every respect. The ears are so finely formed as to make them appear smaller than they really are; the head is broad between the eyes and extremely well developed; indeed, the

forehead cannot be too prominent, and this gives to the profile a dished contour much esteemed among the Arabs. The eyes are thoughtful and intelligent, save in action, when they flash and sparkle with fire. The length between the eyes and the tapering muzzle is short, the nostrils are large and capable of great expansion. The throat is full and well developed, and the jaws have unusual width, to admit the great windpipe. The arch of the beautiful neck is one of the most distinguishing features of the steed of the Bedouins, and it at once attracts the attention of a stranger. The chest is full and the shoulder very deep. The length of the back is short, a quality very desirable in a saddle horse; the shoulder and the back, not including the quarters, must measure exactly the same according to the Arabs, if a horse be without blemish; I could scarcely credit this until I saw it proved to my own satisfaction. The limbs are slender and well set on. The tail is carried high; a horse whose tail is flat is not inspired of Allah, and cannot be shubbi, say the Arabs. The skin is blue, where it shows about the eyes and the nose. The perfect Arabian is thus seen to be a compact and serviceable animal, differing both in appearance and endurance from our perfect thoroughbreds. The latter have become long and weedy, and of diminished chest capacity; they are also shorter-lived, the racers rarely accomplishing anything after their twelfth year. The Arabian is in his prime all through his twenties.

There is a prevalent idea that they are either black or spotted, and many such are exhibited in circuses as being from the desert, but as a matter of fact there are no spotted Arabians, and black ones are very rare, and not especially prized. The predominating colors are bay, brown and chestnut; white is not quite so common, although two at El Rancho de las Rosas are white.



Nedjran. *Photo by J. R. Hodson.*

All of them have names signifying their desert origin, names which bring to the mind visions of the tales of Scherezade and all things Eastern. One of Mrs. Tully's favorites is Nedjran, a chestnut, so called because he came from the desert of Nedj. He was imported from Arabia



Ibn Mahruss (Mrs. Tully up.)

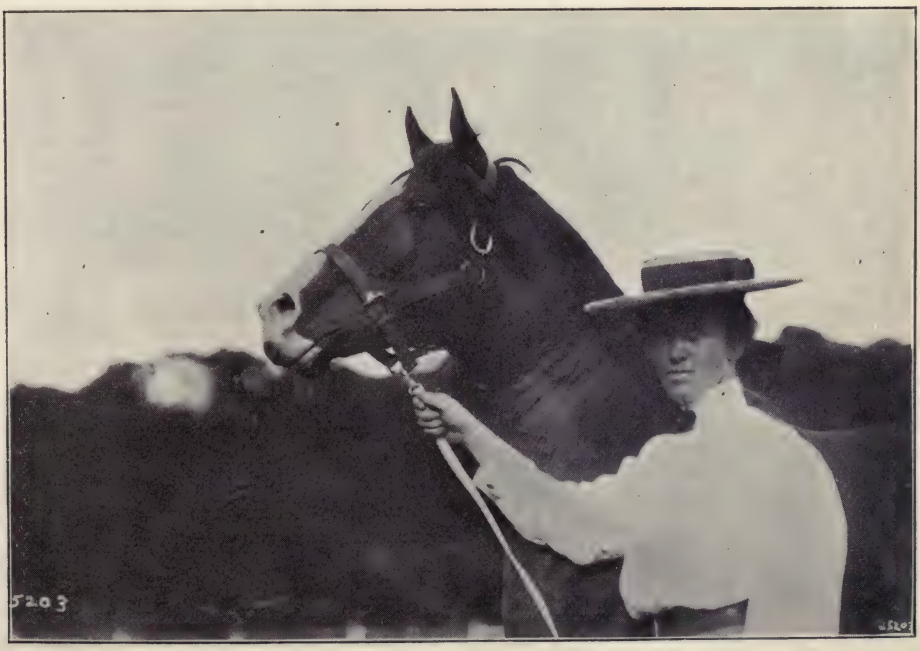
by Captain Gainsford of the English army and is a Seglawie Jadran. The officer was riding through the streets of Damascus one day when he saw a Bedouin mounted upon one of the finest animals he had seen, and he knew something of the desert horse, too. But the price that the Bedouin asked was more than the Englishman cared to pay, since he already had several fine Arabians in his string. The Bedouin was evidently hard pressed for money; all the way from Damascus to Beirout he rode before the officer, showing off the paces of his mount as only an Arab can, and when Beirout was reached, Captain Gainsford succumbed to the charms of Nedjran and bought him. Small wonder is it that the officer could not resist the temptation to possess him; he embodies all that has been pictured and sculptured of his kind, and he has been done in marble and in bronze. He is perfectly aware of his beauty and his proud descent, and he shows it in every turn of his head. There is a spirit of impish mischief lurking in his big, dark eyes; he loves to curvet and prance and pirouette, making great pretense of being over-mettlesome and coaxing his companions to race with him, while all the time he is as gentle as a kitten. He has the light and elastic tread peculiar to the breed, and he seems incapable of feeling fatigue, no matter what the distance he may traverse; he gallops with equal ease whether ridden by Mrs. Tully with her light English saddle, or a man of two hundred pounds weight in addition to a heavy Mexican saddle. None of these horses are shod for ordinary purposes; their hoofs are like iron, and they are capable of going from twenty to thirty miles daily with no effect whatever on themselves or their feet. Noticing the perfect condition of Nedjran's hoofs, I asked how far he had been ridden the previous week, and learned that it was about one hundred and thirty miles, over all sorts and conditions of roads.

The pride of El Rancho de las Rosas is Mahruss, whose peer is not to be found outside of Arabia. He is a superb chestnut, with four white feet and a blazed face, and in the sun he has the iridescent gleam of polished copper. Lady Anne Blunt, an Englishwoman who has an extensive knowledge of Arabian horses, and owns a large number which she has herself imported, said of Mahruss that it was

a pity his blood was lost to the desert, so old and aristocratic is his lineage. He is Seglawie Jedran, and also of that rare strain, Ibn ed Derri; in the imperial stables of Russia and of Japan are horses to which he is related. He is particularly gentle and affectionate, and he adores his mistress. Nedjran always takes exception to the petting of any one else in his presence, but Mahruss never displays an atom of jealousy. Like the others, he wears no shoes, recently traveling one hundred and twenty-seven miles in three days over hard valley roads, and reaching his journey's end in the best of condition; the proof that he was unshod during the trip lay in the fact that his hoofs showed the marks of no nails.

One of the most remarkable Arabians is America is Obeyran I, or the Old Man, as he is dubbed at the ranch. He was born in the Palmyrian desert in 1879; when I first saw him he had just been ridden at a gallop over seventeen miles of mountain road, which was considered nothing at all in the way of a run, and he was then as full of life as a colt, impatient of restraint, restive at his tether and eager to be off again, all of which is remarkable in a horse thirty-one years of age. He is sound of wind and perfect of limb as in his early youth. He was pure white until he was twenty-six, when his snowy coat became flecked with gray. He was one of the twenty-eight Arabian horses and mares imported to this country in 1893, by special permission of the Sultan, to be shown at the World's Fair. They were all of exceeding rarity and value, and each of them was to be returned to the desert, dead or alive. But the men who financed the project became involved in debt, the animals were seized, and an auction was announced. The Bedouin grooms, rather than give up their beloved charges to be profaned by the hand of a Christian, killed fourteen of them before they were discovered; of the remainder, all were shipped to England save three, one of which was Obeyran. Apparently he has not a few years of usefulness still before him—just what the length of his life will prove to be is a question of great interest. His is by no means an uncommon case of longevity.

Another interesting personage is Yusanet, a little bay mare belonging to the family of Kehilan-al-Muson. The members



Ibn Mahruss and his mistress. Perfect type of Arabian head.

of this branch are always known as the "listeners," and they go back to a mare that lived some three thousand years ago. She stood all day long in an attitude of listening, and walked round and round the camp with restless ears pricked forward and every nerve alert. The Bedouins could not tell what she heard or whence the sound came; they gave her some grain and she ate a mouthful and then listened as before. During that entire day they could not discover the cause of her mysterious behavior. That night a hostile tribe descended upon them and half the men were slain—one of the most terrible massacres known to the Arabs. Strange to say, to this day a Kehilan-al-Muson seems always to be listening; it will invariably have this habit to a far more pronounced degree than the animals of any other family. The snapshot of little Yusanet plainly illustrates this peculiar trait, for her unconscious pose is a very characteristic attitude.

Their endurance is a constant source of wonder to those who are not familiar with them. Mr. and Mrs. Tully rode from Oakland, a distance of sixty-five miles by road, in five hours and a half; it was in December, just after a heavy rain, when the highways were in very bad condition; for several months previous to this, the horses had had but little exercise, yet the next day after reaching the ranch they showed no effects whatever of the trip. A half-Arab sixteen days old belonging to Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, made the trip from Pleasanton to Los Gatos, a distance of forty-eight miles, in one day, and was as full of life the following day as if he had not traveled at all. One of the mares ran at full speed, not once slackening her flying pace, for twelve miles before she lessened her long, swift gallop; Mrs. Tully, who was riding, did not urge her on, nor did she try to check her—for she wished to see how far she would of her own accord continue that rate of speed, and her amazement was great when she found how far it really was. Any one who is a horseman must admit that this is by no means a common feat.

We often read of the desert horses being cared for by their masters like their own families, and from this we are apt to form the opinion that they are delicate and must always have the best of care in order to thrive. Such is not the case. True it is that the Bedouins give their steeds the best they can afford, but one must take into consideration the Arabs' mode of living. They are nomadic, wandering from place to place in heat and in cold, with only the protection of a tent between them and the sky. There are no fenced pastures, and when the horses are not being ridden, they are tethered in the camp without exercise; one of the mares at the ranch still has the marks of the hobbles with which she was fastened as a colt. The khans are miserable affairs, both for man and beast, and the animals stabled there in winter are frequently forced to stand in slush up to their knees, with cold draughts blowing about them. Owing to the arid character of the country in the dry season, food is often scarce and water at a premium. Not infrequently a Bedouin will gallop his mount for several days over the rough and stony desert places, the mercury a hundred and twenty in the shade, and both will have so little sustenance it is a marvel how they survive, yet neither of them seem to be inconvenienced by what we would consider grievous hardships. In spite of such handicaps of environment, or perhaps of them, the Arabian horses are endowed with constitutions that are singularly robust. They do not need luxuriant fare; in fact, they eat much less than other breeds, two quarts of oats a day, with but little hay, sufficing to keep them in splendid condition. Nor must they have careful housing; they have thrived exceedingly at El Rancho de las Rosas, the climate of California being not unlike that of Arabia in some respects. Mrs. Tully does not pamper them in the least, but takes them out in all sorts and conditions of weather. Since she has owned them, but one case of illness, a slight attack of colic, has occurred among them.

Their docility is proverbial, a vicious Arabian being unheard of in the desert. This is due to the fact that through all the years the two have been associated, the Bedouin has treated his horse with universal kindness, lavishing upon him the same affection he gives his children. The result is an animal that is unafraid, and gentle, and intelligent to a degree. A

mare at El Rancho de las Rosas received a bad cut in her shoulder, and it was necessary to take twelve stitches, three of them in the deep muscles, to close the wound. No anaesthetic was available, and she actually stood there and let them sew up the hurt, without moving. Mrs. Tully stood beside her, with an arm about her head, and she would lean against her mistress and quiver, while her eyes filmed over with the excruciating pain, yet she remained quiet. She knew that they were trying to help her. They do not require breaking, but only the briefest of instruction before they may be ridden; a child is as safe on their back as the most experienced rider, and an ordinary straight curb bit is sufficient to hold the most highly-strung of them. If they feel that you are falling off, they will at once check their speed, no matter how swiftly they are going, that you may regain your seat; of the gentle art of bucking stiff-legged, as practiced in its perfection by our Western mustangs they know nothing. Their affection is like that of a dog in its constancy and enduring. They love you for what you are, not for what you give them. They know nothing about sugar or sweets, and will not eat the dainties of which most horses are fond. Occasionally one will take dates or raisins, but more often they refuse even their fruits of the desert. They do care greatly, however, for petting; they like especially to have their ears rubbed, and their eyes; Nedjran will yawn prodigiously, a sign of great content, when he is thus favored. They do not permit you to touch their noses, but always turn away their heads as a gentle hint for you to desist—they dislike having their wind in any way obstructed.

As has been said, Mrs. Tully has been accustomed to horses all her life; she has ridden since she was three years of age. She is therefore entirely capable of judging between the Arabians and the other breeds. Like every one else who has come to know the former, she has reached the conclusion that there is no comparison, absolutely, between them and what we Americans or English consider good animals. For the qualities of endurance, intelligence, docility and economy, the Arabian excels the best of thoroughbreds as an educated Caucasian excels an abo-



Obeyran I. (*31 years of age.*)

rigine. This is not an extravagant statement. It is an incontrovertible fact, and after one has looked into the matter a bit, an inevitable conclusion. It is a question of race, that most powerful factor in the development of any created thing, be it man or beast. For forty centuries the Bedouins have kept the blood of their horses pure. When all Europe was a wilderness peopled by savages, before Rome was founded or Greece was famed, the desert steed had won his high estate. Major Upton, an Englishman who is a recognized authority on the subject, states that there is in Arabia to-day a family of horses the genealogy of which extends back in an unbroken line for thirty-five hundred years. The pedigrees of the animals have been kept inviolate through all these centuries; if a man is killed in battle and his mount taken by his enemy, the widow of the slain man at once sends to the victor the lineage of the captured horse—it is a law of the desert. Certain formalities, the same to-day as in ages gone, are observed, which make impossible any chance of mistake in pedigree. The difference between this breed and all others is also borne out automatically. The former has one less lumbar vertebrae, and two less in the tail; the ulna, which in other horses is a mere splint, in the Arabian is a solid bone as large as the thumb; his bones are all like ivory in their hardness. The shape of his head is different; the articulation of the neck, where it joins the shoulder, is different; giving that peculiarly proud carriage of the head. Small wonder, then, that the result of these countless years of most careful discrimination is a horse which greatly outclasses the best that Europe or America can produce, since the latter has comparatively so few years of civilizing influences behind him.

When Arabians are crossed with lesser strains, the results are most interesting; the Arabian blood being stronger, the characteristics of that breed predominate in the descendants, and added strength with endurance are always to be found where one parent is of desert origin. Very often a half-Arab can scarcely be distinguished in appearance from one that is full-blooded. At the ranch were many colts whose mothers were either of thoroughbred or common unpedigreed stock, and in every case they had the little pointed noses, finely formed ears, and other markings of their sire. Racing stock is much improved by an admixture of Arabian blood, added swiftness with increasing longevity and strength being the advantages derived. An instance of what the Eastern strain will do for common stock is in the crossing of an Arabian with a mustang; one of the sons of Obeyran I, whose mother was an ordinary mustang, won the first prize at the New York State Fair in the yearling class, competing against many standard trotting colts.

The Western mustang is of curious descent. Far back there is in him a strain of Arabian blood, brought to America by the Spanish explorers whose horses were left in the New World when



A characteristic attitude.

their masters returned to the Old. Though several hundred years have elapsed, and the Arabians have long since disappeared, to this day the native horse of the West is frequently found with Arabian characteristics at once recognizable by one familiar with the desert breeds. The mustang is short-bellied and compact, and his limbs are slender, while his endurance is proverbial. It must be admitted that owing to abuse, his disposition is not all that might be wished, but this fault can be invariably overcome by kindness, as has been repeatedly proved. Since in a cross the docility and the strength of the Arabian always predominate, an ideal saddle animal will undoubtedly arise from the introduction of the desert stock on the Pacific Coast.

BENEATH THE CASSOCK

BY JAN WILWHER

I cannot stick to the text, somehow,
Or write what I ought to say;
For a robin sings, and a blue-eyed boy,
Whistles a roundelay:
And the lilt of the song, and the swing of the tune,
Get into my head to-day.

The deacons want a doctrinal talk,
On what the Master saith:
How He smites the wicked on every side,
And snuffs them out with a breath.
That the world is full of wickedness,
And the wages of sin is death.

Perhaps the wages of sin *is* death;
But the words seem hard to say,
With the song of the bird and the tune of the boy,
Filling my soul to-day:
Is there really sin in this world of ours,
And is death the price we pay?

How can I preach of sin and death,
When my heart is so blissfully stirred?
Whistling the tune of the blue-eyed boy,
And singing the song of the bird:
For love has come, and the miracle
Of miracles has occurred.

I could preach of this love to the end of time;
And then through eternity.
Of a love as boundless as the sky;
As wide and deep as the sea.
A wonderful love: not the love of God,
But the love of a woman for me.

The deacons urge that sinners be scourged,
And pierced with fiery dart.
To me the world is a world of love,
Where wickedness has no part.
I wonder if ever such love as mine,
Enters a deacon's heart?

So I go to my task with a faltering step—
Dreaming of what is to be.
And, while I expound the word of God,
My heart will be roaming free,
With a lilting bird, and a whistling boy,
And this love that has come to me.



Tombstone of Samuel Williams Inge and wife.

A STRANGE MEMORIAL IN SAN FRANCISCO

BY C. G. ADAMS

HAVE YOU EVER been out to the old, half-dismantled Roman Catholic Cemetery on the hill, exploring? It is one of the few spots left in San Francisco where things that truly speak of days long past.

If you are of the turn of mind that loves to investigate, to poke into byways and corners, and to fill in the blanks of the unknown with complement of the imagination, you will find there ground for thought and study. Old, musty vaults, moss-greened; shafts of marble and granite split by the earthquake shock; antiquated, latticed pent-houses built to shelter from the West sea winds grave plots now long forgotten; the rows of crude, unpainted wooden crosses that mark the moundless resting places of the lonely orphans' field; damp old gloomy cypress trees; thickets of native scrub oak, overtangled with wild clematis, blackberries and poison ivy; the hillside lanes and byways; the background of old Lone Mountain raising heavenward its great Latin cross; all these have appeal to the eye, to the imagination.

Ask one of the tenders (there are no

grave diggers now, for burying there has long been discontinued), to guide you to "dormitory number two, station number thirteen." He will take you up a tangled lane on an incline of the central hillside. There you will find a strange memorial. It marks the tomb of one Colonel Inge and his wife Louisa, characters well known in the old city sixty years ago.

Side by side in a forlorn grave lot stand two headstones: for the husband, a substantial block of marble, for the wife a simple slab, now displaced and pitching groundward. They bear dates of the years 1868 and 1872, respectively; and the lettering on them is outlined now in moss.

All about is decay: the broken coping of concrete, the sunken surface of the sand, the starving sage brush in the corner with its tattered fragments of bird's nest.

The inscriptions on these old headstones have a strange story to tell. For the wife is simple data of birth and death, supplemented only by the words:

"The most faithful of wives.
The noblest of mothers."

For the husband, the four faces of his monument are closely chiseled with this most eccentric epitaph. (The eccentricities of punctuation are just as on the monument):

"SAMUEL WILLIAMS INGE.

Was born 22nd of February 1817, in N. Carolina. Was married 27th of Nov. 1838 in Ala. and on June 10th 1868, in San Francisco Cal., whilst he was residing in his own old beautiful home on Stockton Street, He suffered Pneumonia and his tranquil spirit passed lovingly from earth, leaving the lovely smile of peace impressed as in repose upon his noble face.

Let us contemplate some of his last sacred words upon Eternal Life. His Physician remarked Oh, Col. now I realize I am treating a great man. Then as a statesman & Lawyer, who had attained the highest standard of this earth's excellence

He replied But Doctor, now I realize the great power of God and the weakness of man. Again he said, My wife do not repine, you will not be far behind. This is not any separation. It cannot be, it is impossible for it is all vast eternity and time, time forever and ever which remain to us.

My wife, think of your Mother in Heaven. How exquisite are the fruits she brings me, and how she welcomes me to the society of little children. O, my wife it cannot be that this is all of life."

TO ONE DEPARTING FOR THE WEST

BY SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

The love I bear thee would not bid thee stay:
'Tis hard indeed to lose thee, but I know
Thou goest to happier things; and therefore, go.
Go to the Sunset Land—alas, my day
Seems now to set, its light fades fast away!
Yet holier this mournful ev'ning glow
Than noons of gladness; stronger is love in woe
Than happiness: I would not have thee stay.

But go: my soul will hover close to thine
In ev'ry place, forevermore; my love,
Strong sheltering wings will guard thee, spread above;
Thy joys my joys will be, thy sorrows mine;
And from all harm and hurt and wrong and wrath
My prayers will keep thee, making straight thy path.

THE SPECKLED HEIFER'S CALF

BY CLARENCE HAWKES

THE SPECKLED heifer was my very own, and of course a wonderful cow. She had been mine ever since she was a frisky spotted calf, looking as much like a fawn as a bossy.

I had taught her to drink milk from a bucket, and had teddered her out all the first summer in the back yard. In fact, she was a spoiled and petted calf, and that was probably why she hid her own first calf when it was born.

This was a great blow to me, as I had hoped that the new calf would mate one that I already had, and make a pair of steers, but the ways of Providence are beyond finding out.

We knew well enough that the speckled heifer had a calf somewhere in the great pasture, but where, was the question. The heifer's bag was large, and her udders were wet each morning when we found her quietly feeding, as though her thoughts were upon anything but calves.

I spent several days watching and spying upon her, but with no success. As long as I was in sight she would eat grass or lie in the shade and chew her cud, but as soon as I got interested in a bird's nest, or a berry patch, she was gone, and I would see no more of her that day. We tried taking a dog into the pasture in hopes of frightening her into fleeing to her bossy, but the experiment was a failure.

The sight of the dog seemed to drive the young cow almost frantic and to fill her with blind, unreasonable rage. She charged the poor dog, who was innocent of any evil towards her, again and again, until at last the bewildered canine stuck his tail between his legs and ran out of the pasture. Then she turned upon Ben and me.

Ben took refuge in a thicket, where she left him in hiding, and came for me. At first I thought I was not afraid of the speckled heifer; was she not my own bossy, and had I not petted her ever since the first day she was born? I called "bossy, bossy," in my most persuasive tones, but she came at me like a mad creature, forcing me to shin up a small tree with the dexterity of a monkey.

When I had reached a safe limb I looked for Ben, and discovered him peeping out of the thicket, and laughing.

"Harry," he called, "that heifer has gone stark mad for the moment, and you and I had better make ourselves scarce. She will be all right again when she has had time to cool off. Mother love is a queer instinct."

The most dangerous animal in the world is an enraged female who thinks her young are threatened. When the speckled heifer had gone away to feed in a different part of the pasture, Ben and I slunk away just as the poor dog had done, and left her to chew the cud of reflection.

The following morning when we visited the pasture a wonderful change had come over the heifer. She stood at the bars bellowing and moaning pitifully. Her eyes were large and full of pain, her muzzle was covered with foam, and her sides were wet with sweat. In addition to this, there were savage scratches upon her back and shoulders, and she was trembling as though with great fear.

When she saw us coming, she redoubled her lowing, and started off across the pasture at a brisk trot.

"Something is up," said Ben. "She is eager enough to show us where the calf is now, but in my opinion it won't do any good, for we will find it dead."

My grief and astonishment at this announcement was too great for words, so I trotted along silently behind Ben, hoping against hope that he would be mistaken

for once.

There was no sham or deceit about the speckled heifer to-day, and we had to go at a brisk trot to keep up with her. She occasionally looked back to see if we were following, and seemed rather afraid that we would turn back.

She led us straight to the deep woods, and out and in, among the thickets, until we came to a thick clump of spruces. These trees stood so close together that their spreading tops kept out the sunlight quite effectively, and a kind of twilight or gloom always reigned in the spruces.

There, in the deepest shadows, as though to screen so sad a sight from the bright light of day, lay the little bossy for which we had searched so long and diligently. He was a perfect beauty, as nature had designed him, with a sleek, glossy coat, generously flecked and dappled like his mother's, but, as we beheld him, he was a pitiful sight.

His throat was horribly torn as though by hungry fangs, his head and neck were badly lacerated, and he was besmeared with his own bright blood, and covered with blow-flies. The ground about was trampled and bloodstained, the ferns and underbrush were broken, and there was every evidence that a desperate struggle had taken place.

I was too grief-stricken to speak, and Ben was carefully noticing all the signs, as was his Indian way. When he had examined the wounds upon the dead bossy carefully, noted all the hoof-prints in the trampled forest carpet, he fell to examining a nearby tree-trunk.

"Seems to be this tree-trunk looks mighty interesting, Harry," he exclaimed. "What do you think about it?"

"Looks just like all the rest of the tree-trunks," I replied in disgust. It annoyed me that Ben should think of such trifling things as how tree-trunks looked at a time like this.

"Come here, Harry," said he, "and let me show you that it does not look just like all the other tree trunks."

I followed Ben's finger carefully from point to point as he showed me where the bark had been torn off and scratched up. At each of these points was a deep scar, in the bark, that showed the white wood beneath. Finally, Ben picked two soft gray hairs from beneath a sliver of bark, and held them up for my inspection.

"Look kinder like cat hairs," I suggested.

"Mightily," replied Ben. "They are cat hairs, and they came out of the coat of a wildcat."

"A wildcat!" I exclaimed in astonishment, at the same time looking up into the branches overhead apprehensively. "Where in the world did it come from?"

"Oh, up in the mountains," replied Ben. "There has been a litter of bobcats raised in the mountain off and on for several years, but they don't often hunt so far from home. The kittens must be quite cats by this time, and so their mother has to hunt far and near to satisfy them.

"It happened last evening, probably, at about twilight. The great cats hunt in the morning and evening. Sometimes they hunt by moonlight, but rarely in broad daylight.

"Mrs. Bobcat probably came prowling through the pasture in search of a gray rabbit, and with no thought of calf. She is rather dull colored at this time of year, and is hardly noticeable among the browns of the ferns and the dried-up weeds. A bobcat always sneaks along like a gray shadow. She probably came upon the calf in hiding when its mother was feeding, and pounced upon it without considering that there was a mother to reckon with. There was where it was lying. Here are the hoof prints where the poor calf plunged about, probably with the cat upon its back, tearing at its throat. I presume about that time it did some tall bleating, and Specky appeared on the scene.

This attack probably infuriated the cat and she revenged herself by dropping on the heifer's back. That is how she came to be so clawed. Then the heifer lost her head and lit out. The bobcat must have hopped off when she had ridden a few rods, and come back to finish the calf. The heifer must have run clear down to the bars."

I opened both my eyes and mouth wide with astonishment as Ben unfolded the story of this little tragedy. A moment before the whole thing had seemed an inscrutable mystery, and here it was before our eyes as plain as the page of a printed book.

"You piece things together just like a block puzzle," I said. "I never could have made it out at all, but it comes to you just like a story."

"It all comes with time, Harry," replied the old man. "Reading signs is a science, just like astronomy, and has to be acquired. We'll leave the calf just as he is, and to-morrow we will be around and have a wildcat hunt."

"How are you going to manage it, Ben," I asked, for it seemed to me like rather dangerous business. To my boyish fancy the tops of all the trees in the pasture were already swarming with bobcats which might drop down upon our heads at any moment.

"Oh, I guess we will manage it all right," Ben replied. "I will borrow a fox-hound, and you can go along with a pail of salt. When the dog gets the cat good and tired running her, you can creep up and put salt on its tail. Then we can carry it home in a bag."

Had it not been for the twinkle in Ben's eye as he explained his plan, I should have thought the programme decidedly alarming. Even as it was, I fairly lamed my neck looking up into the tree-tops as we journeyed home. I could see Ben watching me from the corner of his eye, and trying not to smile.

The following morning, just when the pink and saffron East had begun to glow and blush, I was awakened by pebbles being tossed against my bedroom window.

"Come, come, bobcat hunter, get up! The trail will get cold if we wait too long!" called a voice below.

When I joined Ben a few moments later on the back porch I found, to my great surprise, that he was not armed, except with a stout club, while in his other hand he carried a small tin pail.

"Why, Ben, where is old Kentucky?" I asked, feeling almost afraid to start out on this hunting trip without Ben's trusty rifle.

"Oh, she is pretty heavy, and I thought I had better leave her at home," drawled my companion; "but I have brought along your pail of salt. You see, I rely mostly on you and the salt."

A cold chill crept down my spine. Did Ben intend to have me go after the cat with salt? If so, I would rather be excused. I peeped into the pail and saw that it contained brimstone, instead of salt, and so was quite relieved.

The dew was very heavy, and the grass was full of cobwebs. Ben said it was a fine morning for trailing.

We lost no time in getting to the woods, but, before letting the hound go, we made a complete circle of the spot where the dead calf lay, keeping the dog on the leash.

The hound at once discovered the trail, and by the way he jumped about and whined to be let loose we knew that the track was very fresh.

When we untied the cord from his collar, the hound went off at a brisk pace, while its long-drawn owe-e-u-u wowu-u wow-u-u floated pleasantly back to us on the fresh morning wind.

As soon as the hound was fairly off we ran to a commanding position about a third of the way up the mountain.

For about five minutes the hound wound in and out through the woods, then started for the mountain at a lively clip. To my great astonishment the dog ran by, within a few rods of us, and I hardly dared to breathe as the chase drew near. I fully expected to see a bobcat, about the size of a tiger, break into the open, at any rate."

"Why didn't we see it go by, Ben," I whispered.

"It went before we came up," replied Ben. "Look there."

At the same moment he spoke, the long-drawn notes of the fox-hound changed to short, sharp barks, interspersed with excited yelps.

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a large gray animal, with a short tail and a whiskery visage, spring lightly upon the trunk of a tree that had been partly blown down, but which still stood at an angle lodged against its fellows.

The cat scratched up the trunk for eight or ten feet, and then, in a frenzy of rage that fairly made my hair stand on end, began tearing the bark from the tree, at the same time uttering a series of the most blood-curdling screeches and snarls. The bark came down in showers, the cat's claws flew so rapidly that I could scarcely see them, while the screeching seemed to my ears like the screaming of a panther.

"Let's go home, Ben," I whispered, be-

tween the chattering of my teeth. "He might see us. You know we aren't armed."

Ben laughed. "A bobcat won't fight unless it is cornered," he said. "You can go home if you wish to, but you don't want to leave me to be eaten alive, do you."

I made no reply, but felt anything but comfortable. To tell the truth, I wished that I was at home, at that moment, in the ten acre lot, hoeing corn or almost anywhere else but where I was.

Presently, the cat jumped from the tree trunk and ran up the mountain side, the dog following in hot haste.

Its long-drawn owe-e-u-u had now changed to a quick bark varied with excited yelps.

In five mintues more the barking had changed to nothing but yelps, and Ben cried: "Good; the cat has either treed or holed. Come on, Harry."

I was afraid to go and still more afraid to stay behind, so I followed Ben, fairly treading on his heels in my anxiety to keep as close to my companion as possible.

We found the hound barking and scratching away excitedly at a fair-sized hole in a great ledge.

Ben seemed much pleased at this discovery, and for final evidence that the cat had holed, he picked a gray hair from the edge of the rock, and held it up for my inspection.

"Looks just like the one we saw on the tree, Harry," he said. "Now, you take the pail and scramble into the hole and feed the cat some brimstone while I stay outside and keep the male bobcat from coming in and disturbing you."

"Not much," I said. "I haven't lost any bobcat."

Ben brought a large flat stone and placed it so that it would cover the entrance to the den. Then he put the brimstone into the mouth of the den and set fire to it, covering the flat stone over with his coat, that none of the fumes might escape.

For a minute or two all was silent inside, but finally we heard a coughing and scratching; then the cat made a sudden rush for the entrance of the den.

I was terribly afraid that the stone would be pushed aside, but Ben only gripped his club and grinned at my alarm.

"Guess I better let him out, Harry," he said, at length. "It seems to be strangling him," and to my horror he raised the stone so as to make a small crack.

Ben had gone mad, but his folly should be on his own head. I was not going to be food for a bobcat.

Then Ben let go his hold on the stone and it fell flat in front of the hole, leaving the entrance free. With a yell of terror, I started down the mountain side, not stopping even to choose my footing, feeling that to break my neck was better than being clawed to ribbons.

Presently I made a mis-step and landed in a heap at the bottom of a little gully. When I picked myself up, I heard Ben calling to me. "Come back, Harry," he hallooed. "It's all over. I've killed the bobcat."

I clambered cautiously back, but took the precaution to reconnoiter at a safe distance.

It was just as Ben had said. The great gray cat lay dead at his feet. So my courage came back, and I joined him and the hound at the entrance of the den.

"How in the world did you kill it, Ben?" I asked. "You didn't have any gun."

"I didn't need any," he replied. "It was so stupefied that it wouldn't have known its own grandmother. The brimstone did the business. I simply knocked her on the head when she came out."

It was a fine specimen of the bobcat, or bay lynx, as it should really be called. Its coat was long and silky, of a grayish tone, striped and flecked with light brown. There were several brown streaks along the back, and some tawny patches upon the sides. The tail had several dark rings and was tipped with black. The animal's long, sharp, white claws sent a shiver down my back as I felt them.

When we had carried the cat home, Ben brought out the spring scales, and tying a cord about the bobcat's hind legs, he hooked it in the scales and swung the splendid specimen clear of the ground. My eyes opened wide as the indicator sprung down until it registered thirty-six pounds. After all, to have such a fine skin as this was some compensation for the loss of the speckled heifer's calf.

THE NO-THOUGHT ABSENT TREATMENT

BY P. A. JENSEN

IT WOULD BE interesting to definitely know where first originated the idea of absent treatment for poverty and disease. It may have originated with Spiritualists, for the custom has long been with them to sit in the silence, while concentrating their combined thoughts to help those afflicted with sorrow or pain. It is also a common practice for mediums to give readings by mail; to diagnose disease, to read character, to delve into the past and future of people's lives, and to prescribe and suggest remedies for their wants. The professional absent treatment quack may have taken his cue from these practices; for if thoughts can be conveyed to a distance by merely concentrating them on a certain individual, and be made to assist him; if his disease can be diagnosed, the events of his life determined, by the medium merely coming in contact with an article or a piece of writing belonging to him, it follows as a corollary that space in some instances can be annihilated by the powers of the mind.

Although absent methods have been extensively advertised by many mediums, yet they were never popular, or a success, and Spiritualists more and more regard them with disapprobation. I am far from denying that there is any truth whatever in some of these methods; it is the acceptation of them without testing how much and how little truth they contain that must be guarded against. The sensibility of some highly strung temperaments is so acute that they can feel the conditions of people with whom they come in contact; this sensibility becomes so keen in some that they can diagnose disease and mental traits of character by merely holding in their hand, or to their forehead, articles or scraps of writing belonging to the person diagnosed.

But absent treatment for poverty and disease, which has been so extensively used by the champions of New Thought, is quite another thing. Here we seek the cause of the cures in vain and our reason is offended. There is, of course, a cause, but if we take the absent treaters' own statements as the cause, they are as ignorant about it themselves as are their victims. The combined concentration of a number of people upon a certain object to be attained can in itself bring no results. Concentration is valuable in some respects —it makes us vividly realize that which we have in mind to be accomplished. But merely thinking and wishing will not bring us anything. It may be definitely stated that a person is successful in proportion to the work he does, in proportion to the knowledge he has, and in proportion to the propitiousness of his surrounding circumstances.

Likewise, the cures of disease that sometimes occur through any virtue imparted to the patient from the healer, or from his peculiar remedies, but always because of the change that takes place in the mental attitude of the patient. One mind cannot inject his thoughts into another's mind. The instructions from the healer to the patient, the formulas, the key to success, the repeating of certain words at certain times of day, are the hocus-pocus of the absent-treatment business. In order to understand how disease is cured by this method, we must study the positive and negative principles upon which the human mind is constructed.

Every person is negative and at the same time positive to certain other persons and influences around him. Any cause that can temporarily disturb the equilibrium of the mind is a positive controlling influence. Epidemics, panics, politics, religious revivals, and every other popular agitation are strong psychological influences that all cannot withstand. Epidem-

ics are known to have driven whole communities frantic with fear, and many victims of the disease induce it in their corporeal organism through fear; the mind of the victim is first powerfully impressed with the symptoms of the epidemic, which it then in turn impresses on the dependent organism. Panics are capable of driving some temporarily insane; strong men will trample women and children under foot, whom, under a different excitement, they would risk their lives to save. Popular religion is contagious, even as popular politics; hence at religious revivals and at election days, we have praying, shouting converts to the former, and crazy, fighting converts to the latter, without them knowing or caring very much about the principle involved.

New Thought literature and its absent treatment quacks explain these mental phenomena differently; they contend that thoughts are entities, or things, which fly about through space, very much like dust in the air, lodge in minds that have an affinity for them, and there germinate. The absent treater in accordance with this belief sends out his thought waves to order as required: the lonely and disconsolate gets his happiness waves, the infirm and suffering his healing waves, the poor and needy his opulent waves. When these thought waves have entered the mind of the patient, they form a nucleus for a new supply, which is drawn from an inexhaustible supply from without by the law of attraction. This in substance is the metaphysical hash of the New Thought absent treaters, and it is now generally designated as the "no thought" movement.

But the same psychological influence which makes it possible to convey disease through the mind to the dependent corporeal organism, can also be made, when rightly used, to cure it. The human mind when powerfully stimulated to overcome disease, acts with great force through the nervous system and is cured. That the mind can throw its magnetic force to any part of the body while powerfully stimulated and affect the involuntary system as well is now well known to psychologists. This power of the mind really explains how patients are cured through absent treatment; it explains the divine and apparently miraculous cures that are attributed to the divine agency; it explains the cures affected by Alexander Dowie; and Christian Science. Differently constituted minds have to be approached differently, but the immediate cause of the cures affected is the power resident in the minds of those that are cured, and not from any supernatural source or healing waves telepathically injected from without.

It might be argued that a system of treatment which makes cures is a good system and ought to be encouraged; but there is a modicum of truth and good in every system, however bad, or else it could not exist. Each system must be analyzed, the good encouraged and the bad rejected. The absent treatment system is a most vicious system; it exalts moral degenerates into demigods, rewards knavery with honor, confers fame and reputation where none is due, concedes riches and affluence on those who have no right to them, excites vanity, conceit, and arrogance in empty-headed pretenders; it propagates erroneous ideas, exalts them to the dignity of truth, befuddles the uninformed, whilst it claims to instruct them; its leaders live on the ignorant whilst they claim to enrich them—such a system and such leaders ought to be laid bare, opposed and denounced, for delusions and errors in whatever guise they skulk are always a detriment and never a benefit to those who entertain them.

The history of some absent treaters reads more like a romance than the actual occurrences of our own time. Commonplace individuals, by the aid of pretense and self-confidence, without money or assistance, have propelled themselves forward to riches and fame. But a few years since, Victor Segno came to Los Angeles from nowhere and started business as a palmist. But reading palms was not to his taste; there was not enough money in it, and, besides, Segno wanted to do something great. He therefore started the "Segno Success Club" of Los Angeles, for the giving of absent treatments for poverty. Segno is said to have elected himself president of the club, also treasurer and oracle-in-chief for the projection of prosperity waves to his poverty-stricken clients. Each member of the club was

made to pay a certain monthly fee in advance for which he received in return an equivalent of opulent waves, telepathically injected. Common sense people, or those who have well-defined motives for conduct, could, of course, never be imposed upon by such humbuggery; but it is a mistake to suppose that all people can be approached through the intellect; most people are reached through the imagination and the emotions, and many of those who entertain the most glaring absurdities would feel intensely miserable if they should know the plain truth.

From this class, Segno from the very first, received unstinted support. His business grew and grew, until he was forced into a large office building, and forced to hire a large staff of stenographers to fill up his clients with large promises. But just when about to become a millionaire, the newspapers of Los Angeles swooped down on him, dissected his methods and denounced him as a colossal charlatan; ridiculed his supporters for their enormous gullibility, and forced him out of business. But Segno had no "kick coming;" he had already amassed a fortune from his victims. From the avocation of a palmist, reading palms for twenty-five cents each in a back parlor of a third-rate rooming house, he became in a short time noted the world over; he is said to claim at one time to have had over 70,000 clients for absent-treatment for opulence; he bought himself a residence in Los Angeles, some declare worth $50,000, and is considered one of the richest men there. But his unfortunate supporters, for whose benefit it was supposed the club was formed, are still waiting for the success that never comes.

Before closing this article, I must briefly allude to Helen Wilmans, the high priestess of all absent-treaters. The adage that "truth is stranger than fiction" is exemplified in her life. From a life of drudgery on a farm in California, she advanced herself to be one of the most noted women of America. She became a noted author of books; she edited innumerable lessons on how to cure poverty and disease through mental efforts; she gave absent treatment to thousands all over America; her force, talent, and perseverance seem to have been inexhaustible. Yet with all her endowments, what a strange phenomenon she was, in some respects so clever and sensible; in other respects so unreal and delusive! She conceived the idea that poverty, disease and death were due to a race consciousness that had been cultivated for centuries. She conceived that these enemies of the race could only be overcome through the development of a new concept. In order to test this theory, herself and a few followers settled on the Halifax river, in Florida, with a view of developing the nucleus, a new race consciousness. It was postulated in this little community that disease, poverty and death had no existence, only to those who believed in them.

But her life-story is most pathetic! There she sat back on the Halifax River, among the reeds and the rushes, frail woman that she was, with thousands of sick people all over the land depending on her powers to cure them. Poor, deluded victims! They were dependent on the help that never comes.

But like the characters in melodrama, this Delphic oracle was struggling against an uncontrollable fate that cannot be averted. When at the zenith of her fame, with an income sufficient for a royal queen, the United States Government indicted her for using its mails as a means to defraud the public. She lost her case, money, prestige, power, confidence and health as well, and she died shortly afterward, lonely and in poverty.



THE DESERT RAT

BY CHARLES W. COYLE

IT IS PLAIN to see by the thoughtful taps on his cigar and the reminiscent gaze at Hogan, the young partner who dictates letters in his private office, that Mr. Hennesey is musing, and the reach of his thought includes a bit of personal history when the camp was young and he fell in with Hogan on the edge of a desert.

Hogan was discouraged and so was Hennesey. Wonderfully beautiful was the desert, the Ralston Desert, everywhere brilliant, glowing, glistening with sunlight, sunlight chastening the tenuous air, gleaming on pearly walls over the mountain tops, resting by steel-gray shadows on the malapi, on the distant summits toning away into ineffable shades of upland color, a garment of marvelous light everywhere embracing all the wide, round circle of jagged peaks and burnt-out mesa land. Yet Hennesey was sad. In fact, his disreputable garments and bleary face would indicate that Hennesey had been drinking. In this unhappy condition, he fell in with Hogan, a chivalrous youth who had neglected to carry sufficient water and stood in a fair way to provide a banquet for coyotes and buzzards.

Now Hennesey was sick for a touch of friendliness, and the eyes of the brother in distress disclosed a hungry, appealing spirit which suggested—if one so may express it—the aspect of a gaunt coyote in the moonlight, so the two wretched men, attracted in the vastness of the desert solitude, cemented a friendship that had the strength of years about it.

They traveled on for a time, when the youth who limped painfully was advised by the prospector to rest for a minute under a Joshua tree, one of those candelabra of the desert, where he quickly fell asleep. And both of the new-found comrades in misery dreamed. The one in the realm of sleep, the other looked over the desert and dreamed a sad day-dream, bitter as the salt grass.

"A Desert Rat," he muttered. "Has it come to this, Barney Hennesey?" Then he glanced at the tattered clothes and at his feet, one of which carried a boot, while the toes of the other protruded from a shoe.

"A Desert Rat! They call me a Desert Rat who has made the fortunes o' dozens o' them! They use me. They pay me a peso for me finds, and phin Oi'm broke, they'll do me the kindness to throw a scrap o' meat from their offices to the Desert Rat."

A lizzard scurried out of a sage brush and he tossed a stone after it.

"An' who are they? Are they so much better than meself save for the readin' an' writin'? Had I that, I'd beat the crowd o' thim hands down."

The youth, fascinated by the desert as the prospector was bored, dreamed of the wide, desolate places where yellow gold gleams in rusty crevices. And his fancy mingled with the sapphire and the gray of the desert the carmine of a pair of dainty lips and the flush of crimson cheek, then added just a dash of blue from lustrous eyes and an elusive shade of silken brown that all belonged to the artist face of a girl he'd known in days gone by who had seemed so high and holy to him that he marched away with all the rash impetuosity and chivalry of youth from a junior's desk to seek a fortune in the treacherous sands of Nevada. He dwelt with sadness on that face, for a whole year had passed, and in the harsh experience of many camps he had acquired humility and an acritude of soul which accompanies the disillusionments of life.

"'Tis a foine lad yonder, Barney," said the prospector. "He's a thoroughbred, game an' honest, too, if Oi'm a judge. Had he my knowledge o' the desert he'd be a-

ridin' in his auto at the head of the procission."

And Barney, rough, shrewd, desert-wise Barney, with the uncut-granite nature, the respect for "book-larnin'," and the craving for whisky gnawing at his vitals, glanced at the youth and then surveyed his tattered garments and disgraceful shoes.

The long, long thoughts, the long, sweet thoughts of youth, will sometimes out to the world even in dreams, and Barney caught a muttered syllable, but mistook its meaning.

"Hel——"

"'Hell?' You bet it is, an' more a-coming," and he cast his eye over the long, white stretch before them where sand spirals rising deliberately scores of feet in the air swayed in circular paths above the quivering heat rays of the alkali.

The lad moved uneasily, and his lips murmured the word "Helen."

"'Helen?' Hum? The usual woman. Helen—Helen—Hum—Norah—Helen—Norah—— Yis, they're both purty names but you're a long time, Barney, an' a weary mile from County Fermanagh in the ould country."

Then the Desert Rat drew a flask from his pocket, slowly unscrewed the cap, sniffed the pungent liquor, shook it up, held the beady amber at arm's length and took a long, satisfactory pull.

"Two fingers left. Whin that is gone, so help me, Gawd, I'll take no drink for foive years. We'll hit a new trail, Barney Hennesey."

Perhaps it was the somnolence of the hour or the effect of the liquor which caused Barney to close his eyes and lie down with one shoulder on the canteen which rested on the needle point of a rock, and he was unaware of the flowing of a tiny stream into the thirsty maw of the desert; so he dreamed of County Fermanagh and the auriferous ledges hidden away in the distant fastnesses of Death Valley.

No romancer saw Barney and the chivalrous youth start down into the alkali sink of the cruel Ralston desert, winsome as Delilah, fawning as a treacherous Hindoo, soft as a panther's paw, but the holy saints whom he imprecated and the pitying, all-seeing eye beheld a strong man's battle and heard the prayer of a fainting heart.

"'Tis nawthing," says Barney when you ask him about it, "only an incydent of the desert." But midway of the white desert-furnace, the youth on his back, a black mist before his eyes, the prospector raised a prayer to Heaven: "Holy Mary, Mither o' Gawd, pray fer us!" Then he fell upon his face in the sand. He lay there for a while, gasping for breath, his arms outstretched, the youth by his side. When he arose, the fingers of his right hand closed on a handful of alkali and a silver dollar. He noticed in the vicinity a few bones, a jack-knife and the sole of a boot studded with nails. Mechanically he thrust the money in his pocket and started on with his burden. At length some prospectors found them wandering in a zig-zag course toward the edge of the malapi.

Now, Barney is a great believer in omens and luck, and can produce not a few personal illustrations to support the contention. On the way to Goldfield in the prospectors' wagon he fingered the dead man's coin with the confident assurance that it held the seed of his fortune, and the luck had changed. He said as much for the encouragement of the youth, who was rapidly recovering his strength.

"To-night in the 'Northern,' me boy," said he. "We'll break the head o' misfortune."

"The Northern" is Tex Rickard's famous gambling hall, one of a quartette that flank the intersection of Crook with Main street, Goldfield, a Monte Carlo of the desert, replete with romance and tragedy, a vortex of the social pool where cosmopolite and prospector, clerk and employer, millionaire and digger, mingle ceaselessly in the long, crowded room and feverish devotees at the money shrines ranged on the north side play with nervy fingers for the high stakes of Nevada.

Hennesey shouldered his way through the crowd to a roulette table, while the youth dropped into a chair. A foreigner was playing, one of those bored globe-trotters who desire to touch the fringe of real life on the desert with the tip of a gloved finger. "'Tis so thrilling, you know." He drew back with aversion from the stalwart Desert Rat who slipped in beside him and planked down the dead man's

coin on number seven. Number seven won. Barney eagerly seized his lucky piece from the table, while the dealer handed him thirty-five silver dollars. Hennesey played again, to the limit, five dollars, three silver piles of five dollars each. Again the dealer twirled the wheel and threw the marble. One of the prospector's lucky three, number twelve, took the stakes. The foreigner withdrew. He had lost heavily. In the heat of the play, the prospector both won and lost. Once he staked his pile on the turn of the wheel. The dealer gathered in his money. There remained but one dollar, his lucky piece. Again Barney threw it down with a sickening feeling at heart—on number seven. The wheel spun around, the dealer twirled the marble, and Barney watched with bated breath the gyrations of the little thing of destiny. It seemed alive, it slackened speed, it hung, it trembled, apparently; fell erratically—into number seven. Now began one of those thrilling runs of luck that lighten the sombre history of "The Northern." The player scarcely missed. He lost sometimes, but repeatedly gathered in the larger pile. Idlers crowded about the wheel. At the other table business ceased.

"Take off the limit," suggested the crowd.

Barney's pockets sagged with coin. A man brought a sack to hold the silver. The crowd swayed with sympathy for the Desert Rat who placed his money with the calm assurance of a man who feels that the mysterious gambler's luck is dictating the plays.

"Take off the limit!" cried the spectators.

"Sure—take it off!" said Barney.

"All right," responded the dealer, affably. "Let her go to the ceiling."

Barney now played twenties. A couple of men held their hats into which he threw the gold. A booster walked back and forth from the safe to the wheel, carrying stacks of coin required in the game.

"This reminds me," drawled a fatigued roue to a gray-bearded miner, "of the young fellow who came in here last week with $1.50 and walked out with $8,000."

"I can go you one better than that, partner," said the miner. "I saw Billy Hanley win $35,000 at the wheel in Casey's saloon in Columbia one evening."

"He'll break the bank," said an excited onlooker.

"Oh, no; not the Northern," replied a lounger.

After a while Barney grew weary of the nerve-racking play. He saw the money accumulating in heaps about him. It was enough. Placing $100 gold on number thirty-five, he made the last star play and waited for the fall of the marble.

"Thirty-five wins," shouted the crowd.

With a chuckle, Barney swept his $15,000 stakes into a sack. He threw the load of gold, silver and bills over his shoulder, and with a sly glance at the dealer, exclaimed: "Give me regards to Tex."

Then Barney pushed his way through the crowd of hero-worshipers, and accompanied by Hogan, directed his steps toward the "Palm Grill," where he explained the next move in the game.

The young man had no ears for Barney's conversation. At length he was in a congenial atmosphere. He saw beyond the curtains that screened their box the classic features of strong men, dainty women appropriately gowned, white table linen, while the music of subdued laughter mingled with the notes of the orchestra. He wished to forget the mundane life of a twelve-month past and resign himself to the quiet pleasures of a satisfied soul, but the work-a-day Barney, transformed now by a worthy enthusiasm into a human dynamo, required his immediate attention to a plan of action outlined by a ponderous fist.

" 'Tis but the first turn of the wheel, me lad. We'll play while the luck is with us. Do ye think I've given away me full hand? Not on your life. There's many a secret this owld desert whispers to her friends, the Desert Rats, an' I've a pair o' cards up me sleeve yet will surprise me bunco frinds. Now off to bed wid ye, an' we'l man the hot-air worruks in the marning."

The weary youth threw himself on a snowy bed in the "Brown Palace," without so much as pulling off his shoes. He had rested, so it seemed, about a half hour when he awoke with effort to see a strange man looking down at him. There was something familiar about the well-shaven face, tinged an iodine color, and the iron-

gray hair newly cropped; yet he did not remember that particular attire—gray-check suit, a hulky sombrero bedecked with a Mexican leather band, a red-striped shirt on which sparkled a diamond, and a white vest conspicuously set off by a chain of Klondike nuggets.

Barney grinned. "Git up," said he, "it's eleven o'clock."

"I've set the ball a-rollin'," he remarked, tickled as a school boy at the surprise of his friend. "We've hired the office of an old geezer that's on the hog—sold a claim to Wingfield—an' picked up a rich Eastern guy down stairs. He's a stunner with whiskers parted down the chin, a fancy bald spot—an' the girl, she's a peach. Here's some clothes," added Barney, throwing a package on the bed. "Now I'm off." But he returned in a minute, and poking his head through the door, called out: "Ask the kid down stairs to take you to Finnigan's office. It's ourn. Sit down and look wise till I come back with his nibs."

The prospector tramped with heavy step down the hall.

"An' the girl's name is Helen," muttered Barney with his fingers on the lucky piece. "By me grandmither's ol' cat if it were true!"

The young man opened his package. Enclosed was the best the town carried, everything necessary, chosen apparently by some clerk, except the patent leather shoes, which were four sizes too large. Barney had even included a pair of puttees of which he stood in profound contempt, but the smart young broker wore them, and he wished his friend to act the part.

"You're a big-hearted fellow, sure," murmured Hogan, who scarcely had roused to the sudden change in his fortunes.

When the young man found himself well-dressed and at ease in the office, he experienced an influx of the old impetuous spirit with which he had entered the Sage-Brush State. He wanted to get to work. He felt that he had material in him. The rush and ardor of life as he saw it even from the office window pricked his ambition. He longed to venture into the arena with the other young fellows who were guiding the destinies of this wonderful gold camp, and measure swords with them. There was an abundance of subjects to occupy his mind until the arrival of Barney. He planned a re-arrangement of the office, a striking style of business stationary, and other details, but most of all, his mind, his soul, his very fingertips thrilled to contemplate a re-opening of correspondence with the inspiration of his wanderings, whom now he could address with honor to himself and her station in life. Had she other attachments? The question worried him. Was she piqued at this incomprehensible lover whose pride which forbade him to address her because he was poor and unsuccessful at the same time plunged the steel into his own bosom. He could not say. The arrival of Barney cut short his reverie.

Behind the prospector walked a distinguished-looking gentleman wearing gray whiskers parted on the chin, and whose face disclosed an amazed expression as he gazed on the youth seated on the revolving chair. Between them passed a distant nod of recognition. But a crimson blush, a charming, mantling crimson, succeeded by palor, an embarrassment followed by calm, agitated the exquisite Miss who entered behind the distinguished gentleman. The occasion demanded all her well-bred self-possession, but she managed to extend a reserved little hand and remark, "She was pleased to see Mr. Hogan."

In the practical depths of Hennesey's concrete mind there arose an impression that he had a matter of supreme importance to unfold before the prospective investor in an adjoining room. Their long deliberations were at length interrupted by sounds of an osculatory nature, and the smothered word, "Helen," which caused the distinguished investor to rush to the door, followed by Barney.

An interesting tableaux presented itself.

"My! Why! This is an extraordinary proceeding. Helen!"

"Oh, Mr. Hennesey! You noble, noble man!" cried the girl, radiant in her passion. "You've saved his life, and you've—Boo-hoo-hoo——"

She threw her arms about the Desert Rat's neck, and lifting herself on her tiny toes, kissed him. Then after the inconsequential manner of women, she sank

down on the floor and wept.

The action so disconcerted Hennesey that he grabbed his hat and bolted through the door.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "She kissed me. Hennesey, ye sunburnt, crosswise, twistical, bedivil ed old Desert Rat, she kissed ye."

He had no idea where he was going. In fact he had no consciousness of anything but the radiant Miss. The subconscious mind had to act in the emergency, and it directed his steps toward the exit. With every long stride down the stairs the prospector murmured, "By me grandmither's ol' cat, she kissed ye. Barney, the purty creature kissed ye." He could scarcely believe it. "'Tis a dream; she did not. 'Tis so, I tell ye she did."

Accustomed to the slights of men and the wrath of the desert, the Rat staggered as from a shock when he felt the arms of love about his neck. He could understand a blow, and react to the smiting of the desert sirocco, but he trembled at the touch of gentle lips, and as he walked he stroked his face to learn if the kiss had left a delicate impression there.

"She called me Misther Hennesey," he murmured. He had got out onto the street, and was swinging along as if in a maze with his husky desert stride. Oblivious to the tides of humanity that flowed along the street, he scattered the crowd of saloon loungers at the corner like chaff, and guided by instinct alone, headed for the open desert.

"Gawd bless thim! Gawd bless thim," he said.

"Hennesey, ye Desert Rat, she kissed ye."

He strode on. His figure grew smaller on the desert. In the silence of the mesa carried along by the tumultuous stream of his thoughts, the prospector recurred to his own wasted youth, to Enniskillen, the banks of the Erne—and what might have been. The entrance on the new trail seemed sweet to him. He wandered on till the night wind cooled his fevered head and the desert stars at length guided him back to Goldfield.

WHEREFORE THE CHOICE

BY CLARENCE H. URNER

Not for the brilliance of thy chestnut hair
 And grandeur of thy brow's expanse of snow;
 Not for thy roseate youth's resplendent glow
Of happiness, nor face so frank and fair;
Not for mild ways, looks coy and debonair,
 Not for the music of thy laughter's flow,
 And not because thy voice is sweet and low;
But such might well urge love or rouse despair
Oh, rich thy nameless gifts of form and face,
 And to these countless charms may Time be kind;
Still not for Beauty's sake I choose thee Queen;
 If 'twere for attributes of heart and mind,
Oh, wherefore should I fear the faintest trace
 That years may show my eyes so jealous-keen?

JUSTICE UNTEMPERED

BY ARTHUR LEE PRICE

IN MANILA they don't call a man gritty, or sandy, or anything of that kind. There is but one word to designate a man who has never been guilty of a mean action; he is white. If he has a shooting scrape in the provinces and doesn't show the white feather; if he stands single-handed against a band of ladrones and routs them; if he governs a troublous province without an appeal to the authorities in Manila, they say he "comes clean." As the range of Sibley's deeds of valor stretched from Dagupan to Jolo, and as no tongue had ever uttered a word against his clean-cut, soldierly qualities, the people in Manila said Sibley was white. The people in Manila were correct.

The native would shake his head with the doubt he learned from America and move his shoulders with the shrug he learned from Spain as he declared:

"Senor Seeblee? Muy valiente, si; pero muy malo."

From his standpoint, the native was also correct. Sibley was "very brave, yes; but very bad." Sibley was very bad in that he opposed Occidental commonsense and straightforward Western nerve to Oriental cunning and the yellow streak that runs from Constantinople to Jolo. Sibley said that law was common sense. When he was Governor of a province there was just one officer in that province. Sibley was commander of the Constabulary, judge of all the courts, chief of all the municipal police and special officer in the interest of law and order. He tolerated no infringements of the simplest rules of right, and struck terror to the heart of the native by the might of his direct simplicity.

There was trouble in Baliran—trouble in bunches. The trouble was represented by Faustino Ablen, self-appointed Pope of a new religion and leader of five hundred red-clad outlaws. This bloodthirsty outlaw had cowed the populace numbering ten thousand. Faustino was absolute despot of the small island. The fairest women he chose, and no man dared dispute him. He levied tribute of provisions and carabao upon the people who paid willingly. In the absence of American authority, the officials of the province found it to their advantage to be friends of Faustino. The authorities in Manila knew all this; but the authorities in Manila had more pressing need of every soldier and of every Constabulary officer elsewhere. Accordingly there was trouble in Baliran. The little island off the coast of Negros shuddered in the terrible grasp of Faustino Ablen.

The outlaw swept down upon the little barrio of Baliran from his mountain fastnesses. There, on his hacienda, he found Don Juan Balingan, surrounded by his peons, his rice fields and his vast forests of cocoa trees. Don Juan was the chief agriculturist of the island. In Western parlance, Don Juan would have been accounted a millionaire. He was the overlord of the island. Few men upon the island had not, at one time or another, experienced the charity of Balingan. The rich man was of Visayan blood, with a strain of Spanish. All the fiery pride of Spain's hidalgos burned in his heart, and all the high-flown chivalry of Spain's romantic teaching flamed in his soul. He was the one man in Baliran who did not fear Faustino, partly because fear was not in Balingan's vocabulary, and partly because he held the outlaw in contempt as a man of low birth. Faustino knew this by that strange sixth sense which tells the lower of his own inferiority.

Down from the mountains swept Faustino upon the hacienda of Don Juan Balingan. With a smile of contempt in his dark eyes, Balingan met the Pope at the door of his casa. Faustino, surrounded by

his desperate band of red-clad cut-throats, formulated his demand:

"Ten thousand silver pesos; twenty carabao loaded with palai, copra and white rice; all the women of the hacienda; and fifteen men for slaves," was the very modest demand of the outlaw.

"Listen to me, Faustino," said Don Juan, smiling with cool amusement into the very eyes of the outlaw, "you who, before the coming of the Americans were a slave on my brother's hacienda in Negros. The carabao laden with food I will give you; the men may choose whether they will serve you or me; but, Faustino, if you take a woman from my hacienda, I will follow you alone and have your own men bastinado you until you cannot walk for a month."

"You threaten me?" and Faustino began to bluster, but the other cut him short.

"I do not. Your men I know. Nearly all of them were peons of my two brothers. Your lieutenant is Jesus Coroldo, whose mother was fed in her last illness by my brother, Carlos. Coroldo would not strike the brother of Carlos Balingan. He serves you from fear; he would serve me from love. Take what I give you from charity, Faustino, or leave empty handed as you came. But touch not a woman on my hacienda for fear of the bastinado, Faustino."

"For that threat you die," exclaimed the Pope, raising his bolo high for the death stroke.

Balingan sprang back quickly with the cry: "Friends of Balingan, to Balingan's rescue."

The training of centuries may not be overcome by the habits acquired in a year, nor can the new-born reverence for a Pope conquer the hereditary love for a master. They, their fathers, and their fathers' fathers had been reared to feel the Balingan heel upon their necks, to eat Balingan bread and to revere the Balingan name. These outlaws of to-day were the Balingan slaves of a hundred years. The friends of Balingan sprang to Balingan's rescue. Faustino looked at the men—his own followers, now ranged against him—then slowly turned away.

"You, too, are a Balingan peon, Faustino," said Don Juan. "Take all the food you need. I would not see my brothers' servants starve. If you want men, my servants may choose between us. If at any time you want more food, come to my hacienda, and take it without asking. But if you want women, give my hacienda a wide berth for fear of the bastinado."

"Si, Senor," said Faustino meekly, dropping at once into the vernacular of the humility of the serf. But there was a gleam of malice in his eyes which escaped the notice of Don Juan Balingan.

From the hacienda of Don Juan, Faustino went at once to the habitation of the Governor. Pedro Soler had been appointed Governor several months previously He was not a Visayan, but a Tagalog, and hailed from Luzon. He was therefore not at all in sympathy with the people over whom he exercised government, though he had lived among them nearly all his life. To him came Faustino Ablen, the greatest of the outlaw chiefs of the Philippines. From the fact that Ablen came to him alone, the Provincial Governor might have suspected wrong-doing by the unsophisticated minds of Occidentals. Right or wrong, the standard of the Governor is the standard of the Orient. There, might makes right, and even provincial Governors are inclined to recognize the power of a leader of five hundred armed men.

"This man, Don Juan Balingan," said Faustino to the Governor, "is feeding the ladrones in the mountains. I am told he has invited them to come to his hacienda and help themselves to what he has. I think he is an enemy of the Americans."

"I have thought all along that he was our enemy," replied the Governor. "What is to be done?"

"Faustino wants ten thousand pesos and all the women on that hacienda," answered that worthy. "If the American Government should take everything away from Don Juan because he is a traitor, Faustino would rob the American Government of ten thousand pesos. While Balingan is in jail, Faustino could sweep the hacienda clean of all the women and carabao. The American Government would be called a tyrant because all the people love Don Juan."

"But if the American Government should find out the truth!" urged the Governor.

"Then Pedro Soler, Governor of Baliran, would come to his friend, Faustino Ablen, and be protected," coolly replied the outlaw. "But there is no danger. The American Government is busy in other places. Faustino has defied the power of that Government too long to fear it now."

The Governor recognized the force of this argument. Four years had passed since Baliran had seen the uniform of an officer whose commission gave him the power to inquire into the state of affairs in that island. Accordingly the nefarious bargain was made.

Don Juan Balingan sat upon the broad veranda all unconscious of the dire storm about to break over his head. He smiled the self-satisfied smile of conscious superiority as he thought of the outlaw, Faustino, and the general fear which the name of that bloodthirsty ladrone inspired. Could it be possible that the American Government in Manila was afraid of this former peon of the Balingan family? Was this the reason of the immunity enjoyed by Faustino? And yet the same Government had shown no fear of the Spaniard who was far superior both as a man and as a fighter. Well, it was peculiar, to say the least. But he, a rich planter, was not in the least concerned with Governments. Let them all fail, for what he cared. At this point in his reflections, he recognized the approaching party of eight men as the Governor and the squad of municipal police of Baliran. There had been a time when the approach of a Governor would have brought Don Juan to his feet and Dona Elena to the door, while every servant in the house would have turned out in greeting. But that was the time when Governors had been chosen by Spain for their blood and birth. Now the Governors were chosen because they were men of action. Don Juan scorned them. Had not this very Pedro Soler held his stirrup many times in the halcyon days of his courtship? Was not this very Pedro Soler a former servant of his father-in-law? Then why should he, Don Juan Balingan, receive the Governor when he would never have received the servant? Thinking thus —if he gave the matter a thought—Don Juan remained seated while the party approached the house.

The small, brown, leathery chief of police halted his squad at the doorway while the Governor entered and approached the master of the house. At the approach of the official, Don Juan turned his head and regarded him fixedly with half-shut eyes, looking lazily from protruding lids. The steady gaze of the well-born is always disconcerting to the serf, and under it, Pedro Soler, Governor of a province, cringed.

"What is it, tao?" asked Don Juan, not unkindly.

The word "tao" is the word in the languages of the Philippine Islands meaning man. In the vernacular of the Spaniards it has come to have the same significance usually attached to the word "peon," just as, in the vernacular of the Americans in the tropics, the Spanish word "hombre" has come to mean "paid servant." Thus it was that the Governor felt more deeply than ever his former position as the lash of the word fell upon him. The scorn of Balingan did not anger him so much as it disconcerted him.

"You are under arrest," he stammered.

This was not at all what he intended to say. The speech had been carefully prepared, in which he should remind Don Juan of their relative positions, both now and formerly. He would then declare his detestation of the act of feeding ladrones, and wind up with a scathing denunciation of traitors. But instead he found himself stammering: "You are under arrest."

Balingan did not move nor take those disconcerting eyes for a moment from the face of the Governor.

"Very well," he said, still speaking indulgently. "I will come to the presidio to-morrow and surrender. You may go now."

This cool dismissal brought the wavering sense of dignity back to the Governor. The face of a Malay in anger is not a pleasant sight. The thick lips of the Governor curled in a snarl; the small, wicked eyes closed to half their size; and the broad nose flattened upon the cheeks. Balingan looked on unmoved.

"You may go now," he repeated.

"When I go, you go too," replied the Governor. "The time has passed, Don Balingan, when your birth or family will save you from irons."

Balingan started to his feet, his frame

shaking with suppressed wrath, and his eyes flashing.

The Governor recoiled from the wrath of Don Juan, but did not abate a jot from the purpose with which he had come. At a sign, a squad of police stepped forward. The work of a moment sufficed to place the handcuffs upon the wrists of the haughty Balingan. The thing was so quickly done that Don Juan did not realize it until the chill of the iron brought him to the consciousness of the ignominy thrust upon him. Then his lip curled with contempt, and he turned to the Governor.

"You are a Governor, Senor," and the accent of the "Senor" hurt more deeply than the sneering utterance of the word "tao" had previously. "But this I tell you: I will kill you for this. These men of yours hear me say it."

For the benefit of the policemen, Don Juan repeated the threat in Visayan and in Tagalog, while the Governor cowered in abject terror before the manacled man.

"I will kill you for this," he continued coldly, with no trace of anger in his tone. "I will kill you."

At this instant Dona Elena appeared upon the scene. Don Juan's wife was of the fair type of Mestiza. The abundant strain of Spanish blood had given to her eyes the fire of Southern Europe, to her hair the gloss and texture of satin, and to her skin the glow of roses under olive colored silk. Accustomed to deeds of violence, the lady at once took in the situation. In her bosom lay the tiny stiletto, pearl handled and finely pointed as a scorpion's sting. Before the Governor realized her presence, the stiletto was at his breast and the small hand of Dona Elena was pressing its point through the light clothing he wore.

"Take the irons off his wrists," she demanded.

The terrified official was on the point of commanding the irons to be taken off when the chief of police whirled his heavy club, struck the lady a terrific blow upon the temple and started the retreat from the hacienda. The Governor, dazed by his narrow escape, could do no less than follow. No servants had witnessed the scene, and the arrest of the master of the hacienda was not known.

The mistress of the hacienda lay where she had fallen. The shadows of the afternoon began to lengthen as the fiery tropic sun sailed down the West. The Babel of women's voices within the house rose as the siesta hour drew to a close, and the awakening of the house told of coming activity. Still that white robed figure lay upon the floor in a silence deep as that of death itself. Then they found her. Tenderly they bore her into the big, shaded room, quietly they laid her upon the silken divan, and gently they nursed her back to consciousness. There was no inquiry after the master; there was no hubbub over the stricken mistress; there was no excitement over her condition. The stoicism of the Orient was there, and its sorrow spoke only in the dullness of apathetic eyes and in the fear-quickened movements of the servants. With a long-drawn shudder of physical agony the Dona Elena opened her eyes to gaze bewilderedly into the dark, where a smoky, cocoanut-dipped cloth burned dimly in a bronze dish. In that little circle of light she saw the faces of two of her women. She recognized them, and then the merciful coma of the rallying physical powers shut out the vision, and with it the struggling memories that crowded upon her. When next she opened her eyes, a dozen candles burned in their sconces, and the room was light as day with their silver radiance. Her husband was bending tenderly over her. Yes, the face was the face of her husband; but the clothes! Surely she had never seen him dirty and ragged before. Again, after an interval, she could look at him. There was no doubt of it. It was Don Juan; but such a Don Juan! The once immaculate white had become dingy—even dirty. The clothes were ragged, as if a strong hand had rent them, and the face and hands were scratched and bleeding. Suddenly the scene of the early afternoon came before her with all its horror. Then she knew the meaning of his appearance. He was an escaped prisoner. Horror of recapture swept over her, and gave her strength more than human. Sitting erect, she demanded feverishly, incoherently, the explanation of the scene in which she herself had taken part—the meaning of his arrest.

"They arrested me as an enemy of America," he told her. "I gave food to my

brothers' servants who are now members of Faustino's band of cutthroats. America fears Faustino and regards me as an enemy because I gave him food. How could I know that a peon of Balingan had inspired fear in America? I have no fear of Faustino. The Governor, Pedro Soler, declares that America will keep me many months in jail, and may even send me to the great prison of Bilibid for years. I have never been in prison, and I escaped from the cuartel. I will not go to another —but I will kill Pedro Soler and the chief of police of Baliran."

The excitement of Malay hatred flamed in the eyes of Dona Elena. Gone was the refinement of her European education; gone was the inheritance of mercy in the strain of her white blood; gone were the precepts of her Christian teaching. In that moment she was the Malay inflamed by hate and athirst for vengeance. Staggering weakly to her feet, she swayed for a single instant with the dizzy pain in her wounded temple, then summoning all the powers of her body for the consummation of her hate, she steadied herself on her feet and cried:

"Call the servants. Every peon on the place shall take the oath of vendetta, or die!"

They came trooping into the room—ignorant, slouching, shambling forms—ready to die for the dignity of Balingan as they had lived for the glory of Balingan. And their master, disheveled, ragged and haggard as they had never seen him, spoke to them. The tense earnestness of Don Juan told these ignorant peons that he had cast off at one time the flowery politeness of Spain and the strain of blood derived from the same source. He spoke simply, using words they could understand, and addressing them in their native Visayan.

"I come to you, not as master to man, but, as a man, when trouble is big, will go to those whose friend he has been. I have been declared the enemy of America because I fed Balingan peons when they were starving. For this I was imprisoned; for this I was handcuffed; for this my wife was struck as men would strike a dog.

"I have sworn to kill the Governor, Pedro Soler, who ordered the irons put on my wrists, and the chief of police, who struck the Dona Elena with a club. I cannot kill these men alone, for they are always guarded. I want your help.

"Before you give it, I must tell you the dangers in your way. We are not the men to stand against the Americans. When we kill these men we must go to the mountains. The American soldiers will come to this island. They will hunt us in the mountains. They will find us and kill us, or they will capture us and hang us. There is no other way. If you go with me you will die. You may starve in the mountains; you may hang in town; or you may die with bolos in your hand fighting the Americans. It is death to go with me. Choose now!"

At the conclusion of this speech there was a pregnant silence in which could be heard distinctly the hoarse breathing of the men and the quick, panting respiration of Dona Elena. Then that lady stepped forward. With her right hand she swept back the brown hair from her head, showing the great bruise, swollen and oozing blood.

"Peons of Balingan," she said, passionately, "I command you to go. If any man turns back before Balingan bolos are red with the blood of those men," and again she drew the stilletto from her bosom, "I will plunge this blade into the heart of the wife, child or mother he leaves upon this hacienda."

Dull, stolid, soulless, they gazed into her beautiful, passion-distorted face with eyes that read the intense meaning back of her dire threat. Then, one and all, they turned to Don Juan. At least they could understand his motives. They could judge his hate. They could estimate his purpose. Through the soft, black heart of the night he led them to the town that harbored his two enemies. The carnage in the police station of Baliran that night is a matter of history. Pedro Soler, conscious of guilt, fled from the town. Don Juan led his servants to the mountains.

Before the headless trunks of the seven men had been removed from the cuartel, Pedro Soler had sworn in another force of municipal police. His explanation of a midnight raid by Faustino was believed by all. With fear in their voices, the new police swore to do their duty, with the mental reservation that no duty should

tempt them to anger the outlaw in the mountains.

Then Pedro Soler led his police to the Balingan hacienda. This time he went on a mission of confiscation. The Dona Elena met him at the door.

"This hacienda is mine until the Americans can come to claim their own," he told her. "Your husband, the Balingan tao, is an outlaw. The Americans will not let him own such a fine property as this. You are to move into one of the small houses and your children are to work for the Americans in the fields. This is to be the casa of the Governor."

The ever-ready stiletto flashed in her hand, but the Governor, with a blow upon the wounded temple, laid her senseless at his feet. Stepping over the prostrate form the Gubernatorial party looted the house. The hoarded wealth of Juan Balingan was carried to the cuartel to be guarded. Faustino raided the cuartel for his ten thousand pesos, and was sorry he had not demanded twice the amount.

When Dona Elena recovered consciousness, she found herself with her two children in the cuartel from which her husband had escaped. She was held as a hostage for Don Juan's good behavior. Realizing her helplessness, she placed her hand in her bosom to assure herself that the stiletto was there. Her heart sank when she knew they had taken it from her. Unarmed and in the power of this Governor who had been a peon of her father's, she might well despair; but she did not. The stolid indifference of her race to sorrow and to suffering came to her aid when most she needed it, and she awaited without apprehension the coming of the events whose shadows were even then being cast over her. The intention of Pedro Soler was that those events should not delay their coming long. The iron door of the prison opened and he entered as Dona Elena was soothing her little daughter with one of those crooning folk songs of the Philippine people. She did not look up at his entrance, nor did her voice break with a note of terror at his approach. Indifferent to all save the fright of the child, she continued the lullaby.

"The Americans want me to sell the little girl in Samar," he announced.

"*Mentira,*" she replied apathetically, continuing her lullaby. She called him a liar in the same tone in which she might have stated the weather was fair.

"The little boy will go to work on the hacienda to-morrow to make money for the Americans," he stated.

Again he was answered with the indifferent *mentira.*

"Don Juan was killed last night," he assured her.

"*Mentira,*" was the only reply he received.

Then the shameful proposal was made. Don Juan was really dead. The Americans would like to see her daughter sold into slavery in Samar, and her boy put to work upon the hacienda which had been his father's. It had always been the American policy to humiliate the Spaniards and to wipe out all sign of Spanish pride left in the islands. On one condition he would disobey the Americans. Of course he was married, but the brown woman should be beaten if she objected. And so he ran on and on, heaping specious lie upon plausible falsehood. Erect and with no sign of emotion in her face, she listened until he had made an end of his pleading and threatening. Then, still without having displayed her feelings by sign or glance, she walked very close to him and —spat fully in his face.

The brute underlying the Malay character came to the surface with a quick, uncontrollable flash of anger. Selecting the lacerated temple as the object of assault, he dealt her a blow behind which he put every ounce of muscular energy he possessed. She fell heavily, lifelessly, to the cement floor, and the Governor turned from the room indifferently.

Then it was, when Pedro Soler's cup of iniquity was full to the brim and running over, and before Don Juan Balingan could wreak vengeance upon the perfidious Governor, that Sibley arrived in Baliran with two companies of Philippine Constabulary. The Dona Elena was still raving in the throes of a two-day delirium when Sibley visited the jail in company with the Governor and the chief of police. At the first glance, the American saw a woman of his own race tossing in delirium upon the bare cement floor with an ugly, undressed wound upon her head. Without a word, he took from his pocket a roll of

antiseptic gauze, saturated it anew from his pocket flask of bichloride of mercury, and with the deft touch of a practiced hospital corps man, learned in the United States army, he bandaged the throbbing temple. But there was a look upon Sibley's face while at work that boded no good to the man responsible. The Governor saw it and shivered with cold fear. Moreover, the Governor did not like the silence of the Constabulary officer. There was something Oriental in the fact that Sibley asked no questions, sought no information from the Governor, who might reasonably be supposed to know the circumstances attending the case.

That she was not of pure Castilian blood Sibley realized before he had completed his task in amateur surgery, but that she was beautiful he also knew. His experience among the Malays had taught him that persecuted beauty and official corruption were closely associated in the Philippine Islands. He did not glance at the Governor, because experience had taught him that the stolid face of guilt revealed nothing among these people. As he finished his task, the words, "Americanos diablos," of her ravings caught his attention. He immediately seated himself upon the cement floor of the prison, lifted her head gently to his knees, and listened to her ravings in silence. Minutes passed, and the two officials with whom he had visited the jail grew restless. Other minutes, and the Governor moved towards the door. A curt word from Sibley recalled him. The minutes grew into hours while the two native officials grew more restless, the two children cowered whimpering in the corner, and the big man sat motionless, gleaning from delirious lips the story of a care-free girlhood, a girlhood in far-away European convents, a maidenhood surrounded with love and tenderness, a wifehood cherished and sheltered, and, latterly, of a wrong so detestable in the eyes of men that the Major's hard face grew harder as the full realization of the attempted crime came to him. And, through her ravings, ran the thread of hatred of the "Americanos diablos," who had murdered her husband, robbed her of her property, sold her daughter into slavery and made her little son a peon. In disconnected scenes of wild delirium, to the accompaniment of demoniac laughter and outbursts of grief, the unconscious woman played again the drama of her life. For an audience she had the man who had so nearly wrecked that life, and the man who would right, so far as human power can right such a wrong, the awful crime that had so nearly been accomplished in full. In Spanish, in Tagalog and in Visayan, she hurled impotent curses upon the head of Faustino Ablen the Pope, Pedro Soler the Governor, and upon the heads of the American devils, while an American devil held her wounded head upon his knees and gathered from her lips the wrong that had been done her, and Pedro Soler quaked inwardly at the grim evidence of the Major, and cursed the American devils for reasons of his own.

At length Sibley had learned all the details of the story of the Governor's action from delirious lips. Laying the bandaged head tenderly aside, he rose from the floor and left the prison in company with the men who had taken him there. The silence of the American was ominous in the sight of Pedro Soler, and the Governor was made to feel that he was practically a prisoner in the hands of the big man who wore an expression of grim determination. Dona Elena was taken to her own home, which had become the residence of the Governor, and Sibley, having given orders to prevent the escape of that official, set about investigating the story he had heard in the ravings of the delirious woman. From the women of Don Juan's hacienda he learned of the master's arrest, the murder of the police, the maltreatment of the mistress and the looting of the house in the name of the American authorities. From the children he learned the shameful proposition to their mother in jail and the cause of her delirium. Then he traced Faustino to the Governor's presence. When all the threads of the affair were in his hands, he called Pedro Soler before him. Sternly he laid bare the facts to that official.

"Why have you done these things?" he asked.

"The man was an enemy of the Americans, Senor. He fed the ladrones that they might grow fat and prey upon the people," faltered the wretched Pedro.

"And for that reason you attempted to

debauch his wife and sell his daughter into slavery? For that reason you drove him into the mountains as an outlaw and robbed him of his property? For that reason you brought the name of America into contempt and sold yourself to Faustino? What do you think should be done with you?"

"Oh, Senor, for the sake of the Holy Mother, not Bilibid! Men die in the big prison in Manila!" begged the miserable Pedro.

"No," and the lines about Sibley's mouth were grim, "not Bilibid. If you are in my lines at midnight, I shall hand you over to Don Juan Balingan, telling him the details of the story he does not already know."

In abject terror, the native threw himself at Sibley's feet, clasped the Major's knees, and prayed for mercy. The American, rendered grim by a sense of justice, was not moved either by pity or scorn. The native pleaded:

"Oh, Senor, for the Mercy of Jesus, send me to Bilibid! Let me go to prison where men die naturally! Oh, Senor, it is murder to give me to Balingan!"

But Sibley was deaf to his pleading.

"If you have friends," he said, sternly, "take them with you. If you can protect yourself from Balingan, you have that right. I have nothing to do with it. You sought this quarrel; you must end it. I expel you from this town as you drove out Balingan. Go!"

And Pedro Soler with a dozen of his friends left the barrio of Baliran at midnight. The Constabulary lines opened for their passage, and the darkness of the tropical forest closed upon them forever. If any man thereafter saw Pedro Soler his lips were sealed with the silence that hangs over crime and outlawry in Malay lands.

Three days after Soler's disappearance, Don Juan Balingan returned to his hacienda and took charge of his own. Sibley was invited to make the Balingan home his headquarters, for the master considers Sibley an ideal Governor—equal, indeed, to any of the Spanish grandees who, in happier times, had swayed the scepter of power in Baliran. If the name of Soler is mentioned in Don Juan's presence, he smiles the inscrutable smile of the Orient and shrugs his lithe shoulders meaningly.

There is no trouble in Balingan now. Sibley prevailed upon Don Juan to become Governor, and the dreaded outlaw, Faustino Ablen, may be seen any day plowing in the Balingan rice fields.

WHEN ARE THINE EYES MOST BEAUTIFUL?

BY CLARENCE H. URNER

When are thine eyes most beautiful, my dear?
 When little merry imps play hide-and-seek
 Within their depths? When growing softly meek
To sympathize with those that shed the tear?
Or when they flash and coldly look severe
 On other eyes too bold? Or when they speak
 In subtler language than of brow or cheek,
That earth is far away and Heaven is near?
"Not then, not then," my selfish heart replies:
 Yet are they lovely, roused or lost in dreams:
 But when they look their kindness into mine,
I see most brilliance in those heavenly eyes:
 Imparadised within their radiant beams,
 My spirit bows to Beauty's peerless shrine.

THE "CUSS COURSE"

BY FLORENCE LAND MAY

THE GRIZZLED, whiskered occupant of the Deacon's Seat reached over and poked the fire. The "boys" were lined up at the side of the lowest bunk, distributed about the room on benches, chairs or the floor in attitudes various and restful. It snowed without, and a drift of twelve feet rendered the west side of the log shack impervious to the wind.

To the beast-howls and voracious wind-voices without the lumbermen were indifferent.

"We've drunk our last 'bitters'—
The *wayun's* sailin' *there,*"

shouted the one in the green jersey. He was called "The gentleman of Saginaw Camps."

"We've drunk our last bitters
An' swilled 'em on the sly."

"Mossback—say, Doc., it's your turn for story-tellin'. I doan mind that-'ar bellerin' out yander, but the sound of your brogue would be a cosy treble."

The entertainer of the Deacon's seat grunted.

"Well, I don't mind a-tellin' you a winder to-night. Did you boys ever hear that I was a miner?"

"A miner! Hear him croak!"

"You! Ha, ha! But you're givin' us a bounder."

"No, I'm a-givin' you but the facts as they air." The old swamper settled his elbows comfortably upon his knees, his gaze upon the coals displaced by the open door of the stove.

"No," he repeated dreamily, "I'm a-giving you facts. Ever heard of Grimson Brothers and Father?"

Every one laughed. Not to have heard of that colossal firm which threatened to corner the mining industry of the United States—perhaps the world—was to argue that one was indeed a backwoodsman; and men who put in at Fondulac, Detroit or Saginaw, their yearly labors done, could not by any sane reasoning be of that class.

"Oh, ho! Grimson, father and son!" mimicked he of the green sweater. "You don't mean to convey that you ever were a partner of theirs, do you, Doc.?"

The reply came rapidly and ironically:

"We've drunk our last bitters——"

"Shut up, boy," Doc. remonstrated, feeling for a bandanna of uncertain complexion. "If not, I'll resign the Deacon's seat to some one what's a better story-teller."

Cries of "No, no," "We'll be good, Doc.," "Spin away," greeted this, and flattered the speaker to the point of proceeding:

"Well, it's Grimsons and *Son,* I'm after spinnin' my yarn about; never mind the father. I—yes, I does remember him—a tow-head with a stumped toe.

"It was 'long of the old gold days in Californy. I hed pawed and grubbed and starved till I found him, and finally staked over the apex of a vein what run valler. I had the apex square, and I skinned a poplar and put up my pole all reg-'ler. I writ on the bark tellin' what corner 'twas, an' set off fur to look for King Peters. O' cose you-all hev heerd o' *him*! I knowed he'd be clean on to the explorator company, an' would mor'n that give me his opinion of the value o' my find.

"I went straight to San Francisco, a-hobblin' like mad, flyin' a sign, 'pleased-fit-to-kill over my smartness,' and plumb into the King's office. He was right thah! Never squirmed, but riz steady and quiet as a monument. 'I'm with you, old man. You see, I'd come over the plains with his pa, an'—well, there was a life-savin' scrap

he med more over than I allowed was correct.

"Anyway, we turned north'ard, I a-taking on like a jay about my luck, but afraid to squeal almost for fear some looter 'd get on. For with the King's *pull* and *my* luck, thah wa'nt no tellin' *whah* we might quit stakin'.

"Well, when we got there, squatters was on my claim. A Jew-faced German with his family, and among 'em the purtiest gal ever seen. Those folks hed took a cabin what I left deserted an' hed begun to dig on my preserves, swearin' I hedn't staked at the apex. And I seen right there that they'd like as not mek their fortune before I could prove my claim by law; but there was Mr. Peters, what knew mines and their squirms and chances, and the rattlers what bides 'mong the rocks. And talk o' rattlers, them Grimsons was a hornets' nestful o' stripers.

"I *pertested;* the King, *he* pertested, and them suckers jest stayed and grinned when we 'lowed we'd have the law on 'em. Meantime, I was plumgasted to see that the gal had the King in her spider-net. Law—say, that gal was a sparklin' beaut! And old Grimson seemed blind as a mole when it came to notin' the progressin'. of her flirtin' with the King.

"Then Peters he 'lowed he wanted to buy the mine for a company he represented in Boston. And the Jew's eyes jest rattled joy.

"You know how a mine is worked. First a little hole, then the opinion o' the engineer, then the big shaft, then the drift, and on aroun' to the wing, looking out all the time for a heave. Well, the King shook off Grimson and told him that he'd stand by me till old Shasto melted. And then came a heave and our work was stopped. I say stopped, but it wouldn't a-been halted hedn't that Jewel—that's her name—come her scintillatin' witch-doin's on the King.

"So Peters he gave up. The vein hed broke, hell knew where it could have wandered off, and he believed, anyhow, it had petered out. I knowed better, for volcanic rock was thah, and you know what that means. So I kept on workin'. But, meanwhile, I had to go away, as I needed labor and advice and—slop me!—that the King was too smitten with that gal to know a vein from a di'mond ring.

"I came back, and what you think? The first night I went down and found Grimson and a stranger in the bowels of my mine, a-tracin' that heave.

"I saw purple and lit into 'em, and, boys, you see I wear a scar to-day and this limp. Then they got me between two rocks and mashed me in, and stayed that night and day offerin' to buy me out. I set thah stubborn and determinate. I'd die with the old mine, but never would I give up an inch of her. Then they tied me down and went up.

"Workin' all night, I gnawed the ropes with my teeth, and got on top somehow by climbin' a cable, and thah in the grove o' the finest eucalyptuses on earth, I crept on my hands to whah the Jewel was making a fool of the King.

"She pressed her head to his arms, and that gold hair o' hers fell upon his breast and she promised to be his for—worse and better—and then I pinched his leg. He jumped; I slid back, and movin' quietly, went around to the back o' the cabin before he knowed I was thah. And then I slid into bed, and later Grimson came to the door with the King.

" 'He don't know it,' Grimson says, 'but the vein goes on twenty feet higher up. Now, Mr. Peters, suppose we give this old cuss a fair price and send him hobbling. That is, if he ever comes back,' he adds, significant.

" 'That doesn't seem honest, Mr. Grimson,' protests the King. 'I must object.'

" 'But, you see, I've gained my point, anyhow. The heave makes the apex at a different point from where your old prospector what dug his pole. I'll have the law on him!'

" 'I'm sorry for you, Grimson, but we'll win,' comes, grim, and I knowed then I could depend upon the King, *gal or no.*

"But I sees that the gal had a holt o' him, and it was a struggle, for he went pale and tremble-like, leanin' agin the door when old Grimson went off, his smiles shakin' his yellow teeth, I'll be sworn.

" 'Mr. Peters,' calls I sorftly, and he jumps. 'What?' he calls. 'I'm back; my men will be here next week, and I'm goin' ter stick it out. Will you stand by me?'

" 'I'll stand by you!' says the King. 'You'll never regret it,' says I. 'Nobody

never regrets anything good they does for old Doc. Nelson.' And he sighs, but laughs afterwards. I knowed he was a-thinkin' o' that Jewel.

"I was off and saved when I woke up. A woman's figger swayed sorter—past the door and I hears voices——

"'But I cannot, sweetheart,' declares the King.

"'But you must,' she returns, insistent. Then such lovin'es' names and doin's you never hear, and I wipes a tear for him, tho' I knowed she sheared his strength like a Bible heroine.

"He shook her off, some way, and I was grateful when I seen him come in and crawl in without strikin' a match.

"The mornin' after I wakes, and he ain't thah. I looks and searches, and he ain't nowhah. And then I heaves to the idea that there'd been foul play.

"I runs out bellowin' thunder, straight to that smelly squatter's cabin, and swings onto him and shakes him, and then I sees Jewel shakin' too—with laughin'. Stridin' up to her, I shot a fist under her nose that looks so like a flower—a-tiltin' and a-smellin' wind—'you done it—you——'

"Stid o' bein' mad, she laughs in my whiskers, and turns to Griscom and leans agin' him like a Marechal-Neil, all sweet and scenty—and him, the—parding—demndest little sticker you ever seen! And then I am on. She loves him, and he's played the King like he was a checkerman.

"Well, I swore, if he's the King checkmated I'm the bishop what fights the dook. And I lays out Grimson. I takes a rope and ties him up by the neck, one of his feet on my knee, the woman screechin'. 'Tell me whah the King is hid, or he swings!' I cried, passionate mad. And she signs to me: 'I'll lead the way.'

"But I won't be fooled, so I slips the rope from his neck to his shoulders, after chokin' him unconscious, and drags him along after the gal—or woman—Cleopatra as I'd come to estimate—straight to the mouth o' the old mine.

"'All crawl into the bucket together,' says I, crumplin' Grimson up first and standin' on him, takin' the gal in my arms and startin' down with her.

"Through the drift we went whah the last had been blocked out, and what you think we found in the wing?"

"Can't say! The join o' the vein?" said Hanley, the cook, excitedly.

"*No and yes.* The vein was there above us—they'd blown up to her durin' my absence, but what Jewel led me to, tears falling every time she seen Grimson bump over the rocks, was—King Peters strung up by his legs, black in the face. She of the gold-hair and heart o'pitch pointed him out, and I cut him down, and tied old Shylock thah with the rope, with Goldy to watch him. The King had come-to enough to recognize her. I was about to knock him in the head and to tow him away to safety—for I feared the rest o' Grimson's gang—when she laughed in his face—then hung her head shy as a gladiola.

"Jewel, tell me that you had nothing to do with this. You—oh, you *do* care for me as you said!' pleaded King, drippin' the words like honey.

"She was silent as I swung the lantern in her face and seen how sickly she looked.

"'Then—you—who *are* you?" demanded the King, roughly, though I felt him shakin'. Jewel was a-huggin' Grimson. She screams with laughs and cries: 'I am his wife,' she owns up. 'But he has four sons.' 'His second wife. And I love him!' she says defiant.

"I drags the King to the bucket."

"Wall, that sneak," said the cook, moving toward the coffee pot. "But you don't expect us to take it in. What air *you* doin' *here?*"

"That's another story," said the entertainer from the Deacon's seat.

"Say, tell us," cried the Green Sweater, as he was dubbed, "what became o' the Cuss Course?"

"What do you know about cuss courses? Ever prospected?"

"Mebbe," affirmed the lumberman.

"Wall, I got a million or two out'n that mine, blowed it at the court of Queen Victory, and come home to work." Doc. reached for a cup of coffee.

"Is *that* true? Or did you put it all into another mine, salted to taste by that same Jew you almost guillotined, ten years late? I see, you do not want to confess," the speaker ended gayly.

"Who *be* you?" demanded Doc.

"Oh, no one you ever knew, but I've been about a bit myself. I've grub-staked and won—and lost. I have even been to court," Harry Paulett laughed bitterly.

"You don't mean to guy us into believing that that yaller noospaper Jewel was the same high fly what Noo York is kowtowin' to, do you, pard?" demanded the teamster, pouring coffee.

"The same. The identical brass-ring and cunnin' Cleopatry-treading has put her whah she be."

"Law! fiction's stranger 'n luck. But *what* air you doin' toward endin' up your tale. Tell us the rest. Whah's the King?"

"God knows!" ejaculated Doc., solemnly.

"But you-all said you had heerd o' him," protested the Green Sweater quietly. He was observing the coals in Doc.'s pipe.

"We-all heerd. Why, doesn't the world know how he went to Congress from Californy and from there to the Senate, and from *there* he took his stand and fought the trusts, and he retired, they say, a poor man, after the Great President went out. But he had done his dooty." The foreman spoke, having entered so quietly during the recital he had not been greeted.

"'Twas a fine thing to do," answered Doc., ruminatingly, "*a fine thing*. Think, he could have gone right in with Grimson and been a millionaire a hundred times."

"He could," assented the Green Sweater.

"And all through a cuss-course! Wonder if he's ever cussed his course sence?" suggested the cook.

"Not him. *He'd* never cuss that away," declared Doc. "Not sayin' he cain't *swah*," he added, fearing lest the company might doubt the manhood of his hero. The Green Sweater suddenly poked the fire, and the foreman saw him smile.

"I wish I could see the King onct more," Doc. sighed, as the party broke up.

"You can!" The Green Sweater laid a white hand on Doc.'s rough one. Doc. stared: "I'm blasted if it ain't the King, boys!"

But Peters placed his fingers on his lips.

"What?" The company turned. "Well, Doc.?"

"Oh, nothin'—I'm jist singing:

"'We've drunk our last bitters,
And drunk un on the sly;
This here prohibition's
Mighty slow to die!'

"What ye say, lads?"

"Well, boys, as the night's so frigid, contrary to rules—I think I'll treat you all."

"Hooray!"

"Who shall we drink to? Doc.? You're the speaker to-night."

"No," exclaimed Doc., "I tell ye. Let's drink to him what's stood for the poor man—to King Peters!"

All stood. tin cups lifted.

"To the King o' Ameriky an' the great President."

"And the cuss course."

"And, demmy, if I ain't goin' to sneak in Goldilocks. She was true to the only god she knowed, boys, even ef it *was* only old Grim"——

"To Goldilocks!" Every throat was flung back.

But two there were who did not drink.





XII. Should Jews and Christians Unite?

BY C. T. RUSSELL

Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle

AMONG THE MORE than a million Jews of New York City quite a commotion has been raised by the celebrated Rabbi Wise of the Free Synagogue. His congregation has recently been holding union services with some Unitarian congregations. This has opened a discussion in every quarter, not so much amongst the Unitarians as amongst the Jews. The question is asked: What does this signify? Should it be encouraged or discouraged? Is it a step in the right or in the wrong direction? Naturally, "orthodox" Jews object to it; yet they scarcely know what argument to use against it. They believe in progress, but feel that this is illegitimate progress. But in what respect would it be wrong for Jews who believe in the one God, Jehovah, to meet with Christians who believe in one God, Jehovah, they do not know; especially as the Unitarians and the Jews both believe that Jesus was merely an imperfect man, had no pre-existence, and accomplished no salvation—that he was merely a prominent Jew of his time whose teachings have made a great impress upon the most progressive peoples of the world.

We have been asked to discuss this subject and to give the reason for such opinions as we may express. We are pleased to do so.

Without intending the slightest disrespect to Rabbi Wise and his congregation, nor to the Unitarians, we must frankly state that we see nothing that either of them can ever gain or lose by the kind of "union" services they hold; nor by the admixture of what they would designate as their several "faiths." As we understand, Rabbi Wise is an agnostic, and has no Jewish faith. As we understand, he is a "higher critic," an "evolutionist," who rejects the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures and relies entirely upon his own wisdom and the wisdom of other scholarly men of our day. And to our understanding, the faith or lack of faith of the Unitarian denomination is exactly the same. Hence we say, that union between these people who are purely agnostic moralists could neither help nor injure either party to the union.

People who have no faith have nothing to lose along theological lines. And does not this truthful and not unkindly criticism apply to thousands of Jews and Christians who are not affiliated with either Unitarianism or Rabbi Wise's Free Synagogue? Alas, it is too true that the majority of those who profess the names of Jews and Christians are really neither; because they have abandoned the faith and hopes which those names represent.

Christian Hopes Not Jewish Hopes.

If Christians and Jews rightly under-

stood each other's hopes, according to the Scriptures, the conflict between them would instantly cease; because their hopes are totally different. The hope of the Jew is the hope of mankind in general—an earthly hope—a hope of restitution, restoration to a Paradise condition and perfection. The hope of the Christian *is not the hope of the world,* but a very different one—it is the hope of an "elect" or select class which God is gathering out of the world from every nation—English and Irish, French and German, Scotch and Scandinavian, Jewish and Italian.

All through the Bible from Genesis to Malachi, search as we will, we find not an invitation to the Jews or to the world to become spirit beings like unto the angels. Every promise, every invitation, every hope held forth, on the contrary, is earthly: the desert is to blossom as the rose; solitary places are to be glad; springs are to break forth in the desert; the earth is to yield her increase; every man is to sit under his own vine and fig tree with none to make him afraid. They shall not build houses and another inhabit; they shall not plant vineyards and another enjoy the fruit; but they shall build houses and plant vineyards and perpetually enjoy the work of their hands in Paradise restored. This is the testimony of the Prophets. This testimony, given particularly to the Jew, informs us that he will be first in prominence in the world in the time when the Lord will do this—in the time when the Lord will "pour out his spirit upon all flesh"—in the time when "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess to the glory of God." Israel's blessing, therefore, implies the blessing of all nations, the seed of Abraham being first among those nations in the Divine favor which will be brought to mankind by Messiah's Kingdom.

The Law of Moses tells the same story, namely, that the Divine arrangement is that Israel shall keep the Law and become instructors of the world in respect to the keeping of the Law; and that he that keepeth the Law shall live thereby—everlastingly enjoy all of the blessings of God for his portion. The Covenant given at Mt. Sinai did not secure these glorious results promised; because it was merely *typical* of a new and better Covenant to be established through Messiah (Jeremiah 31:31.) The sin-offerings which were the basis of the Law Covenant never really cancelled sin, but were typical of the better sacrifices which the Mediator of the New Covenant, Messiah, offers.

Moses himself, the Mediator of the Law Covenant, was only a type or foreshadow of the greater Prophet, Messiah, who will be the Mediator of the New Covenant, under which all the blessings foreshadowed will become accomplished facts. The Jewish Sabbath Day commanded by the Law brought blessings indeed; but that rest was merely typical and prophetic of the coming restitution and peace and blessing which Israel and the whole world will be privileged to enter into and to enjoy during Messiah's reign. And for all the faithful ones, who keep that Sabbath, there will be an eternal Sabbath to follow.

The Jubilee Year established by Moses, the Mediator of the Law Covenant, was merely a type or picture of the great Jubilee of the world to be inaugurated by the antitypical Mediator, Messiah, during the period of his Messianic reign, the world's great Jubilee. Ah, yes! the whole world will be full of jubilation, as every man shall return to his former estate, to his original patrimony, to Edenic conditions, to human perfection—to all that was lost through Father Adam's disobedience, and all that was redeemed through the obedience of the great Second Perfect Man, who has since been highly exalted, a "Prince" and a Deliverer—Messiah. —Isaiah 9:6; Dan. 9:25.

These earthly restitution blessings are so tangible and so glorious that many noting them have said to us, Why tell us of the intangible, heavenly things? The earthly blessings described in the Bible more fully meet and satisfy the cravings of our hearts than could anything of the intangible and spiritual kind, which must be received wholly upon faith. We answer that this is so, that the Divine blessings promised to the Jew, and, later, to all nations, as they will come into Covenant relationship with God through Messiah, are the most wonderful that the natural heart and mind can possibly conceive. Undoubtedly mankind, after receiving the Divine provision through Messiah, will be

more than satisfied.

But the Christian's hope is different from this. It is intangible, indescribable. It can be received only by faith. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath in reservation" for the spiritual class—the saintly few now being called and selected from Jews and Gentiles of every nation. The blessings promised to this saintly class are all spiritual. They are to be like unto the angels and like unto Messiah himself, invisible to men through the First Resurrection "change" which they all will experience. They know not, because as the Scriptures declare, it is impossible to explain to them the character of the blessings which shall be the portion of this faithful few. What to them will take the place of beautiful flowers and luscious fruits, hills and valleys, brooks and mountains, clouds and sunshine and rainbows, they know not. They cannot understand. It is kept a "mystery." They are required to "walk by faith and not by sight." This class, typified by Aaron and his tribe of Levi, will have no inheritance in the land—*no inheritance in the earth.* They must sacrifice all earthly things and gladly, too, if they would be accounted worthy of the heavenly things. Theirs is a great test of faith. No wonder that few are attracted by this invitation when properly set forth and informed that it means a life of sacrifice and self-denial, faith and obedience even unto death, in order to be accounted worthy to enter into the heavenly glories to follow.

From what we have said, it must be manifest that we are not holding up any denomination of Christendom as being this spiritual class, the Royal Priesthood. Rather, as the Scriptures do, we hold up this class to view as gathered to the Lord and not into sectarian systems from every nation, kindred and tongue. Thus is it written of these: "Gather together my saints unto me; those who have made a Covenant with me by sacrifice." (Psa. 50:5.) "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." (Mal. 3:17.) It will be after the selection of this jewel class for the spirit plane that the Divine blessings under the New Covenant with Messiah as Mediator will be poured out upon Israel and through Israel, represented in their ancient worthies, "princes in all the earth," (Psa. 45:16) upon all people.

No Competition in This.

To those who thus see the Divine program, there is no room for competition or strife. The saintly few will get their exalted blessing first, and such Jews and Gentiles as have appreciated the privilege will participate in the glories of that class. Then this class, as the "Bride" of Messiah (Psalm 45:10-16) will share with him his spiritual nature and exaltation and Kingdom. Then will come the earthly blessings to Israel first through the patriarchs, and through them it will extend to all of the earth—to every creature. Thus the blessing of the Lord will "fill the whole earth as the waters cover the great deep."

Where is there room for competition here, when once we rightly understand the matter? Those who choose the heavenly portion and the sacrifices necessary to obtain it should be admired by all mankind. The Scriptures declare that ultimately this will be the case. "He (Messiah—Head and Body) will be admired by all them that believe in that day." Nor need the Christian envy the Jew his share in God's favor and blessing and promises. We have failed in the past to rightly divide the Word of God—failed to see its different parts and different classes; hence the strife of words and persecutions unto death. The saintly class, grasping its heavenly promises by faith, prefer not the earthly good things. The earthly class prefers the blessings to be accomplished through restitution and desire not the heavenly things. Thus all strife between intelligent Jews and intelligent Christians should be at an end. Their hopes are different and yet they interlock and intertwine. The fulfillment of the one is vitally connected with the fulfillment of the other.

Avoid Christian Sects.

Jews in the past have avoided Christian sects, chiefly the Catholics, because they counted them their enemies and recognized that much of their persecution came from professed Christians. Slowly they are coming to realize that the civilizing

influences of the past century are accomplishing changes with the rising generation and thus destroying, to some extent, the ground for their former bitterness against Christians. This is proper. Superstition and bitterness and strife, based upon the things of the past, should be set aside. No one can afford to nurse either the superstition or the bitterness of the past.

Would it, then, be proper for Jews, now forgetting and forgiving the past, to intermarry with Christians and to participate in "union" services or to become members of Christian sects, Catholic or Protestant?

We answer that such a course would assuredly be wrong: because Christian sects neither represent the Christian hope nor the Jewish hope. Here and there (in all the denominations of Christendom, so far as we may know) are members of the saintly class, the Bride of Messiah. But they are out of sympathy with the institutions with which they are connected. Even while attending their services, their hearts are on a higher plane than the masses. These nominal Christian sects are merely the outside; the saintly few are the kernel of the inside. The saintly few would be far better separated from the sects and would make much better progress in the study of God's Word and in the development of saintship if they stood entirely free from human institutions.

This being the case, we assuredly would not advise the Jews to join these institutions nor to accept their confusing doctrines, which the Scriptures symbolically refer to as Babylonish—confused.

God has separated the Jewish nation from the remainder of the world that they may be his witnesses to men. Their national preservation for more than thirty centuries, in harmony with the Divine promise is itself a miracle. God has indeed led them by a way which they knew not, even as he foretold. Their very perversity, as he foretold, will in the end witness to his Divine supervision of their affairs. Their stubbornness, or, as the Scriptures say, their stiff-neckedness, will eventually show the mercy of God through his dealing with them. He has not brought them down through the long period of three thousand years of separation with a view to their now amalgamating with either Christians or Gentiles, with either Catholics or Protestants.

Israel's promises are not only earthly but Jewish—they are to be the first of the earth or world peoples to experience the blessings of restitution favor. In order to be ready for that favor, they must continue Jewish up to the time of the manifestation of Messiah, as the Scriptures foretell. As the elect, saintly few gathered out of all nations to be Messiah's Bride are a people for a purpose, so also the small nation of Israel in an earthly people for the Divine purpose and to show forth the praises of Jehovah and of Messiah in due time. The few of their number who, by saintly and sacrificial lives, will become members of Messiah's Bride, will in no way invalidate the blessings that are subsequently to come to the bulk of their nation, if they continue Jews indeed—inspired by the faith of Abraham and the Messianic hopes of the Prophets.

But if they abandon Abraham's faith and their share in the Abrahamic promise and their hopes set forth through the Prophets, then, whatever their lineage, they are not Jews in the Scriptural sense of the term; and their practise of circumcision is merely a farce. And the perpetuation of a worship in which they no longer believe is sacrilege.

Thus, Jews who believe nothing of the Divine testimony—who have repudiated Abraham and the Prophets, Moses and the Law, and who are agnostics and who merely observe forms and ceremonies called Jewish in a hypocritical manner, might just as well, and without any greater hypocrisy, join any of the different Christian sects, with which they are just as much in harmony and just as much out of harmony as with the Law and the Prophets. But those Jews who believe in the Abrahamic promise, in God's testimony through the Prophets and in the message of Moses and the Law, must not, cannot, identify themselves with any other nation or with any other religion. To do so would be to stultify themselves and to discredit themselves as Jews, and to cut themselves off from those special earthly promises which, in the Divine arrangement, have been theirs since Abraham's day, and which are now about to be fulfilled.

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

Among the latest "problem" books to appear is "A Nation's Crime," by Mrs. I. Lowenberg, author of "The Irresistible Current." The book deals with that much-vexed question of marriage and divorce, and while one might easily think that the subject had been dealt with from every possible viewpoint by modern writers, there is much in Mrs. Lowenberg's work that will command interest, and, we think, approval.

Divorce laws presuppose marriage laws, and all laws are coercion. It may be that laws in many, or in most cases, are benign and far-seeing, but they fix limits—they bind and fetter—and the human heart, at its noblest, craves freedom. It is all very well to legislate about matters of trade or commerce, but it is entirely a different matter when it comes to the framing of laws for the coercion of the holiest of human feelings. The primary social institution is marriage, the negation of that is divorce. To-day, Mrs. Lowenberg says in her story, the negation threatens to destroy the institution itself.

The tale is that of a young American girl, Anne Lane, who is of English parentage. Her father, whom she loves dearly, desires her to marry a man for whom she cares not at all, and she acquiesces. In a few years the union becomes intolerable, and she goes to Reno, where she secures a divorce. Immediately afterward she marries Roy Allerson, the sweetheart of her girlhood days. Two children are born them, Victoria and Stephen.

Years go by, and Victoria becomes a beautiful girl. She is engaged to a French nobleman, but on the very eve of her marriage, the marriage of her father and mother is declared illegal, and the girl herself is thus illegitimate. The Supreme Court upholds the decision.

The marriage with the French nobleman cannot take place for family objections, and in the trail of these events comes the death of one of the young lovers. The young lives wrecked by the undeserved stigma, the broken hopes and the suffering encompassed, in the name of "Justice," all might have been prevented by the existence of sane legal enactments on a matter than which there is none more close to the home life, the inner life, of the whole people to-day.

But the story is a hopeful one despite the tragedy and the heart-ache which it contains, and readers of "A Nation's Crime" will find the interest in the story itself sustained throughout, apart altogether from the motive which inspires the production of the tale.

"A Nation's Crime," by Mrs. I. Lowenberg. 12mo., published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington. $1.50 postpaid.

One of the best historical works on Mexico that has appeared is a small but highly instructive and entertaining volume by Arthur Howard Noll, LL. D., and A. Philip McMahon, entitled "The Life and Times of Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla." The book tells of the progress of the events leading up to the Mexican revolution, of the leadership of Hidalgo in 1809-10, and the revolt of that time, which ended in eventual Mexican freedom. The story is told in minute detail, and is of absorbing interest.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Edgar Beecher Bennet has produced another of his tales of rough manhood in "Reminiscences of a Ranchman," in which he describes the experiences of his partner and himself in the early seventies, when, as a "tenderfoot," he first essayed the life of the cattleman in the then Far West. The rough life of the range, the fights with the Indians, the hardships, the pleasures and the character of the cowboy are all well portrayed.

A. C. McClurg, Chicago, $1.50.



Fashion's Favorite

There is one thing that is always fashion's first favorite; and that is beauty. Style of dress, of coiffure, of headgear, and so on, may change with every month or season, as whim, fancy, or milliners' decree may dictate, but beauty of skin and complexion are of the fashions that remain permanent from age to age. This explains the fact of the enduring popularity of

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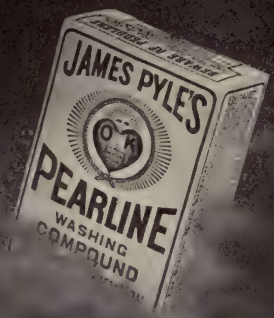
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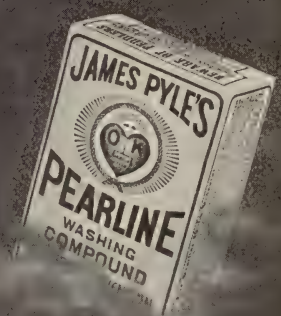
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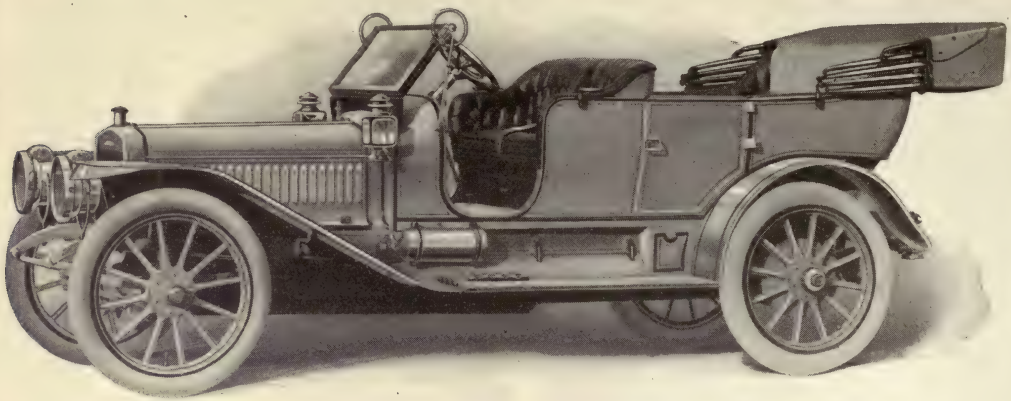
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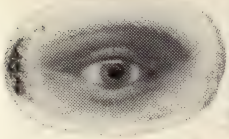
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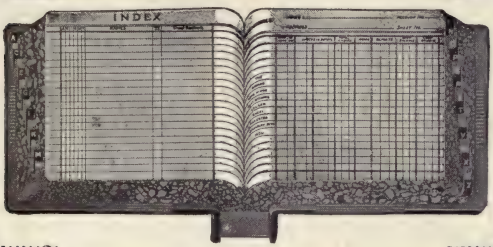
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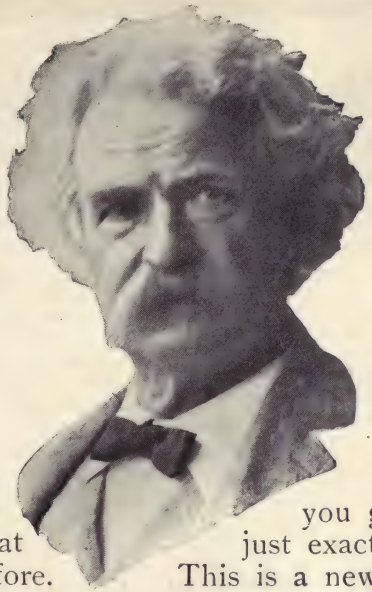
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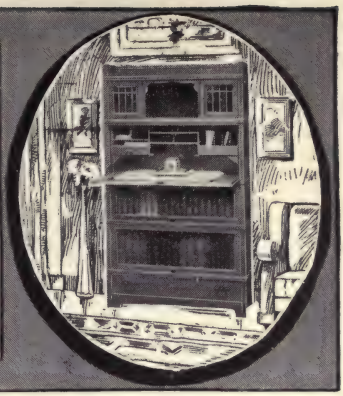
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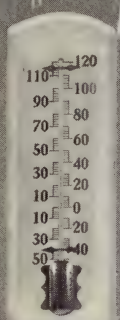
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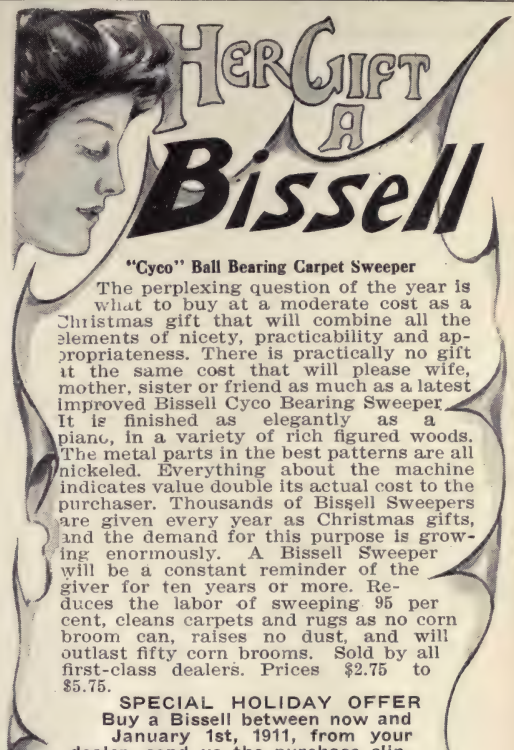
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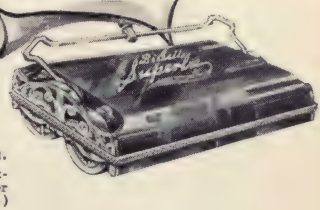
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R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Office—Corner Market, McAllister and Jones Sts. San Francisco, December 23, 1910.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
The German Savings and Loan Society.
(The German Bank.)
(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.)

For the half year ending December 31, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1911. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1911.

GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

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For the half year ending December 31, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1911. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof, and earn dividend from January 1, 1911. Money deposited on or before January 10, 1911, will earn interest from January 1st.

R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

Office—Northwest corner California and Montgomery streets. After January 3, 1911, Market street at Grant avenue and O'Farrell St.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
Bank of Italy.
(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.)

For the half year ending December 31, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 3, 1911. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1911. Money deposited on or before January 10th will earn interest from January 1st.

L. SCATENA, President. A. PEDRINI, Cashier.

Office—S. E. Corner Montgomery and Clay streets. Market street branch—Junction Market, Turk and Mason streets. West Branch—1221 Polk street, corner Fern avenue.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
Humboldt Savings Bank.
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Office—783 Market street, near Fourth.

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(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.)

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Office—316 Montgomery street.

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Italian-American Bank.

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OVERLAND MONTHLY

An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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Issued Monthly. $1.50 per year in advance. Fifteen cents per copy.
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Northwestern offices at 74 Hirbour Building, Butte, Mont., under management of Mrs. Helen Fitzgerald Sanders. Entered at the San Francisco, Cal., Postoffice as second-class mail matter

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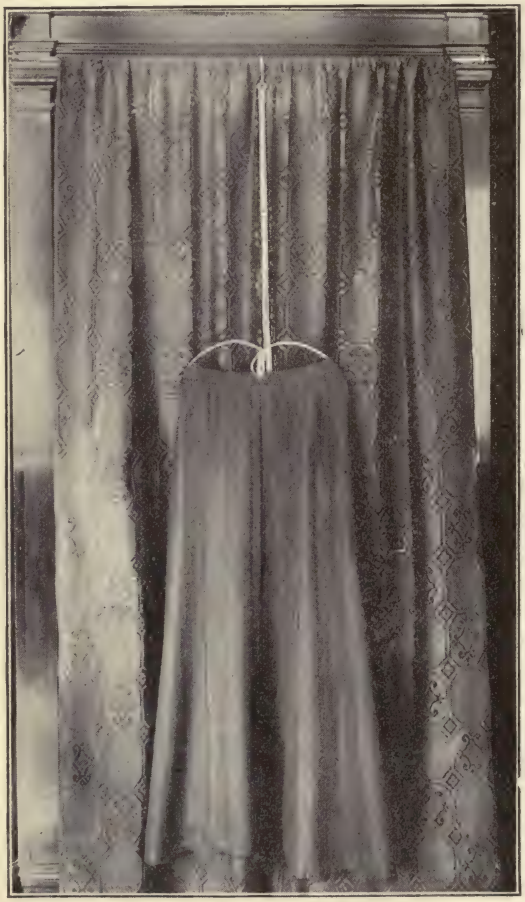
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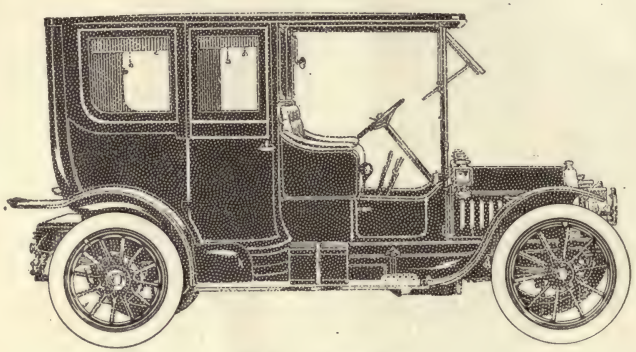
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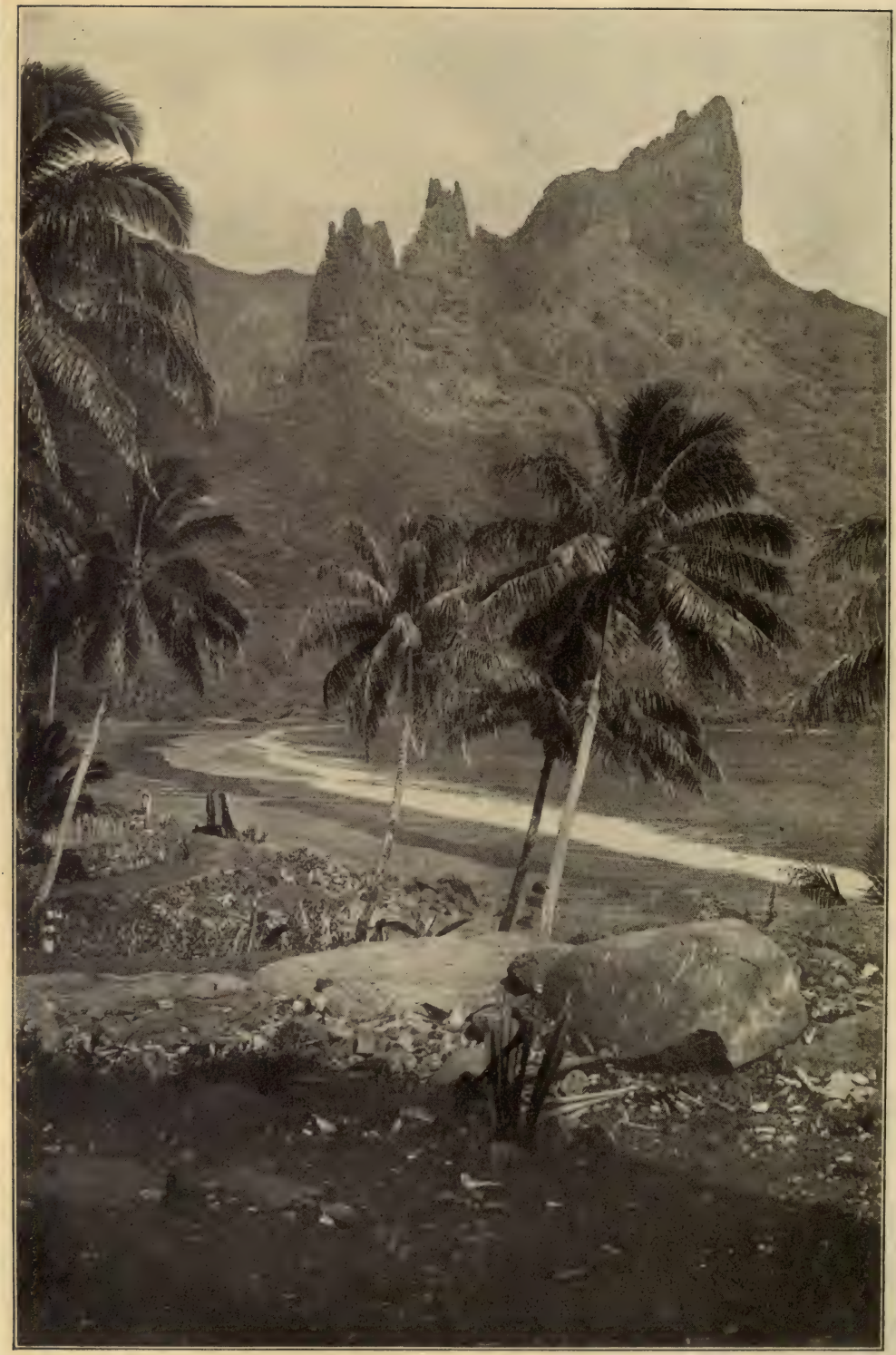


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FEBRUARY 1911

No. 2 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LVII

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THE MARQUESAS OF TO-DAY

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

IT IS A STRANGE anomaly that the Marquesan, by long odds the fastest-disappearing of the Polynesian races, is made up of individuals of incomparably finer physique than those of any other of the islands of the South Pacific. Of a dozen natives picked at random from the beach of Taio-hae, there are probably not over three or four that will not show more or less of dark head above the end of a six-foot tape, and the breadth and muscling of each will be in proportion to his height. The women are likewise of good size and figure, and, when undisfigured with tatooing, of considerable beauty as well. Both sexes accomplish prodigious feats of walking, swimming and rowing, and both invariably bear up remarkably under hardship and privation such as that incident to being driven to sea for weeks in an open boat. As a matter of fact, the startling decrease in the population of the group, except for occasional epidemics, is due to scarcity of births and a lack of vitality in the children rather than to an abnormal number of deaths among the adults. This condition is largely traceable to the existence of more or less active forms of various blood diseases introduced by whites of the Pacific whaling fleet of half a century ago, and to certain vicious practices in connection with the prevention of child-bearing prevalent in the over-populous days of the group. Cannibalism and intertribal wars have frequently been assigned as potent factors in the decimation, but it is notable that neither has had such effect in the Solomons or New Hebrides, where both are prevalent to-day.

The early explorers estimated the population of the island of Nukahiva at from 30,000 to 40,000. In 1804 there was believed to be not over 18,000 on the island, and in 1836 but 8,000. A French census in 1856 enumerated but 2960, which number had fallen to 800 by 1880. In 1889 Stevenson found Taio-hae a lively village with a club, barracks, hotels, numerous stores and a considerable colony of French officials; Hatiheu and Anaho were villages of upwards of a hundred natives each. At the time of my visit—three years ago—there remained in Taio-hae but three French officials and a single German trader, while the native population was just short of ninety. Hatiheu and Anaho had but a few over a hundred inhabitants between them.

In the veins of the Nukahivan of to-day course two strains of foreign blood of widely diverse origin. During the latter part of the 16th and for most of the 17th century, the island was a rendezvous for a large colony of buccaneers who had chosen that location for the advantages it gave them in preying upon the Spanish galleon plying between Peru and Panama, as well as in raiding settlements on the intervening coast of South America. These pirates, after some years of fighting, brought the natives of the Taio-hae and Hatiheu districts into a state of complete subjection, while their relations with the tribes of the interior appears to have been



Waterfalls, near Nuka Hiva.

in the nature of an armed neutrality. The subject natives were employed at sea as sailors and boatmen, and on land as gardeners and herdsmen. The cattle, pigs and goats brought to the island by the freebooters must have been the progenitors of the wild animals of these species which abound there to-day. With the natives of the interior, some trading for food was carried on at times when drought on the coast made short crops of cocoanuts, breadfruit and bananas.

When gold gave out in Peru and buccaneering became unprofitable, the Nukahiva pirate colonies gradually changed back to native villages. After the last of the strangers had died, their descendants, through intermarriage with pure blooded natives, reverted little by little to the predominating type until the evidences of the blood of white men survived only in straighter hair and features and harder eyes, a sharper and more uncertain temper and an increase of dignity.

For some decades in the middle of the last century, Nukahiva was the base of a large portion of the Pacific whaling fleet. Ships spent months at a time in Taio-hae, refitting and reprovisioning, and the island gained many new and undesirable inhabitants through desertions from their crews. The worst epidemic of smallpox ever recorded in the South Pacific was started in Nukahiva by a maroon from a whaler, and the present day prevalence of blood and skin disease is directly traceable to a similar source.

The moral laxity of the Marquesan of to-day is undoubtedly a legacy of these two occupations by the lowest of the sea's riffraff, pirates and whalers. In Nukahiva chastity is quite unknown in any class, and a century of work on the part of some missionaries has left scarcely a mark upon the morals of the people. They are prone to throw themselves at every opportunity into the most unlicensed debauchery, and they know no law save that of appetites. The feasts of the present generation of Nukahivans—aside from cannibalism, which is still practiced whenever the chances for escaping detection are favorable—are howling orgies of two and three days' duration, their riotous excesses un-

interrupted even by intervals of singing and dancing, as in Samoa, Tahiti and Fiji. The song and the dance, which represent to the Polynesian about all that education, music and the drama combined do to us, have died out in the Marquesas even faster than the people.

Tattooing is still practiced in these islands, but the really fine pieces of work, such as the famous right leg of the late Queen Vaekehu of Nukahiva, are confined entirely to the very old. None of the new generation appears to have the fortitude to endure the exquisite pain incident to having a whole limb picked out in a lace-work of geometric designs or the face barred and circled like a coarse spider's web. That the art, or a certain pride connected with it, is not lost to the Marquesans, however, was amusingly shown by an incident which occurred during the stay of our yacht in Taio-hae. One day after our little brass signal cannon had become thoroughly heated up in some experimental firing with new shells, a young girl from the village, who had come off to sell curios, was so careless as to sit down on the deck and lean her bare shoulder against the breach. The result was that a section of a scroll work design—a dolphin swallowing a mermaid—was branded in pink upon the rich olive of her skin. A few days later she came off again, this time to display a bob-tailed mermaid in the act of being gobbled by a pop-eyed dolphin, all picked out in black candlenut along the lines of the burn.

Scenically the Marquesas are incomparably more beautiful than any other islands of the South Pacific. It is usual to hear the traveler who has covered Polynesia by the steamer route speak in similar terms of the Society Islands—especially Moorea and Tahiti—Samoa and Fiji, whichever may have chanced to tickle his fancy, quite losing sight of the fact that the route of his boat has been laid out along the lines of commerce irrespective of scenery. Not one steamer—save an occasional French gunboat—goes to the Marquesas in a decade, the mail of the islands being carried to and from Tahiti every three or four months in a trading schooner. In the last twenty years scarce that number of strangers have visited the group, and a dozen or more of these came



Marquesan sunset.

in three yachting parties. How little, therefore, the average South Sea tourist knows of these islands may be readily seen.

The rock walls and cliffs of Moorea would be lost in the shadows of the great 3,000 feet spires that tower above the Bay of Hatiheu; the 600 feet Fall of Faatua in Tahiti might be shut from sight in the spray of the 2160 feet Fall of the Typee in Nukahiva; and the great cliff of Bora-Bora, the creeper-tapestried walls of the Bay of Pago-Pago and the great gorge of the Upper Rewa could all be hidden in corners of the stupendous Atouna Valley of Hiva-oa and hardly be noticed.

In the matter of riotous tropical growth the Marquesas, being nearer the Line than any of the other South Pacific Islands that lay claim to scenic beauty, have also all the best of the comparison. Nukahiva is an almost impenetrable jungle of lantana, buroa, acacia, banana, guava and scores of other trees and bushes, nearly all of them flowering and fruit-bearing. Indigenous to the island is the cassi plant, a thick shrub which covers patches of the lower hills in dense masses and which blossoms out in tiny yellow balls of almost solid pollen. The latter has a perfume of most penetrating sweetness, and in flowering time is blown by the trade winds many miles to the leeward of the island. It is a common saying among South Sea skippers that Nukahiva may be smelt before it is seen. Beating into Hatiheu Bay at night with this perfumed breeze sweeping the deck, the wake a comet of golden light and the surf bursting in spurts of phosphorescence along the beach, is to appreciate the descriptions of the approach to the mythical Islands of the Blest.

The French have never actually prohibited the carrying of firearms in the Marquesas, as have the British in the Solomons, but the possession and use of guns has been so hedged about with restrictions as to accomplish practically the same purpose. This is about the way it goes: Coming to the islands with a gun, a permit must first be secured before it may be landed. This allows you to take it to your domicile, but not to take it out again. If you would carry it with you on the street, a "Port des Armes" is required, which allows you, however, to fire it only in your own back yard, and when that sanctum is enclosed with a meter-high stone wall. If you desire to fire it anywhere else, a "permit de chasse" must be obtained. If you come to the conclusion that the possession of a gun in the Marquesas imposes too many burdens and decide to dispose of it, a permit to sell is required; and if, later, you regret your action and want to get it back again, a permit to buy will have to be taken out before the deal can be consummated.

Each of these permits costs a good, stiff fee, and it is that which is responsible for the fact that the native hunts to-day much after the fashion of ancient times, with his wits and his hands; a Marquesan boar or bull hunt, with no other weapons than knives or machetes, is as exciting and hazardous an undertaking as the most adventurous can desire. The pigs are scared up in the bush by dogs, headed off in their flight along the narrow runways in the guava scrub, and despatched by a knife thrust between the base of the neck and the shoulder blade. Killing a large boar in this manner is an extremely nice piece of work, as a difference of an inch to the right or left in plunging the knife means that the thrust will be almost harmless, and expose the hunter to the deadly sweep of one of the scimitar-like tusks of the powerful animal. The commonest scar one sees on the body of the Marquesan is a long, diagonal welt of white where the flesh of calf or thigh has been laid open to the bone by the tusk of a charging boar.

Wild cattle are found only in a couple of long since depopulated valleys in the interior of Nukahiva. They are great rangy racks of bone and flesh, and in stature and strength strikingly in contrast to the undersized cattle of parts of tropical Africa and South America. The natives hunt them only when a large amount of meat is desired for some great feast, which in these days may not be oftener than once or twice a year. The likeliest animal is selected and "cut out" of a herd that has been tracked down, and while its attention is attracted by a man in front, another slips in from the rear and endeavors to ham-string it with a sweep of his big machete. If the animal turns on him, he dodges behind a breadfruit or maupe trunk, and his companion takes advantage of the diversion to try for a cut on his own



Native house near Taio-hae Nukihivan.

account. When the bull has finally been disabled, he is despatched by a thrust at the base of the horns, which severs the spinal cord, and after being thoroughly bled, is cut up into portions of convenient size for carrying on poles swung between two men. This method of securing fresh beef is considered by the natives as too dangerous to warrant resorting to it on any but special occasions, and, even for feasts, rarely more than one bull is killed at a time.

The wild goats of Nukahiva have increased in number as rapidly as the natives have declined, and they are to-day the worst pest that the planters have to contend with. They were particularly active during my visit to the island, and one night brought their depredations to a climax by breaking down the thorn fence of the residency garden and making a clean sweep of all the vegetables. How great a luxury fruck garden stuff is upon a tropical island unserved by steamers and totally lacking in cold storage facilities, only one who has lived under such conditions can appreciate. The residente was, quite naturally, furious over his loss, and plans were set afoot that afternoon for a big drive to rid the immediate vicinity of as many as possible of the obnoxious animals.



A Marquesan cannibal.

On the morrow at daybreak, mustering, between officials, soldiers, trading store employees and officers from schooners in the harbor, ten or a dozen mounted men, and, between the "trusties" from the prison and natives drawn in by the opportunity of obtaining fresh meat, fifty or sixty beaters, we set out in a long line that reached from sea to sea across the landward end of a peninsula upon which the marauders were known to make their home.

All morning we scared up the frightened animals, and drove them on before us until, at noon, we had a herd that must have numbered over a thousand cornered upon an open plateau at the uttermost end of the point. On three sides of the heaving mass of white, the cliffs fell sheer to the sea for a hundred feet; on the fourth side, escape was cut off by the hunt, its armed riders drawn up in front and the beaters, now shoulder to shoulder, bringing up the rear in a solid double line.

Twice the terrified band, led by a squad of patriarchal old "billies," charged down upon us in a wild break for freedom, only to fall back each time before the rain of bullets and the deafening roar from the hard-pumped repeaters and "automatics." Even once more they massed, and, blindly, desperately, madly, made their last rush to break our lines. Falling by dozens, they still braved the rifle fire until the last gun was empty, broke through between the horsemen, and but for the close-packed lines of the beaters, would have gained their freedom in hundreds instead of a few scattered twos and threes. But the heavily swung war clubs and the ear-splitting yells of the natives checked the force of the rush, and then suddenly, as though simultaneously possessed of a common impulse, every one of the survivors turned, rushed to the edge of the cliff and went lunging off into space. For a few moments, rising above the dull roar of the surf against the base of the cliff, we heard the

thud and splash of the bodies striking rocks and water, and then, save for the bleating of the wounded at our feet, all was quiet. Not a goat had faltered; not an unhurt animal remained on the plateau.

For several long moments no one moved or spoke, but each, with his horse reined sharply in, glanced guiltily at his neighbor on his left and on his right, and then let his eyes fall shamedly to the ground. Even the natives were awed and silent. Finally the residente, shaking his heavy shoulders like one who would rid himself of the obsession of a bad dream, dismounted, gave his horse to a native, and picked his way out to the edge of a cliff, the rest of us following suit. And then it was we were given to see the full enormity of the thing we had done, for that which had already befallen was only the preliminary of a tragedy for the climateric act of which the curtain was just being rung up.

Lucky indeed—as luck went that day—were the goats that had died on the plateau or mercifully plunged to instant death on the rocks. For the hundreds that still floundered in the water a worse fate was reserved. The reek of blood that welled up from below, and the piteous bleats that assailed our ears, smote also on keener senses than our own, and at even our first glances were revealed to us the black dorsals of countless lurking tiger sharks, cutting the water from every direction, and converging in a deadly focus on the spot where the helpless little wisps of white were floating at their mercy. They came and came, and still kept coming, until it seemed that the whole Pacific was giving up the sharks of the years gone by to join in the bloody carnival. The sea along the foreshore for hundreds of yards was literally alive with great black forms that slashed and fought and piled upon one another in frantic fury, while the water, five minutes before as limpid as a woodland pool, was dyed a deep crimson and its foam lines in the eddies frothed up a ghastly pink. I have seen several field hospitals during battle since that sickening noontide of the cliff above Taio-hae, and the aftermath of a great earthquake, but never again have I known anything to approach the overpowering feeling of mingled horror, awe, disgust, and regret that I then experienced.

At a number of widely-separated points in the South Pacific—notably Easter Island, Tahiti and Kusaie, of the Carolines—are found great images of stone, or the ruins of huge temples, or other evidences of the existence of prehistoric races who, at least as builders, were far in advance of the Polynesian of to-day. French scientists have noted that in the Marquesas some of the abandoned house foundations, or pai-pais, contained far larger blocks of stone than any of those of later construction, but not until very recently was it known that there were works in the group not unworthy of comparison with the stone gods of Easter Island.

Just before my visit to Nukahiva, a trader of Hatiheu, by the name of McGrath, while following a wounded boar in the Typee Valley, chanced on an ancient Marquesan Olympus containing nine large stone images in a comparatively good state



Bone pit at Haliheu.

of preservation. Though this most interesting discovery lies within 300 yards of the main trail up the Typee Valley, no native in the island has been able, either by actual knowledge or through tradition, to shed light on its origin, purpose or probable age.

McGrath conducted some of our party to his Goddery, as he facetiously called it, when we were crossing the island to visit Hatiheu, and the several films which I exposed in a driving rainstorm resulted in what are undoubtedly the first photographs ever taken of these strange Marquesan images. The ancient shrine—for such it must have been—is situated on a terrace in the steeply sloping side hill, and though the underbrush thins out considerably in its immediate vicinity, the overarching boughs of maupe and hau trees form so dense a screen that the heavens are completely obscured. Though it was full noonday when we visited the place, the light—partly, no doubt, on account of the rain—was as dim as that of an old cathedral, and my films, which were exposed five minutes each, would have turned out much better with fifteen.

The images, which had been set at regular intervals around an open stone-paved court, were from six to eight feet in height and averaged about three feet in thickness. We estimated each to contain from forty to sixty cubic feet of hard basaltic stone, the weight of which must have been several tons. As raising so great a weight up the forty-five degree incline from the valley would have been almost impossible, and as no stone of similar nature appeared nearby, we were forced to the conclusion that the material for the images must have been quarried out at some point higher up the mountain and laboriously lowered to the terrace prepared for it.

The images were all covered with an inch or more of solid moss, and on one which I photographed it was necessary to scrape some of this away to bring out the features. The figures were much alike in design, and, in a general way, of a not unremote resemblance to the Japanese Buddha. Eleven of them were still in their original positions; one was blocked half way in its fall by the trunk of a hau tree, and one was prostrate and overgrown with moss and creepers. A search will undoubtedly reveal others entirely covered, as there are several unoccupied niches still remaining.

That this shrine is of considerable age is evidenced by the fact that a hau tree, two feet in diameter, has forced apart the heavy paving stones and is growing in the middle of the court. Trees, also of considerable size, are growing out of the ruins of a small nearby building, which might have once been the domicile of the attendant priests.

The Marquesas are the only island group in the South Pacific east of the New Hebrides, where cannibalism has not long since ceased. The practice, undoubtedly originating in the over-populated days of the islands when, in the seasons of famine, the bodies of those killed in the intertribal raids were eaten by the survivors to escape starvation. Its survival into a period when the islands produce food a thousandfold in excess of consumption, and in the face of the active opposition of the French, can be attributed only to a superstitious significance which attaches to it, such as the belief that the strength of a dead foe enters into the body of him who eats his flesh.

Cannibalism is practiced in the Marquesas to-day only when the conditions are such that the chances of detection are of the slightest, and never under any circumstances with the ceremony which attended the rites of three or four decades ago. The "long pig" may be quietly cut up and distributed among a hundred families in half a dozen different villages, or the mutilated body may be buried after only a small portion has been reserved for eating. Just previous to our arrival in Nukahiva a body from which only the hands were missing was washed ashore at Anaho during a heavy southwester. Investigation showed it to be that of one Teona, a resident of Hatiheu, a native who, three days previously, had, according to the story of his companions, fallen from their canoe and been drowned. The latter, after four days' confinement in a dark cell at Taio-hae—the extremest torture to which the Marquesan may be subjected—confessed that they had killed Teona during a cocoanut wine debauch, and, after cutting off his hands, had weighted the body with stones and dropped it out to sea.

The great cannibal feast grounds of Nukahiva and Hiva-oa are not only never used at the present time, but are so strictly tabu that no native can be found who will venture within their forbidden confines. Stevenson writes of visiting the Hatiheu "high place" in company with a priest and a native boy: on the occasion of our visit to the leeward side of Nukahiva we held out every conceivable inducement in an endeavor to secure native guides to the same feast ground, and quite in vain. The best we could do was to persuade several of them to accompany us to the line of the tabu, and there await our return, while we went over the ruins with Mr. McGrath, the trader whom I have mentioned in connection with the discovery of the shrine in the Typee Valley. The following description is from notes taken by Miss Sinclair on this occasion, and subsequently amplified under the direction of Mr. McGrath:

"On the seaward side of a spur of the mountain a level space, oval in general shape, had been partly excavated, partly built up, so that there was a smooth floor about 300 feet long by 200 feet wide. In a semi-circle, with the chief's house in the center, were the little "feast houses" of the court dignitaries and the special guests. Beneath the posts of each house excavation disclosed a number of human bones, which bore witness to the sacrifice which accompanied the setting of every pillar. In these little booths, the guests remained during the feasts, some of which, when food was plenty or some especially great event was to be celebrated, lasted over a week. Each guest brought some contribution to the feast, and when it was over he was privileged to gather up and carry home any fragments that he liked.

The dining room was the space in front of the houses, and there, spread on the huge leaves of the banana, the feast was laid. Meat was handled with big four-tined forks of wood, poi and other soft dishes in calabashes of carven wood; the drinking cups, in which were served a fiery wine made from the juice of tender shoots of the cocoanut, were the hollow shells of nuts. The food, in addition to human flesh or "long pig," included the meat of the wild cattle, goats and pigs, roasted, fried, boiled and salted raw, and served with "mita-hari" sauce, a mixture of lime juice and the pressed-out milk of grated cocoanut; bananas, cooked and uncooked; taro in a poi that looked like mud balls and tasted like sago and brown sugar; breadfruit, squid, seaweed, prawns and shrimps, and an endless variety of indigenous tropical fruits.

The general plan of the place was, roughly, as follows: Beginning at the right, and running in a seaward direction, there was first the private stairway for an official who might be designated as the Captain of the Guard, a curving four foot passage, the steps of which were cut into the earth and faced with stones. This stairway led up to the box where the Captain lived during the festivities, and was for his private use. Next came the main approach to the feast level, a stairway two paces in width, which terminated between two round towers in which soldiers with clubs were stationed to welcome bona fide guests and intercept intruders. A functionary who stood at the head of the stairs greeted each guest on his arrival with a loud shout of welcome and a blast from a pao or conch trumpet, announcing him immediately afterwards to the company with a flowery recital of his personal career.

Farther on was the stairway for the cooks, provision bearers and the human victims. This led to the "kitchen," where the fire-stones and chopping blocks were located. The fire-stones lined a circular depression in the earth, and after this had been thoroughly heated, the meat and fruit, all wrapped in ti leaves, were laid sociably together to cook. The blackened stones of this old cannibal oven are still in place, and a half-hour's work with a machete would put it in shape for service.

Back of the kitchen was the "larder," a round, deep hole where the "long pig" was kept until ready for the oven. Directly over the mouth of the hole, and about forty feet above it, was the horizontally projecting limb of the sacred banyan, the only tree, by the way, which was permitted to grow within the walls. Over this limb hung a stout rope made of the braided bark of the hau tree. When the call for more meat came from the kitchen, the noosed end of this rope was lowered over the head of the victim next in order, and he was

pushed over the brink of the hole, the fall usually breaking his neck. Dismemberment, according to prescribed rules, followed, choice bits, such as the hands and eyes and ears, being laid aside for the chiefs.

Beyond the oven, and not far from the chief's house, was what might be called the "bone-hole," a rock-lined, well-like sort of an affair about nine feet in diameter and twenty feet deep. Into it were thrown the bones of victims after the feast was over, and above these gruesome remnants the priests performed certain ceremonies to protect the living from the spirits of the outraged dead. Cutting around the rim of the hole with our machetes, we managed, after a half hour of tugging and hauling, to dislodge and remove a great mass of creepers, disclosing a huge pile of human bones. A couple of pieces of mahogany moulding, which must have been taken from some ship, may be seen in the upper left-hand corner of the photograph.

After the keen edges of their appetites had worn off, the feasters adjourned to the dance hall, a rectangular subterranean chamber of about thirty by fifty feet. The most of this chamber was a natural cave which pierced the mountain immediately under the center of the feast ground, but to seaward a considerable extension of masonry was built on to give more room. The latter had been destroyed in a freshet and hurricane which occurred two years previous to our visit, but the cave portion was still in good condition. This had been roughly squared with walls of fitted boulders, and off from it opened numerous little retiring rooms which connected by private stairways with the group of guest houses above. The floor of the chamber was covered with a cement made of coral lime and a putty-like clay, and still remains as smooth and hard as concrete.

The hall was lighted with torches of kukui nuts, the sooty stains of which on the walls of the seepages of years have not entirely effaced. Fantastic indeed must have been the barbaric assemblage as revealed in the flickering light: the hideously tattooed dancers in head-dresses fashioned in imitation of the forms of birds and animals and fishes; the musicians drumming on the hollow trunks of buroa and hau, shaking shell and bone rattles, tooting conchs and blowing shrill cane whistles; the packed ranks of the spectators, shouting and clapping encouragement and tossing off epu after epu of fiery cocoanut wine. Hour after hour the dancers reeled in the delirious abandon of the Marquesan hula; now gliding with a sinuous, snaky motion, their oil-glistening bodies bent almost to the floor; now leaping wildly into the air with shouts and shrill screams, lunging with their war clubs at imaginary foes; now seated on long, woven mats of pandanus fibre before the dais where royalty reclined, bending and swaying their supple forms in a series of graceful, rhythmic motions, accompanied only by a song, the clapping of hands, or the beating of the wooden drums. The boom of the drums, the shrill of the whistles, the shouts of the spectators, the shrieks of the dancers and the swishing of their bare feet upon the floor; how it all must have stirred and amazed even those roistering old pirate captains when it struck upon their ears for the first time!



Marquesan hunter setting out after wild boar.

THE TEMPTORS

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

"Go forth, O Imp of the Ninth Degree,
To the youth in the ilex shade,
And lure him from his piety
With a dream of the holy maid
Who plucks the bloom from a neighboring tree
To sweeten her chapel altar-stone—
Haste to the youth where he prays alone
With a luring dream of her—
And bring his damnèd soul to me,
Minion of Lucifer!"

Went forth the Imp of the Ninth Degree
To the youth in the ilex shade,
With a wayward dream of ecstacy
And the rare and radiant maid;
The youth, in the dust upon his knee,
Turned his eyes from the blooming tree,
And lifting up his hands, he prayed
That his soul be free of her,
Till the Imp had fled, as an Imp must flee
From the fragrant breath of sanctity—
Though the Imp be Lucifer!

"Go forth, O Imp of the Ninth Degree,
To the maid with the altar flower,
And tempt her spotless purity
With the pleasure of an hour;
Tell her the youth by the ilex tree,
Bowed to the dust alone,
Flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone,
Grows faint in the love of her—
Then bring her damnèd soul to me,
Minion of Lucifer!"

Went forth the Imp of the Ninth Degree
To the maid with the altar flower,
To tempt her spotless purity
With a dream of love and power;
The maiden fell upon her face,
Nor looked again to the youth of grace;
But clenched her hands, and prayed an hour
For the youth that dreamed of her,
Till the Imp had fled, as an Imp must flee—
Even an Imp of the Ninth Degree,
With the glory of Lucifer!

No more the Imp of the Ninth Degree
Went forth to the youth of grace,
And never again sore tempted he
The maid with the radiant face;
But the youth he came to the maid alone,
Gathering flowers for the altar-stone,
And flesh of her flesh, and bone of her bone,
Mingled like heath and heather;
She robbed his soul, and he robbed hers
In a dream that was sweeter than Lucifer's—
And they that each had overthrown
The Imp of the Ninth Degree, alone,
Went down to hell together!

THE KINGS RIVER CANYON

BY MARION RANDALL PARSONS

THE AWAKENING of public interest to the important question of National Parks during the last few years has turned the attention of many Californians towards the less known regions of our Sierra Nevada, a mountain chain destined, so many of us believe, to become one of the greatest playgrounds of the people the world has yet known. Many travelers, to whom the names of the Kern or the Kings River Canyon brought no clearer vision than the name of a river valley in India or Africa, on turning their steps towards these unknown regions in quest of adventure, have been more than a little surprised to find what a resort these canyons have already become. More visitors now travel the trails to the Kings and Kern annually than the Yosemite itself could boast less than twenty years ago. From the confusion of the cities, from the arid plains of Nevada and Inyo, or from the scorching, enervating heat of the agricultural lands of the San Joaquin, parties in ever-increasing numbers are finding their way up into the cool, bracing atmosphere of the High Sierra, where tired bodies may



In Paradise Valley.



Sequoias of Redwood Mountain.

recruit strength and vigor, and minds jaded with the manifold demands of modern civilization gain somewhat that inner sense of harmony and repose that life among the great mountains inspires.

The traveler entering the Kings River Canyon from the west has the choice of three trails. Leaving the railroad at Sanger and staging to Hume, he may visit the sequoia forest of the General Grant National Park, and then, according to whether the season be early or late, choose either the northern trail by Huckleberry Valley and Long Meadow which rarely rises higher than 6,000 feet, or, if the snow is well off the ground, take the central route by Bearskin Meadow, Burton Pass, and Horse Corral Meadow. Or he may follow in our footsteps of last summer, staging from Lemon Cove to Juanita Ranch, and thence upward among the magnificent sequoias of Redwood Mountain to Quail Flat, where roads are left behind and the life of the trail begins.

This southernmost trail, leading through Woodcock and Big Meadows to Boulder Creek and Horse Corral, is the easiest and most direct of them all. While its open contours lack something of the picturesque beauty of the more rugged Northern routes, and one misses the scattered groups of sequoias that add so much interest to the better known trails, the California Forest itself, as the sequoias of Redwood Mountain have been named, is so much greater than the General Grant, not only in area, but in the beauty of its individual trees and the more virgin freshness of their surroundings, that the southern trail seems likely to grow in favor.

At Horse Corral the central and southern trails join. Climbing up through the forest of silver firs to Summit Meadows, a charming garden spot watered by cool

springs and framed with firs, one reaches the base of Lookout Point, whose rocky summit commands a wonderful outlook over the Canyon of the Kings to the white peaks of the summit crest. Now the trail takes a sharp downward turn, winding among giant yellow and sugar pines and past great heaps of massive boulders between whose rugged forms are caught glimpses of the distant snowy ranges—down, straight down for three thousand feet to the floor of the Kings River Canyon.

Near Cedar Grove, where the trail first touches the canyon floor and where the first bridge spans the river, the cliffs slant back and are covered with trees; but as one travels up the river the gray walls rise ever higher, more precipitous and more boldly sculptured. The canyon is seen to better advantage if one follows the trail on the south bank as far as Granite Creek, though for horsemen the north bank trail is preferable, for it is in better condition, and at the Roaring River delta, on the south side, there is a dense jungle of cottonwoods, aspens and ferns through which it is sometimes rather difficult to make one's way. Just beyond Roaring River lies a grassy meadow, fringed with great pines, where, if one is wise, one lingers for an hour or two to fish the shadowed pools along the margin of the Kings or the foaming rapids below Roaring River Falls.

Then for a mile or two one may leave the trail and fish upstream along the banks, where, if one is lucky in finding stepping stones or fallen logs, one may cross to some little, unfrequented island along whose shores the unsuspecting trout rise quickly.

Near Granite Creek is the second bridge, a rustic structure with a huge boulder for a pier that was built by the members of the Sierra Club Outing in 1906, a year of floods that swept all the former bridges downstream. It is easier to cross the river here, as beyond Zumwalt Meadows the south bank trail is very rough.

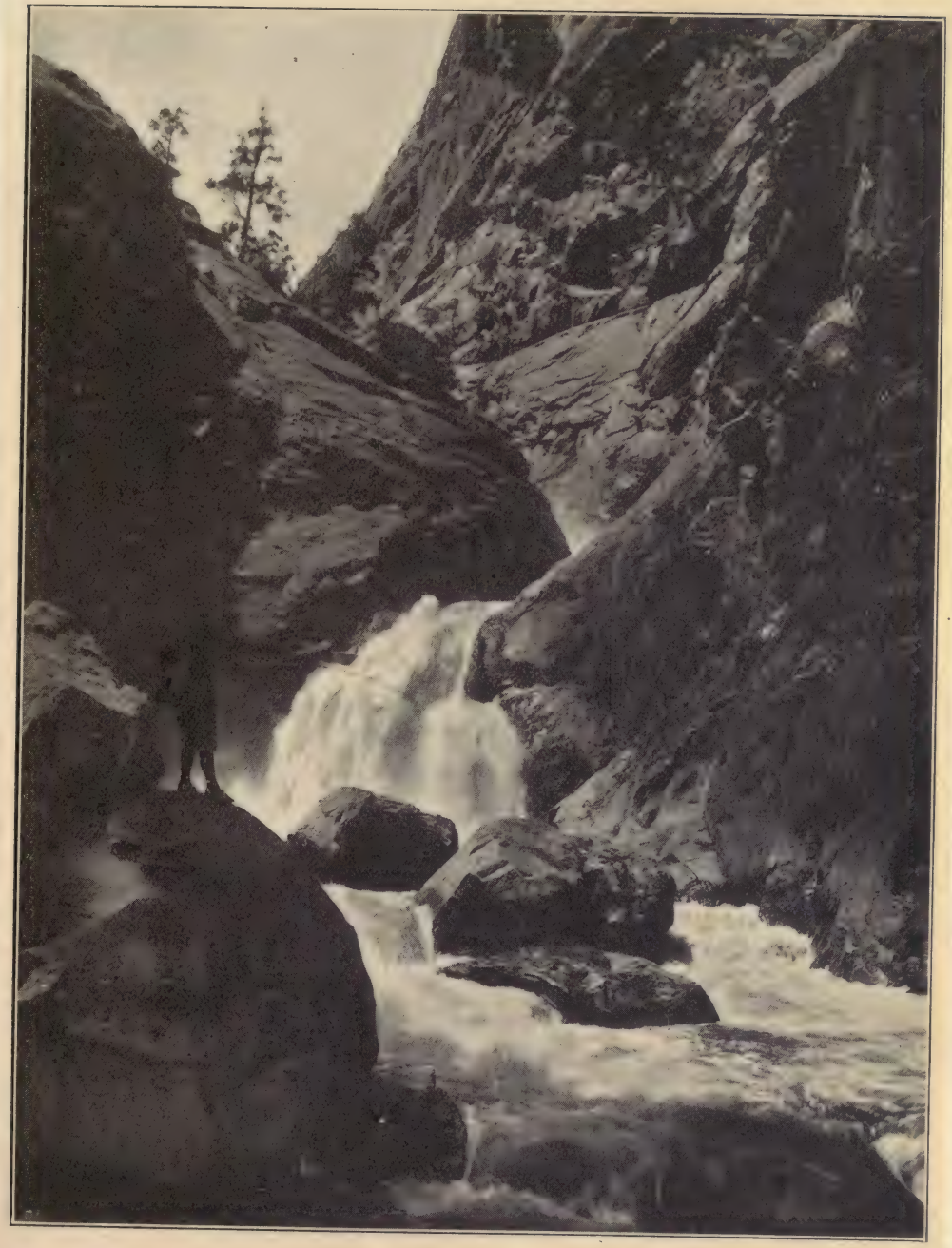
A mile or so above Granite Creek the river takes a slight turn to the east, and here the most impressive part of the canyon begins. On the one hand rises North Dome, a sheer white wall 3,000 feet above the river; on the other, the Grand Sentinel lifts its sculptured cliffs even higher, though we are so close beneath it that only on climbing out of the canyon, up the Copper Creek trail, can its true summit be seen.

The floor of the canyon is heavily wooded. Incense cedars (libocedrus), sugar and yellow pines, and silver firs here reach their greatest perfection in size and beauty—while along the river's margin willows and tall cottonwoods cast a diffused green light over the sun-dappled waters. And the river itself—who can picture a hundredth part of its ever-changing, never-ending charm? Who can name the colors that flash over its surface as, in its quieter stretches, it flows smoothly over its bed of white granite sand—flecks of brown and of gold, circling eddies of emerald green, fragments of blue where the sky is mirrored, flashes of red caught from the sunset or palest yellow from the dawn.

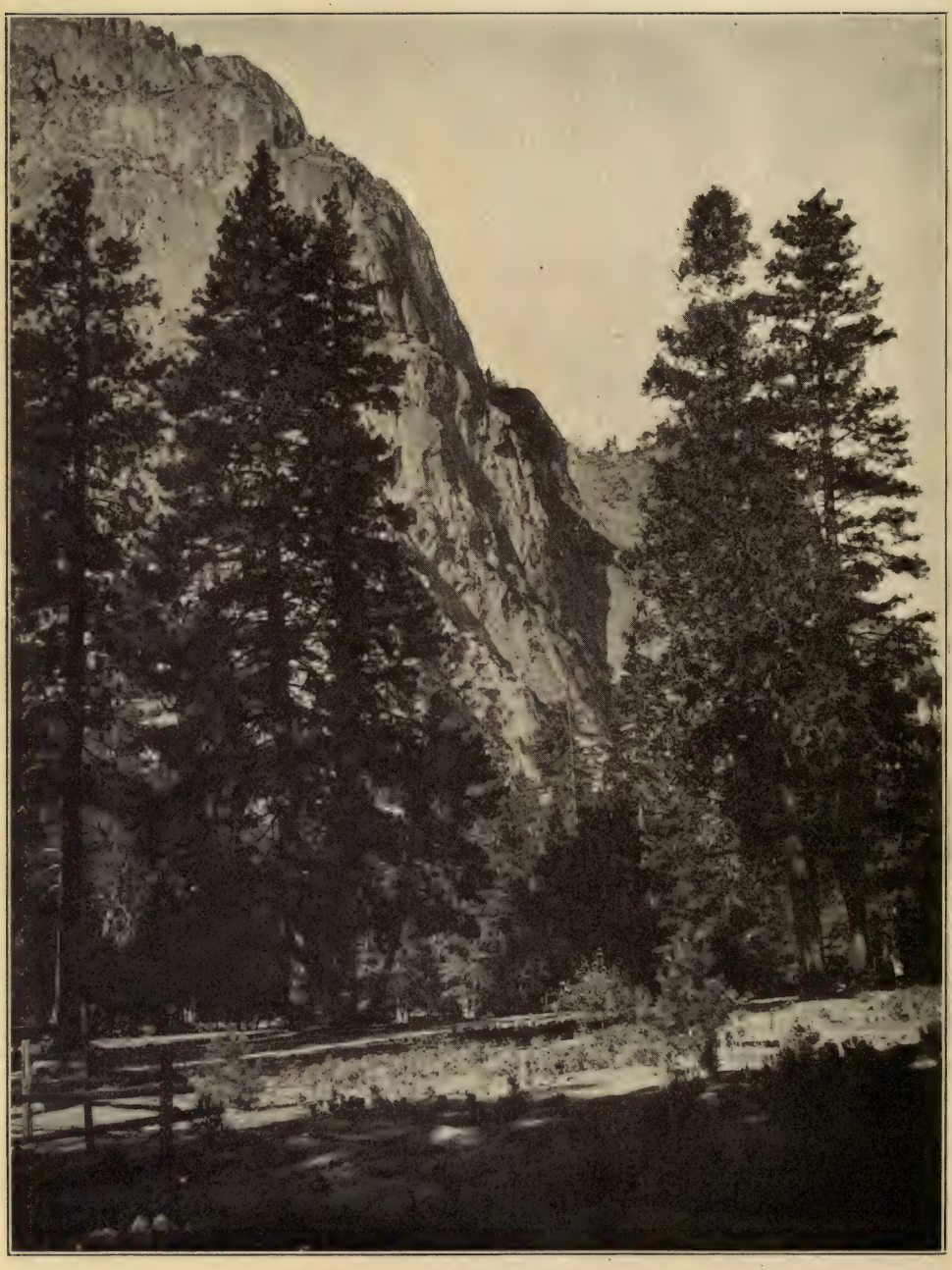
The wildflowers are gradually losing their hold in the Kings, for the meadows, whose birthright they are, each summer are trampled and browsed by the large number of pack animals for whom pasturage must be found; and as in the Yosemite region to-day, the traveler who wishes to see the wildflowers in their full splendor, columbine, larkspur, cyclamen, tiger lily, elephant's head, rein-orchis, must seek the higher, less frequented alpine meadows.

One picturesque feature of the Kings Canyon is the Kanawyer Camp and Post Office, a group of cabins built of split cedar shakes, where a kindly greeting from Mrs. Kanawyer awaits every visitor. Within the dark store and post office, lighted only by the open door, one may sit upon a barrel, and amid cheery gossip of mountain events, make a leisurely selection among the delicacies on the shelves, canned goods of every description.

At Kanawyer's, too, a hot bath may be obtained in a real bath tub, the like of which is not to be found within a radius of fifty miles; and tenderfeet travelers, worn with two days in the saddle and begrimed with the dust of the trail, on seeing this and the mattress or cot which may be likewise obtained, have been known to rashly assert that never, voluntarily, would they leave the hospitable spot alive.



Roaring River Falls.



The Grand Sentinel.



Sierra Club bridge over the Kings River.

Though the great Canyon itself offers attractions enough for a summer jaunt, it is besides the starting point for trips too numerous by far to be described here. There are main-traveled trails up Bubbs Creek to Kearsarge Pass and the desert country beyond, over Granite Pass to the Middle Fork of the Kings (the main canyon is on the South Fork), and to Paradise Valley, places which in their turn are starting points for further expeditions.

Paradise Valley, lying on the upper waters of the South Fork, is a charming valley, of similar formation to the Kings itself, which until recently was comparatively little known and visited. A circuitous and very steep trail led up Copper Creek to the base of Goat Mountain, a climb of nearly 5,000 feet, and then climbed down, nearly as far again, to Paradise. During the summer of 1909, however, a connecting trail was built between Mist Falls and the point where the Copper Creek trail entered Paradise, thus giving a short, direct route following the river level, which will do much towards opening to travel the entire alpine region beyond. The work of trail building, which involved much blasting and was accompanied by many difficulties, was done under Mr. Kanawyer's direction, the expense being divided equally between Fresno County, a transportation company, the Forest Department and the Sierra Club.

The trail as far as Mist Falls is easy enough, a delightful stroll, especially when taken in the early morning, for the sunlight drops slowly over the canyon walls and the white river, foaming along between the ranks of red-barked cedars, keeps the canyon cool and refreshing far into the morning hours. But once past the Falls, one begins to realize what the task of trail building must have been, for from cliff to river stretches a wild confusion of granite boulders diversified only by patches of thick, almost impenetrable brush, not tall enough to offer much shelter from the heat and glare of the sun on the white granite.

The Paradise trip is not arduous, and should be included by every visitor to the Canyon, and though far more difficult, the climb of the Grand Sentinel is another feature of the Kings trip that should not be missed. There is as yet no trail up the wall, but the climb, while steep, may be made from either the eastern or western side. And if one is sturdy enough to carry food and bedding to the summit and spend the night there, so much the better, for at sunset and at dawn the full glory of the scene is unfolded with a soft distinctness of tone, a sublimity and grandeur that the more brilliant light of full day fails to give.

No one has really seen or understood the full majesty of one of these great glacier-carved valleys of the Sierra who has not thus looked down upon it from some point whence its relation to the surrounding country may be perceived. And each great canyon has its vantage points more or less easy of access from which its glory may be viewed—Yosemite from Glacier Point or Liberty Cap; the Tuolumne Canyon from Rancheria Mountain; Hetch-Hetchy from Surprise Point or Kolano Dome; the Kern from the Red Kaweah or Kern Dome; the Kings from Lookout Point or the Grand Sentinel.

The canyons of the Merced and Tuolumne are now the property of the nation to be protected and preserved for the use and enjoyment of the American people. It may not be too much to hope that the superb region of the Kings some day may be similarly safeguarded for a nation's recreation spot.

HIS MARK

BY JAMES M. SPENCER

I WAS SURE SOME surprised when I see ol' Tom hove into sight, it bein' some ten years since we'd split our outfit over on the Powderhorn. I was in at Big Mike's shop, watching Mike try to slap a set of shoes onto a half-broke range-critter. Tom don't reco'nize me when he comes in, but goes over an' begins interviewin' Mike, between kicks of the renegade about some drill-steel Mike was to cut up fer him.

When he goes outen the shop, I follers an' slows him up with a slap on the shoulder.

"How's she cuttin', old pal?" I says.

It takes him a minute or so to get his bearin's, then he takes me by both mitts.

"If it hain't Bill Watkins!" he says, all meltin' into a grin. "Was just thinkin' of yu the other mornin', Bill. Yer just the card I'm needin' at the present writin'."

It runs through my block then that he's layin' to draw me in on some grub-stake deal or suthin', so I cools off some by remarkin' in an off-hand way that I was thinkin' some of him the other day, too.

"That bein' the case, we're both lucky dogs, Bill," he says, "meetin' up this way." An' with that, he goes down in his jeans an' produces a chunk of quartz what was so plumb full with free gold that it ketches me some shy on words. The truck was so blame rich that a hammer mark on one corner had flattened it out like a gob o' lead.

"How's that strike you fer sore eyes?" he says, turnin' the goods over to me.

When I'd got my breath back some, I inquired if he was in on the lay alone.

"Grub-stake deal," he says, "up on the head of Pinel. Remember Slim Hendricks, what used to deal faro fer Red Murphy over Powderhorn way? We're in on the lay half an' half, Slim cashin' up fer the feed, makin' out the location papers an' sech, me doin' the back-work. An' stiff enough goin' she's been, too, Bill," he says, an' then I see that ol' Tom was some broke down since we'd parted over on the Powderhorn. "Nine years," he goes on, "drivin' single-handed through bird's-eye granite. But we sure got the pure quill now."

"An' me?" I says, swingin' the discussion back to where he had first opened up on me.

"Oh, yes—an' you," he says. "As I was tellin' you, I was just thinkin' of yu the other mornin'. My lay is this: By the look of yer clothes, I take it you're open fer a steady engagement. An' me havin' the big showin' up Piney way—do you wanta take charge of the work? "Now you know, Bill," he goes on, "I'm not the kinda bird that swells up easy. But I take it that a feller with the showin' I've got now is beyond the pick an' shovel stage."

I sorter 'lowed he was, too, after I'd took another good squint at the dope he'd handed me. An' so we wasn't long gettin' together, him agreein' on six dollars a shift, me to take charge of all development work on the claim, an' send down fer what men I needed, after lookin' the lay over.

"But we won't start fer a couple of days yet, Bill," he says. "Me an' the ol' woman 'll wanta talk things over some, an' get rigged out a little 'fore we go up to the claim. As yu can see, these diggin' clothes of mine is purty much to the bad, an' o' course the ol' woman 'll have to tog up some with ridin'-skirts an' one stuff or another."

This bit of information sorter sets me back fer a minute, as I wasn't figgerin' on a woman in the deal. Anyway, I knowed the trip up Piney wa'n't exactly what you would call a lady's trip—especially fer one gettin' on toward the sixty mark. I tells Tom as much, too, but it seems he's got his sights set on takin' her along.

"Reckon it does sound sorter sentimen-

tal at first hearin'," he says, "but I figger the ol' woman 'll get a good bunch of satisfaction out of seein' the truck while it is in place yet. I ain't fergettin' the tough years she's been tied down to the washtub, Bill; an' the hard pull she had making things meet fer medicine an' all, that summer Bennie was—was took off."

Tom's speakin' tubes kinda clogged up like when he switched off onto Bennie, an' somehow I feels a little sneakin' then fer tryin' to head the ol' woman offen the trip.

"Think she won't stand the trip, then?" he asks, after clearin' his throat.

"Sure she will," I says. "I was just jollyin' you a little."

When we takes the trail a few days later it was some hard fer me to look at Tom without grinnin' out loud, him togged out the way he was. Guess the specimen he'd fetched down from Piney got him all the stand-off he wanted at the store, judgin' from the showin' of prosperity rags he had on—him an' the ol' woman. Dunno as a feller could blame 'em, though, even if they did look sorter half-baked in some of the combinations they hit onto in gettin' rigged out. A feller don't shoot into the pure truck that way every day of his life. An' as Tom told me up the trail aways, when he saw my grin was still a-hangin' fire, "Guess a feller 's got a right to tog up in a little different kind o' duds if he wants to, hain't he? Especially when he's got 'em as good as paid fer just by puttin' in a few shots."

Well, we makes camp that afternoon, Tom's wife was purty muchly scuffed up with the trip, just as I knowed she'd be. But Tom had it set in his head that we'd all go up to the tunnel an' have a look at the lay before we et supper.

"It'll sorter surprise Slim, too," he says, "him not expectin' me to fetch the ol' woman back with me. Feel good fer the climb, ol' woman?"

She was game to the core, an' tries to pass the grin to Tom as she tells him the climb was just what she was a-needin' to limber her up. It was easy to see she was purty well shot to pieces, though, as she heads up the trail after Tom, me bringin' up the rear. Hers an' Tom's trimmin's was purty well mussed up by the trip, too. Ol' Tom's Derby, bein' a size or two too heavy fer him, had settled down on his ears an' had a big dent in it; an' his collar an' the rest of his fixtures was sorter gee-hawed around to match. Somehow, though, I didn't feel as grinny over the sight of the two as I did in the mornin'. Somethin' kinda gulpy-like settled in my throat as I got to thinkin' of what the two of 'em had gone through waitin' fer this—waitin' fer things to get in shape so 's they could take an easy pass or two at life before their tickets run out.

When we got up to the mouth of the tunnel, it strikes me that my place is sorter in the background, so I lets them take the lead. Several times Tom stops an' makes a pass or two with his candle to show her notches he'd cut in the roof, telling her what they stood for. One was to mark the place where he'd laid off fer a spell one summer when he got a slab on his mitt an' couldn't drill till the swellin' went down. Another one was to mark where he'd stopped one fall when his grub run out, an' swore he'd never put in another round of holes without a pardner. Then they came to some kind of notch along the side wall, an' Tom slows up an' makes a pass or two with his light. Then the two of them talks together sorter low, an' now an' then I ketches a word or two about Bennie. When they started on again, I see the ol' woman was a-leanin' on Tom, an' snifflin' soft-like to herself.

We turned a bend in the tunnel then, an' Slim's light pops into sight. 'Fore we'd gone fur, another light bobs up, an' the two of 'em heads our way. Tom an' his wife bein' some ahead, they meets up with the two lights first, an' when I gets there the' was some heavy talkin' goin' on. It seemed Slim wa'n't behind neither of them lights, an' Tom was wantin' to know what in thunder was up. They was both big burlies what wore number four caps an' forty-eight jumpers, an' neither of 'em had much to say, only that Slim had put 'em in charge an' they didn't cal'late to let no strangers go snoopin' back where the ore was. Tom was kinda dazed at first, an' had it in his head to go on back to the breast. But seein' one of the burlies step back an' fix to make a pass at him with a drill, I pulled the ol' feller back an' told him we'd better look up Slim first an' patch things up afterwards.

On the way out, I gets a hunch as to what kind of game Slim is playin', so when we gets out on the dump, I steps over to the location notice.

"Well, Tom," I says, as the two crowded up behind me, "guess he's got the crimp on yu."

"Got the which on me?" he says. "Ain't my mark signed right there on the notice claimin' the ground?"

"Yes, yer mark is here, all right," I confesses, "but you've signed as a witness that Slim filed on the ground."

It was some time before the poor cuss could take it all in. He didn't carry on none like I'd figgered on. Didn't use no langwidge nor nothin' to speak of. He stood there lookin' at the cross he'd made on the location notice fer a good two minutes.

"Well, ol' woman," he says, "that's what comes of not havin' no education."

"No, you ain't got no education," I says; "but here's a couple of boxes of powder they ain't used. Get a good long fuse an' a cap. We'll do fer them two rats back at the breast."

I'd sorter fergot about the ol' woman bein' along. She falls on Tom's neck an' goes all to pieces. "Tom! Tom! Yer not goin' to kill nobody over nothin, that way," she says. I was sorry then that I'd made the break. Anyway, Tom wa'n't in favor of no sudden settlement. "No, Bill," he says. "It's not between me an' them. Slim's the cur I'm after. I'll get 'im, too. He'll be back up in a few days."

When we turned down toward camp, I could see they was both purty bad shook up, so when he draws her offen the trail to a log, I slips on by, leavin' them set there together.

When I'd got down to camp an' started a fire, I looked back up, an' they was still a-settin' there. Ol' Tom's Derby was off, an' the sun, just droppin' below the pines, sprayed its light over his gray beard an' the white fur of his head. The black pines stretched up behind them to the rim of the sky with its fluffy clouds, an' it was a purty picture, only there was suthin' about them two settin' there that sorter sent my throat dry. Reckon it was the idea of 'em bein' in the sunset of life, as the poetry-books puts it.

Well, the next day we gets settled in camp, then another day slips by, but no Slim. I didn't have much faith that he'd ever show up on Piney, me knowin' what a wise bird he was, so the third day I gets tired a-waitin', an' takes me a hike after a mess of trout.

When I gets back, I finds that Slim has sure enough come. As I come up outen the creek, I see the' was some kind of confusion goin' on in front of Tom's tent. All I could make out on first sight was a whirl-a-gig of arms an' legs an' Derbies an' strong langwidge. When I got there, things had calmed down a little, an' Tom was settin' a-straddle of Slim with a tollable good hold on his Adam's apple. An' the ol' woman, she was carrying on something scandalous.

"Pull 'em apart!" she says. "Pull 'em apart! He's a-killin' him! He's a-killin' him!"

"Which wouldn't be a half bad job," I says. "Clamp down on his gullet, Tom, ol' boy."

Slim was already turnin' some sickish around the gills, an' I guess Tom would have cooked 'im with a little more attention if the ol' woman hadn't took a hand just then. She wades right in, grabs a good half-hitch on Tom's shock of hair, an' throws back her weight.

"Leggo!" she says. "Can't yu see yer a-killin' him?"

With the fulcrum she had on Tom's scalp, suthin' had to come. Tom come, snarlin' an' snappin' at the teeth.

After a bit Slim begins openin' an' shuttin' his chops like a fish outen water, an' purty soon he'd come to enough to see where he was at. He crawls back from Tom a ways.

"I'm ready to make terms, now," he says, "providin' you'll do the square thing by me."

Tom makes a dive fer him when he says that, but the ol' woman still has the deadwood on 'im an' yanks 'im back. I see Tom wa'n't in very good shape for arbitration, so I steps over to Slim an' asks him what his lay was.

"Gimme what the boys have got out now, an' I'll sign a quit-claim deed to the diggin's," he says.

Tom snarls at the proposition an' makes another lunge at him. But when things had quieted down a bit an' Slim had gone

on to the tunnel, me an' the ol' woman decides he'd better take Slim up, him havin' things purty well cornered as it was. So that night they comes to terms.

The next mornin' Slim an' the two burlies took down the trail, drivin' a string of pack-burros Slim had brought up with him. I counted the sacks of ore as they went by. There was twenty of 'em, an' I figgered that if the stuff was anything like the stuff Tom had showed me, Slim was makin' his get-away with as good as fifteen or twenty thousand.

When the caravan had got out of sight down the creek, the three of us goes up and heads into the tunnel again, them in the lead as before, me sorter loafin' along in the background. They don't stop much along the way this time, an' when I overhauls 'em back at the breast, Tom was movin' his candle up an' down the face of the tunnel. I see then that the face of the tunnel was a straight bird's-eye granite with nary a sliver of quartz in sight. The two burlies had cleaned the lay slicker 'n a last year's bird's nest.

"Just what I was afraid of," Tom was a-sayin. "Nothin' but a pocket proposition, an' they've gouged 'er out on me."

I never see a feller take such a heavy drop an' stay as cool as ol' Tom did. After tryin' to quiet down the ol' woman a little, he makes another pass or two with his light, then pecks away at the breast of the tunnel sorter optimistic like with his candle-stick.

"A feller can't always tell," he says; "we may have a blame good showin' fer ore yet."

"Showin' nothin'!" I says. "Come on down to the tent and we'll get the thirty-thirty. If we take a hike across country maybe we can head 'em off before they get to the Pass. Come on."

At that, Tom looks at me sorter hurt like. "Bill," he says, "you've knowed me long enough to know that a bargain's a bargain with me. The ore's theirn, hain't it?"

He did go down and get the thirty-thirty, though, an' sot down on a powder box at the mouth of the tunnel, holdin' the shootin'-iron in the holler of his arm.

"Now, Bill," he says, "you go on with the development work, an' I'll see that they don't come an' interfere with you."

When he got off that spiel real solemn like, the situation sure opened up some comical to me. I had a fotygraft of Slim comin' back, after the haul he'd made. I knowed there wa'n't no use in Tom's killing time on sentry duty that way, but I holds in my remarks, seein' he was some dazed yet from the drop he'd took. I 'lowed he'd come out of it all right after the reaction wore off, so I goes back to drill a round of holes.

I pecked away at the breast all mornin', but Tom never showed up. An' when I comes out at noon he was still settin' there with the thirty across his knees. I thought it looked mighty queer by this time. An' so did the ol' woman. All the time he was eatin' the noon feed—Bill still hangin' onto the shootin'-iron—she kept watchin' him sorter scared like outen the corner of her eye.

When I goes back to work after dinner, I tries to coax him along. He wouldn't come. I lied to him some—told him that from the looks of the drill-mud there was a big change ahead.

"You go on in, Bill," he says, "an' use yer own judgment. That's what I fetched yu up for. As fer me, I cal-late to stay here and keep that cur from interruptin' yu. As I told yu before we come up, I don't figger on doin' no more pick-and-shovel work."

So I goes back in to my drillin', purty well settled in my mind by now that he has a grain of sand or suthin' in his ear. I was sure of it when I come out at night, fer he was still a-settin' there with the thirty in the holler of his arm and lookin' off down the trail.

He keeps up that kinda doin's for a couple of days, an' I begins wonderin' what kinda scheme I can rake up to get him down the trail where he can get medical attention. The ol' woman is doin' some heavy worryin' too; an' one night she follers me down to the creek an' asks me kinda shaky like if I think he'd kill anybody if they come up the trail when he had the thirty. I see she was all goin' to pieces, so I lies to her an' claims the' wa'n't no shells in the gun.

The next day along in the afternoon when I was hammerin' away back at the breast, I hears some poppin' goin' on outside the tunnel. I drops my hammer an'

hikes. When I got out, Bill was down on one knee drawin' a bead down in the basin. The ol' woman had gone off in a faint, an' lay at his feet.

It was Slim. He had come back, an' the crazy loon was still headin' up the hill under Tom's fire, skirtin' along through the timber like. Finally the blame hairbrain comes right out onto an open patch of slide-rock. Tom draws a bead, an' I saw two puffs of dust jump up offen the slide rock in succession an' heard the bullets hummin' off through the air. I see, then, that Tom was a-shootin' three or four rods wide.

"Gimme that shootin'-iron," I says, "an' I'll pick that cur outen his saddle so quick it'll make his head swim."

"Leggo," says Tom, drawin' the gun back. "I ain't figgerin' on puncturin' 'im. I wanta give 'im a show to pull out." He goes to makin' the lead sing offen the slide rock again.

I was sorter disgusted by now, as I see Slim had turned tail, an' was in a fair way of makin' his get-away. It was a slim chance I was takin', but just as Tom gets a bead I stumbled against the rifle-barrel. I was some surprised to hear the shot followed by a lusty whoop. He let out a couple more, too, 'fore he got under cover of the timber. We'd just winged 'im, though. A little later he come outen the timber an' took down the trail, an' he was not ridin' like what yu'd call fatal wounded. He was throwin' the leather into his bronc twice every jump, an' looking back over his shoulders between jumps.

Slim's whoops had sorter brought the ol' woman back to herself. But when Tom lifted her up she claps her hands over her face an' begins shriekin'.

"You killed him!" she yells. "You killed him!"

"If you'd seed him makin' the bend down the creek you wouldn't think so," says Tom. "Never mind now, ol' woman. He won't bother us no more."

She sorter got the grip on herself then, an' the color begun comin' back to her cheeks.

"Don't worry no more now," says Tom, strokin' her ol' gray head. "We'll pack up an' get outen this to-morrow."

He catches me by the sleeve, then, an' leads me on down to the foot of the dump. He pries back a couple of timbers, an' the sunlight showed me a glow of yellow where one of the sacks had busted open.

"Nineteen of 'em," I says, after counting 'em twice. "Which means you put in some purty stiff licks that night after comin' to terms with Slim."

"Stiff enough," he says. "Carried 'em all clear from the breast of the tunnel."

"But the bunch Slim packed out?" I asks. "Didn't I count twenty sacks that mornin'?"

"Counted twenty sacks, I guess," says Tom, "but nineteen of 'em was filled with this bird's-eye stuff from the dump."

FATE

BY MYRTLE CONGER

Man's own fate lies in his will;
His own life, his own deeds fill,
For what he does is done to himself,
Whether for power, for pride or pelf.
And what he gives . . . that, he receives:
And he is all that he believes;
The thing he loves most, he is still,
For man's own fate lies in his will.

THE HEART OF A WOMAN

BY EDITH NICHOLL ELLISON

"NOT IF HE were ten thousand times a Don!" shouted the mining man, slapping his thigh with terrific energy.

The outfit was moving slowly across the wide Mexican plain—a typical miners' wagon train of ante-railroad date—and Johnson was in the lead, his pretty daughter on her pony at his side. Close in the rear of the two jogged Len Tucker, mining man also, but just now more than all things else chief suitor for the hand of the fair Georgia. Judging by the coquettish glances she threw him from time to time, Len had some reason for a certain air of hopefulness which irradiated his honest, wholesome countenance.

In the middle distance rode a Mexican gentleman of the period, magnificent to behold and attended by three *mozos*. For several days this cavalcade had hovered on the skirts of the American caravan, the Senor Don offering trifling courtesies whenever possible. Johnson strongly disapproved of these ebullitions, which he curtly dismissed under the head of "butting in;" for those were the days of much bitter feeling between Gringo and Mexican, and to the Gringo all Mexicans "looked alike." That Johnson's fair-faced girl was the magnet attracting the handsome, brown Senor was rather an aggravation than a palliation of the offense.

Just before dawn on the ensuing morning, however, the father was temporarily beguiled into a different opinion. One of the men on sentinel duty hastily aroused him with the information that a band of Indians, hostile in intent were preparing to attack the camp at break of day. Having been on the watch for this war party for some time, Johnson was not taken by surprise; what did surprise him was the additional information that the Senor Don had in person braved the danger of being shot by the American sentinels, and had ridden into the camp with the warning, and was even now engaged in assisting the Americans to fortify their camp in the customary manner. Not pausing to waste time with questions, Johnson spoke a word to his daughter, already awake and alert with the watchfulness bred of the plains, and hurried to the defense. The wagons were soon in place, the animals and the few women within the square thus made—in fact, all was done with the methodical speed of men who daily carried their lives in their hands. The Senor Don was among the most active. More than once Johnson thought of asking him why his *mozos* were not with him, as every man would count in the expected conflict, but failed to find his opportunity. Trusting to his daughter's obedient habits in such strenuous hours, it never occurred to him to leave his duties and ascertain if she was with the other women, engaged in loading shotguns and rifles; he had appointed her to this by no means novel duty, and thought no more about her.

At length dawn began to faintly illumine the Eastern sky, and presently, defined against the opal horizon, two figures —the advance guard, it was assumed— came into view on the crest of the *mesa*. Indians, undoubtedly. Time went by; nothing more happened, and the figures disappeared. The men, rebelling under the suspense, threatened to become unmanageable; it was all that Johnson and the other leaders could do to hold them down, and prevent them from making a sortie. The women, bringing hot coffee and food to their defenders, made a diversion, and then for the first time the father's thoughts turned definitely to his daughter.

"Where's my lazy girl?" he cried, jovially.

The women looked at him in surprise.

"Why, Georgia?" said one. "She got to worryin' over her cayuse, and nothin' we

could do would hold her down. Ain't she here?"

No, she was not there. A frantic search of the camp was made, all anxiety concerning Indians dismissed in this new terror, but all in vain. A more careful investigation revealed a narrow opening left between two wagons, just large enough to permit the passage of a pony; on the sandy ground was imprinted the trail made by four small, unshod hoofs.

As Johnson lifted his head, Len, who had been rushing furiously hither and thither like one demented, burst upon the scene, and with an outburst of anger scarcely human, shouted:

"He has gone! The greaser has gone!"

All was now clear—only too clear. Victims of a horrible fraud, the camp of the Gringos was for awhile the scene of wild and ungovernable disorder. The bereft father was the first to recover some modicum of reason and self-control, and in a few words laid the desperate situation before his companions.

The Don was splendidly mounted; not only so, but his *mozos* were equally well-provided, and without doubt relays of horses were set all along the trail to his hacienda, wherever that might be; Georgia's little cayuse would soon be abandoned. The camp must not be left insufficiently protected. This was the situation.

"But," concluded the father, "but I go! Farewell, all!"

He turned and walked in the direction of his horse, the best in the outfit, Len, without a word, following close on his heels. In another moment the men were mounted, and soon nothing was left of their presence but the rapidly lessening sound of fast-beating hoofs.

It was two days before they came back, leading the little cayuse—men and horses exhausted almost unto death. Speech, at first impossible by reason of the men's sad physical plight, was soon found to be unnecessary. Georgia, beloved of the camp, and of one young man in particular, was gone, never again in all likelihood to be seen by those who loved her so well.

II.

Three months had gone by, and Georgia was still a prisoner. Decoyed from the camp by the carefully planned escape of the pony she valued so greatly, the rest had been easy. Relays of horses, whose like on her native Texan plains she had never known, had borne her, stage after stage, to the remote *hacienda* of the Senor Don.

She was not seriously the worse for her experience; she was young and healthy, and the young cannot forever weep for the loss of father and lover; and above all, she was angry, indignant, and she still had hope.

Now she was alone with the sheepherder—alone in the midst of the unbounded prairie, mounted on an imported horse that in Mexico must have cost a small fortune. Fast he was, strong and sound, that she knew. She lifted her eyes to the wide horizon, a sudden light in their blue depths; then, as suddenly dropped them once more to the stooping, swishing range grass, drooping, too, in her saddle. Bah! What could she, a girl, do, all alone on the bald prairie!

Presently she looked up again—to behold the *peon* close at her bridle rein, watching her with small, cunning eyes. The imported horse had reasons of his own for disliking *peons,* and backed, snorting uneasily. His rider soothed him, and once more fell to considering the sheepherder, sullen and revengeful after a sharp rebuke from the owner of the flocks and herds.

"The *senorita* is unhappy—*triste?*" he ventured at last. "She hates the Senor Don?"

The girl, hardy and independent as she was, shrank from the expression in the eyes of the *peon.* But she resisted her own weakness, and bending from her saddle, said:

"Your flocks are to graze to-morrow near the camp of the Gringo soldiers?"

"So said the Senor Don," was the reply, made with lowering brow.

"It is far. The trail is long," she went on. "See—I will make it easier for you."

"I wish to be revenged," muttered the *peon,* with bent head.

"Where do the Gringo soldiers go? And why?"

"To the city, Senorita—to the Emperor Maximilian. So it is said."

"Look up—quick!" she cried. "Yonder he comes!" for far away, speeding like a

swallow across the plain, came the *peon's* master, the white girl's captor. Snatching from her bosom a small gold nugget given her by her father, the miner, she held it out, and at sight of it the dull peasant face brightened.

"I have another like this," she went on, swiftly. "This I give you now; the other when you bring to me the soldiers, my countrymen. Tell them of the white senorita kept a prisoner for months in the walled *hacienda* of Don Eugenio, your master, whom you hate—you *hate,* sabe? They will come! Tell them there will be a light in the tower window of my prison for many nights to guide them—sabe?"

The *peon* nodded as his fingers closed over the gold, and his small eyes caught the gleam of the nugget's yellow in a fold of the senorita's dress; then, not a moment too soon, he trudged away in the wake of his vanishing flocks.

When the Senor Don sprang from his horse in the flowery *patio,* and came to lift the girl from her saddle, the mingled doubt and excitement, the rush of the gallop along the trail, had filled her fair face with color and light; it was almost as if she blushed at his approach. Never had she done so before, and he looked at her curiously, a light leaping into his dark eyes.

"Senorita!" he murmured passionately, holding her for an instant to his breast. "The priest! He waits—I wait—ah, so impatiently!"

But directly she paled and grew cold, and reluctantly he released her, stepping backward, and with large, melancholy gaze watched her as she swiftly climbed the steps of her tower.

Arrived at the summit, she dismissed the old Mexican woman who waited on her, barred the heavy outer door, and sinking on a couch heaped with priceless blankets, allowed her eyes to wander for the hundredth time around the apartment. Beautiful indeed it was—unique, too; never before had she, a plain miner's daughter, been lodged like this; never before had she been brought in contact with a man so courteous, so accomplished—rarely with one so chivalrous. And like a man of honor had he courted her whom he would make his wife.

Yet why—why—had he not gone to her father openly in camp? True, there was Len—Len, to whom she would remain ever faithful—and also at that period, love and marriage between Gringo and Mexican was not to be considered—yet——

And then he had stolen her—stolen a free American girl! Injured, no doubt, her fair name, and she innocent! Ah, this was indeed the unpardonable sin, and the fact that he had treated her honorably since might palliate the sin, but could not win forgiveness for him. And as she sat alone in her high tower, she told herself that with her whole soul she hated the man of alien race!

On the following day no message came from the Senor Don, no gorgeously bridled horse waited in the *patio* Georgia's good pleasure. The next day it was the same, and as the afternoon wore on, the gates of the *hacienda* were closed, opening only at intervals to admit armed men by twos and threes. Then terror seized the lonely girl; the Senor Don knew all—knew that she had betrayed him.

She was alone, and at his mercy. Mexicans, she had heard again and again, were cruel. How would he punish her?

Once more she crept to the window and looked down into the *patio* below. The Senor Don stood there, and by some instinct divining that she watched him, he lifted his eyes to where she stood. Now she doubted no more; she knew.

Shutting the window, she began to pace the floor. She was no longer afraid of him, but she was weeping bitterly, murmuring incoherent words, almost as one who had lost her reason; for they rang at times with a note which was that of something akin to remorse.

III.

Midnight. The *hacienda* was still as death. The gallant fellows who had hastened to rescue the white girl from the man of alien race were resting on their arms, gathering strength for the final assault. The funeral pyre of the *rancheros* who had given their lives for the Senor Don was burning itself out, and beneath the pall of smoke lay ashes and ruins only. The *hacienda* was destroyed, all save the tower, in the window of which still glowed the beacon light.

Upon the steps on the further side of

the iron-clamped door the Senor Don waited alone for death, she within waiting for happiness and life. He was a thief—a common thief. Aloud she said the words—then wept again as she waited for happiness, whilst outside he waited for the storm on whose terrible wings his black soul would flee to its appointed place.

She sprang to her feet, her heart hot and fierce within her, and leaning from the high tower window, cried:

"Come!"

Immediately an ominous murmur arose from below, and hearing, she shuddered, closed the window and swiftly crossing the floor, stood trembling at the locked door.

Suddenly she flung it wide. She had no reason for so doing, but she was only a woman. The man turned, and once more met her eyes. Though her gaze met his squarely, a crimson stream from a little lower down surged up and crossed it. He was grave and very pale. She was a woman; it was her instinct to heal wounds as well as to inflict, and she opened her lips as if to speak, but no words passed them. She closed the door as the feet of her countrymen fell on the lower step of the stair.

The waiting was over; they were coming; they were here. She ran to the couch, and leaping on it, flung herself face downward on the piled cushions. Her hair streamed about her like a flame, and with both hands she pressed it against her ears, but still she heard. The blood on his shirt, a little higher than his heart, was in her eyes; she closed them, but it was still there.

He must die—*die*. It was right that he should die, but she did not want to hear the knives in his body, for knives it was now, the smoke in the narrow stairway obscuring the aim. Oh, but knives must hurt—in tender flesh! She raised her head.

"Don't hurt him!" she cried. But in truth, her voice was but a whisper. Nevertheless she listened.

There was an abrupt silence. Then some one shouted:

"Fire! Finish the dog!"

Again a moment's silence; then a shot was fired from the rear. It was well aimed, but it was a little delayed, and yet a little too quick. As the lamplight clove the darkness through the wide-flung door it illumined a sheet of gold covering the fallen man.

A soldier dashed into the tower room and returned bearing the beacon light which had guided the rescuers to the prison of the white girl. He held it low and close; then straightened himself, giving vent to a deep and bitter oath.

The arms of the dying man—for he was not yet dead—were clasped about the woman, his blood flushing her white dress with crimson. And he was smiling, for at last her cheek lay pressed to his.

"Yo te amo!" he murmured happily—and died.

Then upon the scene burst the General, seeking the truants of his troop, who, disregarding order and discipline, had obeyed the call of their own gallant hearts and the imperious leadership of that new recruit—he who had brought the beacon light, and who now, unrebuked, threw his own body beside the two already stretched upon the flagged floor.

"Who among you has done this thing?" thundered the General, scanning the grim faces of his men. And none answered him, for at their feet a strange thing was happening. One of the prone bodies stirred, and with a loud cry the recruit snatched the lifeless form of the girl from the breast of the Senor Don, and cradling it in its own arms, shouted again:

"She lives!"

* * * *

Back in Texas, on the Brazos river, a little family abides, united, flourishing and happy. She, the oldest woman amongst them—though still straight and strong—sits often at the door of the homestead in the summer gloaming, and her eyes, blue and bright, seem to hold strange dreams as they gaze steadily southward. When the old man comes out and lays his hand on her shoulder, she looks up in his kind face and smiles, and their grandchildren gather about their knees, begging for tales of mining days in Mexico long ago. Georgia and Len love one another, and have led a happy life together; yet there is one tale she never tells the children, and that is the story of the Senor Don.

THE STRANGE BRALEY CASE

BY JESSE H. BUFFUM

THE B. D. AGENCY, having its apartments on the sixth floor of the new terra cotta Sleuth's Building on Tremont street, I took the express elevator as I sought my private office.

"It's the strangest case of the kind since the disappearance of little Charlie Ross," was the remark I overheard as I passed through Watson's sanctum to my own room adjoining. Watson, the Chief, was addressing Dusenberry, "First Sergeant," as he styled himself. The appellation would have fitted admirably had this been a regularly organized police force instead of a detective agency—the strongest in Boston.

The force of the Bloodhound Detective Agency was a small one. The O. M., having been with Pinkerton successfully for fifteen years, had butted into the Boston underground, and with the co-operation of Watson and Dusenberry, whom he had imported, one from Scotland Yard over the pond, and the other from New York, had achieved a meteor-like success in twenty-four short months. I, an erstwhile newspaper reporter, had joined the Bloodhound aggregation through a strong pull, achieved at a mightily forbidding angle, but achieved nevertheless. But as there were vexing conditions annexed to my acceptance, and as I was doing probation on "space," so to speak, I had relished a surfeit of idle time.

Lack of something to do for several weeks had rendered me so morbidly listless that my father came finally to the rescue and delegated to my care some unimportant business matters in the Southwest, and it was on the day of the opening of my story that I returned to Boston after a six weeks' absence in Kansas.

Arranging the small business that I found awaiting me on my desk, I re-entered the office where sat my two superiors. Both greeted me cordially. (I really believe they did not see me first enter, for they were deeply engrossed with some matter in hand.)

"Sherlock," said Watson—my chief had dubbed me famously—"we have a good case for you——"

"Stay," exclaimed Dusenberry, "have you seen the morning papers?" He was speaking to me.

"No," said I. "But an hour ago I left my berth at the depot and have not had breakfast even."

Watson consulted his watch. "H'm—nine-thirty. Rather irregular habits, my boy. But to business now. What do you think of the Braley case?"

"New one on me," I rejoined. "Murder?"

"Child missing."

"And you want me to find it?" I inquired, eagerly.

"No, sir; the Old Man has just wired that he will handle this himself, as it has unique circumstances. He'll be back from Chicago in a few days, and in the meantime wants us to feel the local pulse and keep him informed of developments; says the child'll not be found before he gets around."

My instructions were despairingly simple, and, as I thought, crude. I was to leave that day for a small New Hampshire town, keep my eyes open, and implicitly deny myself the reading of a single word in newspaper or magazine print.

I set forth on an early afternoon train for Canaan, New Hampshire.

As I left the train at my destination that evening, shortly after dusk, two things happened. First, I was just tearing open a telegram which I found awaiting me, when, second, a voice from behind on the station platform hissed inquiringly:

"Bloodhound?"

I wheeled and stood face to face with an old-time chum on the staff of the News. "Why, Charlie, old boy, what are you up to?"

"Evening Post," said he, "and it's just great. Strangest case I ever heard of. In the first place——"

"Hold on," I interrupted, "none of that. I am here to learn the truth, get the facts, and, incidentally, get them from their source." I strode away and left him gazing after me in bewildered amazement.

The town fairly swarmed with excitement. Small, typically New England, the burg had nevertheless suddenly taken on the garb of unwonted activity. I had gone immediately to my hotel—the only one in the place—that night, and on emerging next morning, recognized three Pinkerton men, eight newspaper reporters, and a small mob of free lances as well as the usual contingent of morbidly curious. But the real center of excitement was the farm house where the tragedy was supposed to have occurred. It lay three miles out from the village, in a direction of north and east from Canaan. I found myself at this farm house early in the afternoon, and upon inquiry learned these facts.

Little Edwin Braley had disappeared. He was about four years old, lived with his father and mother on this farm, which they rented from a man by another name, and was, rumor had it, a much-abused child. The parents were poor. The child was undoubtedly neglected, often received a brutal beating, and, unfortunately, had the proclivity to wander. Neighbors were often honored by his visitations, and swamps were occasionally searched for him.

As a development and outgrowth, the child really disappeared. It was at about eight o'clock of the tragic morning that a school teacher passing by with her brother, on her way to her usual daily duties, saw the youngster at play in his own front yard. In his hand was a certain stick, memorable to identity a little later, for within two days this stick was found by a reporter midway in a swamp across the road, one-half mile away and to the east. (Points of compass were extremely important in the Braley case.)

The unique feature of the case was that the child could not be found. Granted that all "cases" therefore must be likewise "unique," still not all children lost from indigent and obscure parents could boast of an espionage comprising eight Boston reporters, one from New York and two from Chicago; a small army of professional detectives, flanked by self-appointed amateur sleuths, private citizens, farmers, *et al.*

The day after my arrival upon the field of action, a town warrant was issued, three hundred and twenty-five citizens armed themselves with weapons and flambeaux, and spent five days and nights doing nothing but searching fields and woods and valleys for the "Missing Braley child." Again and again was the searching party re-organized; often they got some trace of the little one, but ever elusive were the signs.

The first day, I received this wire from the Old Man:

"I am following this closely. Cannot be with you yet. My opinion is you'd better station yourself one spot on farm and remain several days."

And it was this very thing that I was doing. For four days now I had sat upon a broad, hot doorstone of this suspected farm house, and used only my eyes and ears. It was this specific instruction from my superior that was to win for us the fame of solving the Braley mystery and locating the child.

There were exciting developments and discoveries each succeeding day. My newspaper chum, Charlie, kept me thoroughly informed, and talked the situation over with me once a day as he made his rounds. Through him I learned that two Chicago papers were featuring the case, a New York sheet had one-half page daily, while Boston could talk of nothing else.

The compass of my observations was pitifully meagre. But I am convinced that psychology plays a more important part in the sleuth's profession than any other element or factor. This was my outlook: Behind me a small, white farm house, set on a bare knoll of yellow sand, treeless and hot; adjacent to it a typical wood-colored, dilapidated barn constructed principally of cracks; a hen-house, a wallowy barnyard and some unimportant outbuildings. To the west and on my left ran the highway, bush-enshrouded, and

backed by an extensive mass of hardwood undergrowth, forming the horizon line. It was in this swamp that the child's little switch was found.

After five days of fruitless search, the theory of child "missing" gave way to accusations of foul play. Women's footprints were found on the muddy shores of a nearby pond; bloodstains were discovcovered within the box beneath a buckboard seat; small burned bones were located in an ash barrel in the barn; and violent threats of the father were recalled by excitable neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. Braley were arrested. This was good for three columns; then the reporters were recalled—after having been out eight days; and when private and professional detectives had all departed, with the exception of one, the community took on again the normal aspects of a country town.

I stayed. There was my tent, in a vacant lot not six rods away, and in it supplies to last two weeks. I had this one mental refreshment and solace—I had not yet been ordered home.

I cherished three thoughts. First, the Braleys possessed no horse. They had owned one three days previous to the disappearance of their four-year-old son—that fact I had established beyond refutation, but I could find no account of its sale or evidence of its having been driven off the place. But all this had excited no attention whatever in the general upheaval of circumstances. Second, Braley senior had possessed a revolver two weeks prior to the day of the alleged tragedy, though he stoutly denied having had such a weapon since he had leased the farm; and, true, it could not be found now. Third, a long, sharp, bloody carving knife lay secreted beneath the stone on which I sat. Its discovery had given me a shock. On the hottest day of my week's experience on that stone, I became so wearied of my sitting posture that I mechanically braced my body by reaching both my hands behind me and grasping either edge of the stone.

Usually—in New England—every doorstone has beneath it the hole and home of some corpulent hop-toad, and I was not in the least surprised when my fingers found an aperture leading beneath the old half of the discarded mill stone. But when, in a childish spirit of venturesomeness I inserted my hand as far as I could, and touched something cold and hard and steel-like, a thrill electrified the extremities of my being.

Withdrawing my hand I sat quite still. No, I had not been observed. Evening came, and still I had made no attempt to further investigate what I rightly divined was an important clue.

Midnight came and found the house, the farmyard and all nature, save a loquacious tree toad and a serenading cricket, wrapped in densest quiet and sleep. Then I withdrew from its hiding place a thin, sharp, blood-stained butcher knife. Close to its hilt, glued on by the congealed blood, were a few white hairs—horse hairs.

On the morning following my startling discovery I sat on my doorstone and mused over the events of the night before. "If this knife had nothing to do with the disappearance of the child, why had it been concealed here, or at all?" I asked myself over and over. Another puzzling question—and that likewise had to do with the mysterious knife—dealt with the disappearance of the horse formerly owned by Braley. This knife had been used in cutting horse-flesh—to that the white hairs of the equine and accompanying blood clots attested; but why had the disappearance of the child and his father's horse taken place concurrently? Somehow, vaguely, the death of both were closely associated in my mind, and I could not rid myself of the belief that through the finding of the one the whereabouts of the other would become a mater of easy solution.

The forenoon was becoming hot. The cool of the hills in the far distance called invitingly, and I gazed across the undulating interval of picturesqueless valley, and scanned the horizon line. The refreshing morning with its dank odors of dew-tipped golden rod, rank weeds and verdant bushes that surrounded the spot on all sides was fast giving way to the reflecting heat of the porous earth, which sent up its palpitating strata of reeking gases that quivered and trembled athwart field and ridge that formed the horizon line to the eye.

In one direction—eastward—as I looked away to the range of low hills giving background to a very commonplace valley, lay

a large, plowed field, in the foreground. Across this plowed field ran a ridge over which the furrows extended and dropped into the invisible space beyond. A curiosity that I had noted as I sat there day by day was that the summit of this ridge, at one particular point, came directly level and in line with a curiously shaped boulder on the hill beyond, which was, perhaps, three miles away. Idly curious, I looked now for this same boulder.

Shocked, almost paralyzed, I yet sprang to my feet. It was gone! No, there it was —*What!*

I sat down again. The boulder was not in sight. Calmly I strove to reason it out. Instinctively I knew that I was on the verge of a great discovery. Examining carefully the intervening stretches of the plowed field, I saw it all as clearly as day. The Braley mystery was solved.

Braley himself had plowed that field on the very day of his child's disappearance. Totally indifferent to the exertions in progress all about him to recover his offspring he had trudged away behind his plow and borrowed team, giving up the work to look for his child only when public sentiment became so strong and outspoken in its suggestion of brewing trouble that he had to do something to satisfy them.

When I next stood up, I jostled a man who was standing beside me. I had been wholly unaware of his presence, and when I turned, startled, I was face to face with the "Old Man."

At midnight I led the O. M. to a spot on the plowed field that I readily identified. We were accompanied by the sheriff and two laborers with shovels. When we had dug far enough to exhume a white horse, my superior asked:

"How did you know the horse was here?"

"His bloated body, being within but a few inches of the surface, raised the elevation of the ground just enough to cut off my view of that boulder. He buried it too shallow."

The beast was pretty well uncovered, and the O. M. produced the knife. "This was never used on that animal," he said.

"Right you are," exclaimed the sheriff, who had gotten suddenly busy. "Punched his head with a couple of bullets. See here."

Two holes were in the horse's head.

Just then one of the diggers struck some metal with his shovel and exultantly raised aloft a six-shooter.

"Yep, that did the business," said the sheriff.

"Cover him up," ordered my chief, and he turned to walk away.

The crisis in my life had come. "Sir, hear me but a moment." He wheeled and confronted me, plainly chagrined at my failure. I faced him squarely and looked earnestly into his face in the dim glare of our one lantern.

"This knife," I said, taking it from him, "was probably used to remove that horse's entrails."

With a cry on his lips, the O. M. sprang at the yawning hole. He tore at the dirt concealing the animal's belly, and then —raised the gaping ribs and putrid flesh.

We all stood a moment, with uncovered heads.

The Braley Mystery was solved.

POLYANDRY

BY HARRY COWELL

The modern woman, if she can,
Most wickedly is willin',
Instead of marrying a man,
To marry—half a million.

If to thy lot no wife should fall,
Thank heav'n thou hast not any;
'Tis worse than having none at all,
To share one 'mong so many.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

IN THE QUIET town of Steilacoom I set out to find a pleasant place to stay, secure from the egregious summer tourist who does so much to destroy the native atmosphere of a community. After some search I ran across a plain, white cottage set within an old-fashioned garden where trellises covered with sweet peas screened the porch; where clumps of dahlias flaunted their gay balls of color; where cabbages, leeks and corn grew in prim rows, and trees heavy with plums and apples cast the shade of their ample boughs. This, indeed, was an ideal retreat, sequestered, peaceful and sweet, with all the associations conjured up by rosemary, lavender and the blooming hosts of an old-fashioned garden. I entered the white-paling gate, strolled up the board walk between overhanging roses and rang the front doorbell. There was no response. I rang again, and still no answer came. Then I determined to walk around to the back of the house and thence into the orchard, feeling that there lay the real life and activity of the establishment. In this conjecture I was right, for scarcely had I entered the back garden before there appeared an elderly person of sprightly mein no less quaint than the garden itself. As I addressed her, a pair of very keen gray eyes, whose brightness was perhaps accentuated by well-polished spectacles, peered at me from under a checked sun bonnet.

I can see her now as she stood before me, her thin, wiry body stooping beneath the weight of two full milk pails. Her face was finely seamed with wrinkles, the little perpendicular lines across her upper lip making that feature appear to be gathered; and beneath the lip itself showed the impossibly even rows of her false teeth and salmon-colored gums. Behind her, sheds and other ramifications made a suitable background for the luxuriant blackberry bushes.

I was a trifle uncertain if her demeanor were that of friendliness or hostility, and when she spoke, the sharp, nasal twang of her Yankee voice was not reassuring. She was doubtful if she could take me in, for she was busied with a small but continuous retail business in milk, cream and fruit. Even while I stood awaiting her answer, a barefoot lad, dangling a pail, came to buy a nickel's worth of milk, and I afterwards found it was so all day. In this case, the unfortunate youth had brought his dog with him, and Mrs. Marburg left me while she banished the offending beast with bans as dire as though he were an intruder within the forbidden precincts of the Garden of Eden.

These interruptions over, and after a great deal of mental fluctuation, she agreed to let me come to live with her during my few weeks' stay in the village. She showed me the cool, clean room which I should occupy, and I rejoiced that it had two windows looking out upon the garden. However neat and immaculate the house might be, I preferred the garden with its atmosphere of freedom and abundant growth; for the house, like most of those owned by persons of my landlady's type, was rigidly kept. The front door could never be left open for fear of flies and dust; the dining room was never used for fear of spoiling the dining table, and the "parlor" had never a stick of furniture at all! Perhaps the lack of it was a negative kind of blessing, for I can picture the stuffy, ugly, upholstered chairs and the marble-topped table, the family album filled with staid and unlovely photographs, the crocheted tidies and lambrequins, the immortelles and pressed seaweed which would have weighed one down with a depression sufficient to overbalance the spontaneous joy of the garden.

I discovered that, little as I had suspected it, my coming was a matter of gen-

eral gossip and the cause of considerable jealous anxiety. Steilacoom supported two "hotels" during the season, one directly across the road from my landlady's, and another a short way up the hillside. Between these two existed a keen rivalry, and from the moment the baggageman tossed off a trunk with nonchalant display of reckless strength, leaving it in the middle of the main street to await the pleasure of its owner and the inclination of the express man, the two establishments were on the scent of the newcomer. Mrs. Marburg caught some of the human flotsam and jetsam whom the sea of uncertainty cast up, and therefore she, too, knew the slightest movement of a stranger, his probable destination and his desirability or undesirability as a lodger. Then the unfortunate became the theme of fruitful speculation at the Post Office (which was also the grocery store) where the general public assembled at 11 a. m. and 5 p. m. to watch the grave and important grocery man postmaster distribute the mail with studied deliberation. He also became the subject of little, confidential, back-fence chats. It was thus I heard myself discussed by Mrs. Marburg and the campers in the rear, much to my own amusement and edification.

Nor had I been a member of the household long before I, in turn, fired by the prevailing curiosity, learned something of Mrs. Marburg's habits and character. When the early summer dawn was scarcely full, she was up, and I saw her, through the window, ministering to the flowers. What strange disguises Nature chooses for some of her kindliest spirits! Beneath Mrs. Marburg's crabbed exterior beat a gentle heart; under all her eccentricities lay a fund of human kindness and love. She lived all alone, tending her cow, the horse Prince, her chickens, her fruit and her flowers. And never from those first offices of the early morning did she pause or rest until night put an end to her toil. Somewhere across Puget Sound, on a ranch, lived her husband, "Paw," as she always called him, a veteran of the Civil War, blind in one eye and lame. She was hoping to go to him some day when she sold the place in Steilacoom, but I suspected there was another reason that kept her. Here in this same village was her son Charlie, who appeared to be a lazy, ne'er-do-well, always adventuring upon some new scheme wherein the financial aid of his mother was required. I disliked him the first time I saw him leaning idly against a pillar of the porch, whittling. His mother, with the jerky, nervous tread that had become habitual, was hurrying to fill an order for the little hotel across the way. Some blackberries were needed, also, and I heard her ask Charlie to pick them for her.

"Naw, I won't," he answered, sullenly, whittling leisurely while she toiled.

Such was Charlie, the black sheep of her four children. One of the remaining three, a son, lived with "paw" on the ranch; a daughter had married wealth and position and tried, I believe, to make her mother's life less burdened, but the proud old Yankee woman would have none of it; the fourth, a daughter also, was a stenographer in the East. Still, of all of these children she clung to Charlie, vagabond and drunkard (recently reformed), believing, no doubt, as mothers do, that the weakest had most need of her care. Prince, the slumberous, heavy-hoofed sorrel, and a fourth or fifth-hand rattletrap buggy were his newest investments. To be sure, his mother cared for and drove the horse for the summer boarders at the hotels who wished to see the country, but it was Charlie who reaped the harvest of her toil. By co-operation with the one livery-stable of Steilacoom, which owned an express wagon, Charlie conveyed trunks to and from the cars, an occupation far too arduous for his taste.

I hired Mrs. Marburg to take me for a drive to American Lake, a distance of four good miles, and my contemplation of the scenery was superceded by a lively interest in Mrs. Marburg and Prince himself. That she was proud of the horse was evident.

"He ain't skeered of anything," she said, a fact borne out by future developments.

As an automobile whizzed by, Prince merely dozed, and our progress was somewhat impeded by Mrs. Marburg to get out frequently to pick a switch from the abundant bushes, with which to urge him to speed. She drove with a great clucking and jerking and sundry whacks with these

switches which Prince, to all appearances, did not heed at all. During our journey, she invited me to partake of a newspaperful of plums she had picked and stored away in the bottom of the buggy. We cut no fashionable figure, and I'll warrant more than one smart trap and humming motor car full of dandies going to and from the Country Club on the Lake Shore had their merriment over us. But no such thought ever crossed Mrs. Marburg's mind. She would have matched Prince against Bucephalus, had not the matter of some centuries prevented such competition. On she drove, relentlessly, to a bizarre-looking yellow hotel on the banks of the lake, where a band was playing and a crowd of loud-talking, flashily-dressed men and women were enjoying themselves. Amid automobiles and carriages, buggies and saddle-horses she drove Prince, commenting proudly on his virtues.

When we reached home that evening a florid old white-haired man was sitting in the kitchen.

"Lord o' mercy, where did *you* come from?" exclaimed Mrs. Marburg, by way of greeting.

"From yonder," he replied testily, jerking his thumb over his shoulder to indicate the direction. "Where did ye suppose?"

It was Paw. Upon the table beside him stood a bottle of patent medicine; on the floor by his feet were his cane and sundry bundles and baskets.

The bottle suggested his ailments to Mrs. Marburg, who inquired how he felt. He was poorly, he said, and the trouble, whatever it might be, was worse. The sight of the baskets and bundles aroused an outburst of indignant protest from Mrs. Marburg.

"Don't you know, Paw," she shrilled, "that you hadn't oughter pack them things?"

Paw replied peevishly as he uncovered the basket and unwrapped the bundles, revealing some choice fruits, some eggs and other offerings which he had brought from the ranch to her. This little attention hinted of a tenderness wholly inconsistent with the old man's manner. Indeed, their relations with each other suggested an enforced capitulation, likely to terminate in open war at any time, with the rumble of verbal artillery always sounding in the distance. It took no very penetrating insight into human nature to see that all of Paw's impatience was directed against Mrs. Marburg's neglect of herself and Charlie's shameful idleness. She defended the loafer-son even against the father, and more than one family storm raged on his account between them.

I left them alone together while I sought the solitude of the garden. I loved to linger along its fragrant borders, to pick my way cautiously across the rows of Dutch cabbages and the fallen fruit over which insects hummed and dipped, to a bench beneath an apple tree. There, unobserved, I could watch the calm, blue expanse of the Sound with dim, misty, wooded isles floating in purple haze and silver mist, and beyond, rising above the trailing garment of the waters, the shimmering peaks of the Olympics sharply outlined against the sky. I had grown to know the Sound in its different moods; when it smiled untroubled in the sun; when viper-tongues of lightning darted viciously across the heavens and the wind whipped the waves into a troop of angry white-capped storm-hosts; when it lay gray and solemn, wrapped in its mists like a cowled monk; when the coppery shafts of the setting sun rent the tapestry of cloud and touched the water with streamers of ruddy gold. Then back from the Sound and the tree-clad shore-line my eyes returned to the peaceful, perfumed garden, with its clamoring mass of roses, dahlias and poppies. There was one clump of white perennial sweet peas that I loved best of all. Over the virgin petals hovered pale butterflies like the ghosts of last year's flowers. How gracefully they fluttered around the cluster-blossoms! How lightly they poised with throbbing wings, lip to lip with the honey-laden petals! And with them in their flight into the blue skies, how my thoughts rose up out of the garden into the realm of dreams!

These hours were profitable in a kind of beautiful idleness. Remote from the city and its crowds, it was easy to fall into the companionship of the flowers.

At last I took my leave of Mrs. Marburg to visit the Lake, though I arranged to return to her for a brief space before the

final journey home. I wrote her in advance to come for me with Prince and drive me back to Steilacoom, but when the day came, a strange wagon and team appeared—a lurching, hurtling conveyance driven by a young John Gilpin, under whose guidance I was tossed about like a grain of corn.

I found Mrs. Marburg awaiting me in the garden, peering out under her checked sun "bunnet" much as she had done when I first saw her.

"Why didn't you come for me with Prince?" I asked after a while.

Her gray eyes grew wistful as she answered:

"Prince is dead."

It developed that Prince had gotten loose one night during my absence and gorged himself so immoderately upon oats that he succumbed to his gluttony next day. With the passing of Prince the transportation facilities in Steilacoom were sorely crippled. I learned that it was by the most exceptional good fortune I had been conveyed hither in the jolting wagon by the reckless young gentleman.

The breath was scarcely out of Prince's body before Charlie was off on another scheme. This time it was a launch, which he bought for six hundred dollars, drawn, no doubt, from the nickels and dimes of his mother's savings.

Paw was still there, quarreling helplessly at Charlie's shiftlessness, taking patent medicine and telling stories of the Civil War. I suspected that matters had come to a climax over an offer of unimproved city lots in exchange for the Steilacoom home, which some one had made Mrs. Marburg. Paw opposed it bitterly; Charlie favored it, and she hesitated between the two. How it all ended I was not to know until afterwards, for the time had come when I must turn my face toward home. My leave-taking was colored with sadness. I had grown to love the garden, the plain little cottage and the queer old people at once so crabbed and so kind. Paw helped to strap up the trunks, storming the while at the carelessness of baggage men in general. Poor old Paw! When I bade him good-bye, it was for the last time. I never saw him again. Not many months later I heard that the old soldier had lain down to rest forever.

* * *

Just one year after, I retraced my steps and stood once more without the neat, white gate before the garden. What a change had come over the flowers, the tasseled cornstalks and the trees! Where all had been leaf and blossom there were seared stems, with an occasional, half-hearted flower. Neglect instead of thrift; decay instead of growth! Strangers sat upon the porch and I felt a vague, unreasonable resentment towards them. Once I saw Charlie swaggering along the beach, and I guessed he was still running the launch, but I did not question him, for he had forgotten me. I heard through others, however, that Mrs. Marburg had moved to the ranch across the Sound, taking Charlie with her, and the little white cottage in its garden had passed into other hands less gentle and loving than hers had been.

I sometimes think that by a subtle understanding the flowers know their human friends. Are there not some whose touch is magic, and whose care is life to the fragile plants? I have even known the frost to pass more lightly over certain hallowed garden plots, and here was an example. The flowers that had blown so fully and freely for her had shrunk and withered, poor, pitiful impersonations of neglect and loneliness. The life and the joy of the place were gone for me, too, and I lingered awhile at the gate, without the pale, to bid good-bye to the garden forever. As I turned to go upon my way, my eyes fell upon the perennial sweet pea, the skeleton of its former self, when it was clad in a glory of fragrant, white blossoms. Still, over the few, scanty flowers, yellowing with premature death, hovered the faithful white butterflies—the ghosts of other flowers, the pale, sweet memory of seasons which will return no more.

THE MAN WHO DRANK THE WATERS

BY J. WALTER BAIRD

THE FOUNDING of Elkinsburg was a simple enough matter. Elkins quietly dismounted, picketed his cayuse and then sat down beside the spring to await the arrival of the first settler.

The first settler was not long in coming. Ike Hawkins, claim-jumper and all round hustler, had stolen the fence from around a quarter-section over on Buffalo Bayou, had sighted his pursuers bearing down upon him in a cloud of prairie dust, and so, leaving one pony, his wagon and the rolls of wire as a peace offering to the frenzied owner of the fence, he mounted the other pony and rode away "in search of Eldorado."

Jaded and wild-eyed, he finally distanced his pursuers, and came upon Bud Elkins sitting beside the spring. Into the spring he dipped his dry, cracked face and rippled its surface with his swollen, blackened tongue—then he swallowed a few mouthfuls of the water and fainted.

When sufficient wit returned to him to permit of the transaction of business, he staggered, with Elkins, to Lot 25 in Block 23, and liking its "lay" and general location, and noting that there would be no street or alley assessments soon, purchased it on long time and forthwith became the "first settler" of Elkinsburg.

To fix the metes and bounds of his possessions, he tied a bit of red rag upon each of four "soap weeds," which happened to grow conveniently near the corners thereof, and then sat down and glowed with the pride of landed estate.

For weeks he and Elkins were the sole residents of the town, then a wagon-train stopped for a few days to soak some dry wheels and rest the horses. In the end, to a man, they walked out upon the prairie with the plausible and glowing Elkins, and purchased lots.

From that time on Elkinsburg grew rapidly. The spring, Elkins in some manner discovered, was a *medicated* spring, having a thousand healing balms in its crystal depths—therefore, to it came old men with stiff joints and crinkly old hands and young men with bloodless faces and hollow coughs. Also, there came, occasionally, ponderous bondholders whose heart-action, speaking in a purely physical sense, was not all it should have been. For the most part, they drank of the spring, breathed deeply of the prairie wind, and carelessly purchased a lot or two, merely as a "flyer."

These occasional cash sales kept life in the exchequer, while diligent delving in favored places produced enough food to keep life in the citizens. That is, life was kept in the most of them, but it must be admitted that there were those who, spurning the balm and charm of the breeze, the sparkle of the spring and the crisp sweetness of the edible vegetation, slipped quietly away and sought more or less cool graves beneath the roots of the soap-weeds.

Elkins resented these oversights, and did all in his power to explain them. He argued that if the salubrious air and the healing spring attracted the very bone and sinew of the west to Elkinsburg, they also attracted the weak and spiritless and ungrateful, and that, while a few died from sheer old age, as was to be expected in even the healthiest community, there were some, undoubtedly, who died of pure stubbornness and ingratitude.

Whatever the cause, the fact remained that the underground colony grew until its surface manifestations had to be fenced in. After that it was easy for the people to call the enclosure a graveyard, for, after all, it was a graveyard—the graveyard of Elkinsburg.

The name was not musical to the ear of Bud Elkins, for Elkinsburg had put on

the full dress and decorum of a health resort. There was the spring, roofed with a graceful conical canopy, and surrounded by a white enameled railing. The drinking fount, where the wonderful waters actually displayed themselves, was of concrete, and hanging generously near, were many little nickeled cups whose brilliant interiors reflected a thousand promises to the hopeful seeker after health. The prairie wind was soft and fresh, and all that could be asked of it, and the sky was clear and blue with not a smear upon it from dome to horizon, except the gravestones in the graveyard. Those brown and gray slabs and columns rose mockingly from the ridge, sheer up against the clear sky, for all the health-seeking world to see. To Bud Elkins they seemed to be stretching themselves upward to their full heights, and to be viewing the spring with divers disdainful shrugs.

As he looked at the graveyard, Elkins wondered why he had ever so far forgotten himself as to allow it to found itself there, in that place of all places, high up on the highest backbone of land near the city. Already there were ominous and frequent glances at the ever-increasing number of gravestones. The place was becoming so prominent that it was generally the first thing the visitor saw upon entering Elkinsburg. It was rapidly becoming a more frequent topic of conversation than even the spring itself, and the comments were far from favorable. One restless-eyed invalid no sooner viewed it than he closed his gaunt jaws with a startled snap, and hurried out of the place in search of some other spot where the battlements of death were not erected "right over against" the habitations.

Vaguely, Elkins determined to do something, but the death of old man Anderson, and the reported intention of his family to erect a monument to his memory twenty-seven feet high, stirred him to activity. Getting onto his horse, he made a number of hurried rides in several directions from Elkinsburg. Then he called a meeting of the town people and laid a carefully prepared plan before them.

It was not a plan to be received with riotous and unreasoning enthusiasm. In fact, the people received it with becoming coolness and circumspection, for the plan was a proposal to remove the graveyards of Elkinsburg to a hill a few miles from the town.

Elkins could wax eloquent when occasion demanded, and the scowling faces about him seemed to demand it; therefore, he spoke of the proposed site for the graveyard as a "heaven-kissing" hill, and called attention to the constant menace the nearness of the graveyard was to the health of the city. Lastly, he paid such tribute to the memory of the departed ones that sorrowing friends were softened but not wholly convinced. It was only after Elkins had marshaled the people to a newly dug grave in the old graveyard, the bottom of which contained an uninviting strata of mud and water, that they consented to have the change made, but, even then, there were some who wondered how the water could be there, high up on the ridge in a more or less dry and arid region. Elkins vaguely explained to some of the most persistent that he thought "the spring had something to do with it."

Another hitch came when the "few miles from town" stretched themselves into five, six, seven, ten, at least, and the "heaven-kissing" hill proved to be but a long swell only about half as high as the old graveyard site.

But Elkins was enthusiastic, and showed how fine and dry the soil was, and called attention to the fact that never would a drop of moisture trickle into the bed of any of the departed once they were snugly deposited in the new graveyard, while as to the view from the new place—words failed the orator and he swept the monotonous plain with ecstatic glance and gesture. What a solace, he said, this splendid view would be to those unfortunates who must occasionally take leave of a loved one! He said it almost brought tears to his eyes when he reflected how kind the Creator was to man when He fashioned for him so delightful and picturesque a graveyard as this.

And so the "digging up" process began, and second editions of former funerals were had which was, of course, some compensation to grief-stricken friends, but still the people marveled when not another grave in all the Elkinsburg graveyard revealed the least bit of moisture. They were as dry as powder-houses, and

looked as if they had been that way for some thousands of years.

"It's the spring," said Elkins, when asked about the phenomenon. "You can't ever tell what a spring will do. It's liable to burst out again any time, and the only safe way was to move well away from it. We'll all feel safer and more content with the new plan of things, I feel sure."

Certainly *Elkins* felt safer once the last grave had been robbed, its stone removed, and the mound stamped out of existence, but his satisfaction was short-lived. The people insisted upon calling the new burying ground the "graveyard of Elkinsburg."

Elkins gently tried to dissuade them from the use of so glaring a misnomer, but failed miserably. He next tried bullying, but found that worse, as it only fixed the name more tenaciously, and made talk —which was not what he wanted. He tried argument, but could not deny that, as the graveyard was a by-product of Elkinsburg, it belonged to Elkinsburg, so he was at his wit's end. Truly, "distance lent enchantment," and as time went by, the people grew more and more sentimental concerning the lonely and silent city, and made far more frequent pilgrimages than had ever been their custom when it formed a part of their local horizon. Matters finally got so bad that the town paper devoted a portion of its space to the doings in, about and concerning the "Graveyard of Elkinsburg."

The situation was extremely desperate —even the popularity of the famous medicated spring was beginning to wane. As a last resort, Elkins called the "first settler" to his assistance, and he and Hawkins spent hours in cautious conversation. Then Hawkins disappeared. He was gone for a month, and when he returned, he startled the people of Elkinsburg by announcing that he had started a town for himself over near the new graveyard. He stated that the new town was a very young town, in fact less than one week old, and that he had named it "Hawkinsdale" in honor of its single living resident.

"Town's small yit, gents," said Hawkins, "but it's well laid out, and everybody's welcome. So fer, I've nothin' in the way of industries and attractions but the graveyard, but they'll come in time, and I'm a-diggin' me a well."

Sure enough, when the Elkinsburg citizens visited the graveyard, they found Hawkins' shanty near it and divers furrows plowed here and there in parallels and right angles, which Hawkins proudly pointed out as squares, streets and alleys.

"This whole block," said he, "I've set aside fer school purposes—nothin like eddication fer the young. This here block on "B" street is fer church purposes—that's fer the benefit of the old folks, the timid and sickly, and the women. If we wants a public square, we kin have it, er two of 'em, if we wants 'em, fer look there!" Hawkins sweepingly indicated the long, level, flat of prairie which stretched away before him in limitless reaches. "Did you ever see prettier land 'an that?"

The people said they had not, and Hawkins continued: "Right through the middle of that stretch I'm a-goin' to lay out Hawkins avenue, which will really have its start at the Hawkinsdale graveyard, and she'll——"

"But that's the *Elkinsburg* graveyard," said some one. "Surely, you don't mean——"

"Not by a jugful it ain't," said Hawkins. "It used to be, but Elkinsburg disowned it and cast it out, and, presto! along comes me and my town an' we adopts it, we does—it's company fer us an' it's *our* graveyard. See there—I've tacked a sign up."

The astonished citizens looked, and there, scrawled upon a broad pine board were the words: "Hawkinsdale Graveyard." They hurried to Elkins and informed him of the new town and its summary appropriation of the cemetery, but he only smiled a peculiar smile, and said he wished the new town well. All that day he whistled merrily.

Such an attitude seemed almost a sacrilege, and the people, while they knew no harm could come to their dead, felt far from satisfied, and went about possessed by a strange, unpleasant feeling of loss. Often they looked longingly off over the plain in the direction of the new graveyard and the new town with its one inhabitant. But they were to be further alienated.

When the Elkinsburg paper came out, the people were painfully amazed to find

the familiar heading changed. At the top of the column devoted to graveyard items appeared in bold type: "Hawkinsdale Graveyard." A sickening sense of desolation came over the people. Again they sought Elkins, who was solicitous, but knew nothing? Next they interviewed the editor. That gentleman stated that it was by order of Mr. Hawkins and that, in view of the fact that Elkinsburg was ten miles from the graveyard and Hawkinsdale right at it, the latter name was more fitting and appropriate. "Beside this reason," said the editor complacently, "there is nothing in a name, after all."

Awed by such logic, the people went sadly away. They strolled down to the spring and drank deep of its waters and sighed as they saw their rueful faces reflected in the nickeled drinking cups.

Meanwhile, each issue of the town paper recounted in flaunting headlines the many virtues of the medicated spring and the unsurpassed advantages of Elkinsburg with its wealth of health and happiness, but while the people responded, it was but feebly, and their laughter had a wistful ring in it.

Elkins felt rather than saw the gloom, and tried to shake off a foreboding of evil which tenaciously gripped him, but he could not, and one morning the blow came. Strolling leisurely along, his attention was attracted to a squad of men busily engaged in tearing down the house of one of the citizens, and piling it, piece by piece, upon wagons which stood in waiting. Elkins hurried up.

"What does this mean, Gilder?" he asked, sharply.

The man hung his head sheepishly, and nodded toward his wife, who began weeping violently.

"Oh, Mr. Elkins, it's Pinkie B., you know. It's all on account of the little darlin' a-sleepin' so lonely and fergot off there in Hawkinsdale! 'S long as I knowed the buryin' ground was a part of Elkinsburg, I didn't seem to mind so much, but since the new town's come along and gobbled the graveyard and Pinkie B. along with it, I jist can't stand it any longer, and so we—we're a-goin' to her!"

"What!" gasped the dumbfounded Elkins, "you don't mean to say you're going over there to camp by the *graveyard!* Why, there's no town there! What'll you live on and how'll you get water? Think of the medicated spring—you'll all die if you go to that place! It's not healthy—there's nothing there but empty prairie!"

"It's as much as this place was when you first struck it, Bud Elkins," said the woman defiantly, "and it's got water, too—Ike Hawkins has struck a reg'lar underground river of water, and he says it's the same as the medicated spring and—there's more of it and then—then there's Pinkie B., so we're a-goin.'"

Go, they did, leaving Mr. Elkins marveling upon the far-reaching results of a certain little scheme he had developed with the assistance of Mr. Hawkins some weeks before Hawkinsdale came into being. Still marveling, he mounted his horse and hurried away over the plain to the new town of Hawkinsdale.

He found its owner and founder busily engaged in conducting a gurgling stream of water into a number of little ditches which traversed the grateful ground. The sight made Elkins sick with the dread of future calamity.

"Ike," he said accusingly, "where did you get that water?"

"Got her outer that hole there on the side of the hill," said Ike, as he carefully steered the wayward course of a merry little rivulet. "Shouldn't wonder but she's the great-gran-daddy of your spring, and perhaps the Mississippi, from the strength of her. She'll irrigate ground fer a damn big community."

"Look here, Ike," said Hawkins, advancing threateningly, "I want to know if you call this square dealing?"

"Call *what* square dealin'?" asked Ike, leaning on his shovel and blinking at Elkins. "What d' y' mean?"

"You know well enough what I mean. This town's gone far enough—a damn sight farther 'n ever we intended it should go. You know what our agreement was as well as I do. This was to be a *graveyard* town and nothing else. Do you hear—and nothing else! Here you've gone and tapped a river and one of my families is on the way here now—drawn here by that infernal boneyard yonder. It's got to stop, I tell you!"

"Bud," said Ike, slowly, "I ain't broke my agreement. It was part of the plan

fer me to git water if I could, an' I guess I've done it, ain't I?"

Elkins nodded, sullenly.

"Well, then, I ain't expected to cop the graveyard and then fence the friends and relatives out of it, am I? That would be onhuman, Bud, now wouldn't it? I say, now, Bud, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, well, I suppose so," said Elkins, "but——"

"Then that's all there is to it," said Ike, resuming his work. "I tapped that there hill, and the good God's soaked me and Hawkinsdale most abundantly. If sorrowing folks wants to be near their dead, or to live by 'em, I can't help it, and you can't, neither."

Elkins sneered. "You're a nice sort to talk of God and His bounty, Hawkins. Am I to understand that you intend to go on with this town?"

Ike was thoughtful for a moment, then he said: "I'm a-goin' to let everything take its own course, 'ceptin' this gladsome stream of water."

He sadly resumed his work, and Elkins, after watching him a moment, turned, with an imprecation, and rode away. On the way back to his own town, he met two more of his citizens with their pine houses, their household goods, gods and children en route for Hawkinsdale, and although he had sharp interviews with each, they kept on their way.

When he arrived at Elkinsburg he hardly recognized it. Houses were going down upon all sides, and it looked like a cyclone had struck it. The stampede once started, the secret yearning of the people found vent in action. Men and women shouted and sang as they demolished their homes and made ready for life in the new town which nestled under the benign and peaceful influences of the dead.

In vain did Elkins rave and storm; in vain did he entreat and threaten. At last, in desperation, he offered to move the graveyard back to its old location at his own expense—the people laughed in his face.

"It's no use, Bud," said one man; "that graveyard's been juggled about enough. We're all a-goin' to settle right around it and sorter protect it until the last one of us has got tired of pure air and good water, and tumbled right into it. I reckon then none of us 'll care much what becomes of it."

With a shrug, Bud Elkins walked down to the medicated spring and began drinking the waters. All that day he sat there, and for a number of succeeding days, and drank the waters. And all of the time the hammering and wrenching and shouting and creaking could be heard behind him in the fickle town.

Then the sounds ceased, and Elkins, stealing a cautious look over his shoulder, saw only an unbroken waste where once his town had stood.

Sighing, he dipped another cup of water, which he was about to drink, when the sound of footsteps arrested him. Turning, he saw Ike Hawkins advancing.

Sadly and dreamily, Elkins covered Ike with a six-shooter.

"Stop right where you are, Ike. It's not my desire to kill you, though you deserve it, and I won't if you'll go back to your graves and your town. This spring's mine, and you're trespassing upon my property."

"But, Bud," faltered Ike, "I've come to make ye a present of the best business block in Hawkinsdale. I don't bear no malice——"

"Mr. Hawkins," Elkins' voice was slow and cold, "you heard what I said, I believe. I'm here drinking the waters, and here I'm going to remain. I'll give you just one minute to start back to the boneyard."

"But, Bud, damn it, listen! It's a corner lot, and I'll elect ye Mayor er somethin'."

Elkins carefully aimed his revolver. "Dig!" he commanded. Then in a few seconds he shouted: "I'll keep you covered till you get over the hill, and—Ike!"

"Well?"

"I want you to tell all your citizens I'm here drinking the waters, but that they're not healthy any longer for any one but me!"

THE WILL OF THE LAKE SPIRIT

An Indian Legend of the High Sierras

BY AL H. MARTIN

TIME was when the lodges of the Piutes reached from the great lake of salt to the seas of the setting sun, and when the braves chased the nimble deer from the great eastern mountains to the flower valleys of the West. And on the shores of the Silver Lake, called by the paleface "Donner," because upon them lay heavy the hand of the Lake Spirit, dwelt a portion of the tribe renowned for their bravery and wisdom. And in those days of long ago the mantle of the Lake Spirit was ofttimes seen in the skies, when the nights were long, and the fairest maidens and bravest youths were called to her sunless depths to be her slaves.

In the lodges by the Silver Lake dwelt a mighty chief, Thunder Cloud. His was the foremost step in the battle and in the chase. The bravest warriors fell before him, and his lodge boasted the scalps of the greatest chiefs that met the might of the Piutes in the fight. When his bow sounded and the feathered arrow sped, vain was it for the deer to spring forward, or for the terrible grizzly bear to offer further fight. And the wondering tribe beholding said that in Thunder Cloud slept the arm of Death. Thunder Cloud, growing tired of triumphs which none shared, cast his eagle eyes on Flower-of-the-Mountain, the fairest daughter that the tribe had reared for many marches. Straight and slender was she as the reeds that murmur by the river, and as fair as the sunrise in summer. But Flower-of-the-Mountain trembled when she beheld the hard eyes of Thunder Cloud upon her, for her heart called to the pleadings of Golden Song, the dreamer. Not his the hand to slay the straining deer and glory in the death dance, but rather did he dream of strange pictures and portray his dreams in melodies that stilled the war lust of the braves and made the old men forget that youth had departed.

And now the grim Thunder Cloud strove to train his war-charged accents to the softer cadence of love, but often longed to seize the maiden and compel her yielding, while he strove to make his voice as gentle as the West Wind. And Flower-of-the-Mountain marked the eyes that gleamed with the forked lightning and tremblingly confided her fears to Golden Song. And he, the hapless one, his hands untrained to the use of the war-bow or the tomahawk, could but look on and lament the fate that had turned the eyes of Thunder Cloud to his beloved. And often did the grim chief seek to draw the youth into a fatal quarrel, but Golden Song eluded him with careless speech and light song, although his heart burned to speed the arrow to Thunder Cloud's heart.

And one day the chiefs met in solemn council around the fire, and the peace-pipe passed from man to man till the circle was complete. Then in their wisdom it was ordered that Thunder Cloud and Golden Song compete for the fair hand of Flower-of-the-Mountain. Many there were who wished the songster well, but their hearts chilled within them as their eyes dwelt upon the mighty frame and kingly spirit of the chief.

Flower-of-the-Mountain heard, and in her terror fled to the banks of the Silver Lake. And as she knelt upon the banks, there arose out of the water a woman of strange beauty, with hair like the silk of corn and eyes blue as the skies of summer. Flower-of-the-Mountain remained rooted to the spot, for she knew that this was the dreaded Lake Spirit, whom none

may avoid, no matter how long the race may last.

"Flower-of-the-Mountain," said the Spirit, and her voice was as the wind that ripples the water and breathes through the nodding wreathes, "I know that Thunder Cloud seeks you, and that your heart is welded to that of Golden Song. Nor is there escape for you unless I take your part. But you must accept my help willingly. If I help you against the might of Thunder Cloud, then must you and Golden Song become my willing slaves and dwell forever beneath the waters of the Silver Lake. Many will your tasks be and I am a hard mistress, but together will you two be always, and what you suffer at my hands will not be as the years you will pass with Thunder Cloud, if you accept not my offer."

Flower-of-the-Mountain hears the soft, singing words, and as her mind conjures up her life with Thunder Cloud, and what the rule of the grim chief means, she tremblingly consents to the demands of the beautiful Spirit. And when Golden Song appears and his love reveals to him her compact, he also promises devotion to the mistress that is to be.

The day of the trial comes, and the braves went their way to the Silver Lake to see the contests between Thunder Cloud and Golden Song. First they bend their war-bows and send arrows true to the mark, and the arrows of Golden Song divide the arrows of Thunder Cloud from the target's center. And when the tomahawk is thrown, again does the arm of the dreamer prove more certain than that of the chief. Furious, Thunder Cloud strives again and again, but ever is he foiled like the attack of a child on a brave. At last he turns raging, and grapples with the man he has always despised. And the wondering tribe sees Golden Song seize his rival in a grip like the mountain bear, and crushes him till the creaking bones voice their melancholy protest, and finally what was once the great war chief of the Piutes falls a shattered, struggling wreck at the feet of the man he would have slain.

A song of triumph bursts from the friends of Golden Song, but the song suddenly dies in their throats as Golden Song clasps Flower-of-the-Mountain to his breast, and together they approach the lake. As one man, the whole tribe knows that they have become devoted to the Lake Spirit, knows that for her help they are to sacrifice life when the birds sing of love and the blood of youth leaps high.

Silently the tribe watches the two approach the lake and enter its silver embrace. The waters seem to welcome them and rise until they threaten to overflow and swamp the people. And suddenly from the center of swirling waters is seen to emerge a woman of wondrous beauty. Her hair of gold streams behind her like shafts of light, and her blue eyes flash like a thousand lightnings as she turns them upon the terror-stricken tribe. Her bare arms fold around the lovers, and she gathers them to her breast, as if even she feels for the life they are giving up for love.

For a moment she stands revealed, then a wall of water shoots across the vision, and when it subsides, all is still, and the Spirit has disappeared. As she passes, her laughter, full of mocking and contempt, rings in the ears of the stricken people. And when they turn to where the twitching body of Thunder Cloud was lying, behold, it has also vanished.

Sometimes when the evening shadows lie long on the banks, and the moon has only commenced to gild the shimmering waters of the Silver Lake, the lonely watcher may perchance see Flower-of-the Mountain and Golden Song rise from the waters and stroll together on the banks. Their arms enwrap each other, and they speak as lovers as they slowly wander over the paths where once in the long ago they strolled and spoke their yearning. And the Piutes know that the Lake Spirit still feels compassion for the lovers that passed to her rule, rather than dwell on earth apart.

MAL DE MER(E)

BY HARRY COWELL

ROUGHLY SPEAKING, there is only one kind of sea-sickness, the unkind, but gently be it spoken, there is another and less cruel. The insufferable former is most often suffered in mid-ocean; the sufferable latter, in mid-land, at an immeasurable distance from the sea, and by reason thereof.

'Tis a strange malady, this latter, and not altogether bitter, affecting one very much after the manner of sad poetry, with its nostalgia of other lives in fatherlands forgot. The sufferer is sea-sick as one is love-sick or home-sick; and that, though his home be not on the sea, but by it; though his first-and-last love, and the habitation of his heart, be the land. 'Tis one with, or akin to, the sea-madness of which Fiona Macleod writes with such authority; and in his delirium the patient hears as if audibly the clamorous call of the wild waves, to which, like a wounded soldier, he makes piteous attempts to respond; and the musical lure of the ripples irresistibly draws his soul seaward.

In aesthetics, as elsewhere, the point of view is everything—at least, means much. Personally, I prefer the beauty of the sea from the land to that of the land from the sea; a lake is lovelier to me than is an island, unless——! When altogether out of sight of land, my sense of the beautiful, in common with my appreciation thereof, is quite at sea. The porpoise that breaks the monotonous magnificence is a pleasure to the eye, the sail, the gull, a god-send; while the cry of "Land ho!" brings tears thereto.

As to me, I spend more of my time in the sea than on it. Though outwardly in every respect a land animal, and no odd fish, my memory yet breathes through gill-slits in a manner refreshing as mysterious. Along with swimming have I learned to love my old mother, the sea, and the more familiar I become with her, the better I love her. Cold, queenly and inhospitable as she is reputed to ride hereabouts through her Golden Gate, I, for one stranger, have received a royal welcome from her, health at her hands; sweet rest, and O, such a feeling of buoyancy! in her arms. Not that she mollycoddles me by any means. On the contrary, the very first thing she taught me was to strike out for myself. Only, come to know her, she is not cruel. She but remembers man as her lost child, and forgets that he has long since forgotten her and her ways. With the death of tens of thousands whom Panic Fear slays, or Wilful Neglect, is she wrongfully charged. Like the rest of the lower creation, her carnivorous monsters tend to keep at a respectful distance from living man. Sharks are in effect sea-vultures which batten off the conqueror only after Death has first conquered him. Theirs is the victim, not the victory.

Life-giving is the sea. Life, at any rate, myself have received at her hands, and, if the worst by means of her befall, death at her hands is said even by her enemies to be a gentle thing, much like falling on sleep. Not for death's sake, however; but for life's, I'd fain teach the young of both sexes—those of the timid sex equally with those of the brave—to know her and love her and feel at home with her, and hugely to enjoy her seemingly inhospitable hospitality. This would I do, though thereafter forever the sounds of inland waters would be in their ears as the *ranz-des-vaches* in those of self-expatriated Swiss mountaineers.

THE SPIRIT GIRL

BY JOHN S. LOPEZ

TO OBSERVE Dicky Peterson, alert, businesslike, as he fought his way against the storm, you would never have surmised that he had just succumbed to romantic yearnings of a most peculiar sort. But for all his prosaic exterior, Dicky was a poet—not of the obvious type that wears long hair and pensively transforms the soul-stirrings of mankind into the wherewithal to live or starve; but a dreamer of flesh and blood beauties, who built up romances for his own use.

Though you would never suspect it, Dicky was a victim of contradictory characteristics, emotions and attainments, which were as inconsistent as they were strangely refreshing and harmonious—in Dicky. Not that he took pains to conceal his vagaries, in fact Dicky never took pains about much of anything. Certain industrious ancestors had thoughtfully garnered enough worldly wealth to relieve him of the necessity; and having accomplished this early enough, they had bequeathed him in addition the unassailable social position assured by long lineage. So there was no hypocrisy in the sporadic attacks of ambition that held Dicky's nose to business. They were simply to satisfy himself that he was a man of action, of some use in the community. And this in itself was but the outcropping of Dicky's poetic temperament, if one might judge from his indefatigable though erratic industry compared with the poverty of the results achieved.

The bane of Dicky's existence around which all his poetic yearnings radiated was the Spirit Girl, a creature as strange as the method by which he had evolved her. It was always to bring her into being that he had sidetracked business, outrageously overthrew conventions and indulged in the vagaries that would have branded any one else but Dicky as an idiot. His irresponsibilities were notorious among his friends; although the cause—the Spirit Girl—was a secret that he held to his own soul.

She was a composite creature, this Spirit Girl, built up since his calf-days of those things that were most beautiful in his eyes about all the alluring womankind he had ever met. One had furnished the Spirit Girl with masses of ruddy brown hair just hinting strands of gold; another had given big blue eyes of just the tint and depth that combine soulfulness with mirth; the delicately uptilted nose and the ravishing mouth and teeth that just appealed to Dicky had been sacrificed by others. Ruthlessly he had maimed the feminine world, building up the Spirit Girl, not only in form, but even in thoughts, emotions and character.

Not that he ever expected to see her realization—such a thought he dismissed as absurd. Nor that he would have wanted her if such a miracle had occurred. For Dicky was engaged to a flesh and blood maiden not at all like the Spirit Girl, and that he was really fond of her none questioned—least of all Dicky himself. But the fact remained that the Spirit Girl had him enthralled—in a purely impersonal way, of course—just as a man might pay homage to a beautiful painting or statue or an impossible ideal he had conceived.

And Dicky could never cease searching for human fragments with which to piece together the object of his soul soarings. The thought that there was any harm, save that it interfered with business, never entered Dicky's mind. Else he would never have turned on that stormy winter afternoon and retraced his steps to the Grand Central Station. He had long since discovered that of all other places and at this particular time of day, here he could build up the Spirit Girl entire.

There was something about Her away from the blare and brilliancy of society that yet might be found, only partially it is true, in the throngs of wholesome, bright-eyed, cultivated young women homeward bound to the suburbs from an afternoon's shopping in New York.

And so, after he had shaken the snow from his hat and coat, he roamed through the Station for half an hour, finding here and there the things for which he searched without the real owners being a bit the wiser. For this quest of Dicky's was really impersonal. There was nothing of the flirt in his method, and behind seemingly uninterested glances he cast about, none could suspect that he was conducting an aesthetic vivisection. Not but that Dicky himself drew forth some scarcely concealed looks of interest from his victims. He was big and good to look upon, and, from a feminine standpoint that in itself is distinction. None would have suspected the poet in the frank, dancing, brown eyes that lifted his face above the commonplace, and in their search for the Spirit Girl, had played havoc with many impressionable maidens who could not know they offered only part of what he sought.

Dicky had finally stepped out into the train shed to add the stimulus of a cigarette to the critical study of a pair of eyebrows on a striking girl in gray, when out of the hurry and bustle came the Spirit Girl herself, working her way toward the door through which he was gazing. He realized it instantly with a shock of blended delight and consternation that forced his heart up into his throat and sent alternate waves of sinking and tingling throughout his whole body, as he stepped aside from the door to let her pass. He knew she was the Spirit Girl, not only in body, but in soul as well. The voice and the merry way in which she cheered the porter, who was struggling under her luggage told him that. Even to the fetching hat and the dainty traveling dress which fell just to her shoe tops she was the personification of his dream.

But there was no time to stand in idle wonder. The Spirit Girl was making her way toward a gate, and he followed, fascinated, in her wake. He did not stop to reason the matter at all; he just accepted it as a certainty that he was going to see the thing out. Quickly she passed through the gate with Dicky close behind. Then he noticed that the train was for Chicago and he paused for a moment. But there was no time to lose; the passengers were being hurried aboard. Murmuring a hasty excuse to the guard for his lack of tickets, he pushed through just as they were closing the gate, and made his way to the sleeper she had entered. Then before he had gained either breath or reason, the train was speeding on its way.

One cautious glance about the car disclosed the Spirit Girl busily engaged in making herself comfortable, some seats ahead on the opposite side of the coach. He noted with satisfaction that there were only three others in the car on this stormy afternoon. At least his half-formed determination to know the Spirit Girl in the flesh would suffer no interference if he was careful. Dicky never even stopped to consider that she herself might have objections; the matter was so impersonal and respectful in his own mind. Methods of procedure were just taking shape when the approach of the conductor presented the first unpoetic quandary.

He did not know his destination. At any rate she must be going as far as Buffalo, he reasoned, and so it was Buffalo he told the conductor, inventing a plausible yarn to explain the absence of tickets.

It was when he came to pay for these that Dicky had a real shock. One dollar and sixty cents was the sum total of what remained when the conductor had been satisfied. It was the first time he had ever realized the importance of money, and it took the nerve out of him as nothing else could. But could he do—how could he fix it? He knew no one in Buffalo, and clearly it was impossible to have money telegraphed ahead at night. Ah, it was easy, after all! He laughed as an expedient unique to him flashed across his mind. He would simply go into a pawn shop and pledge his diamond ring. The relief was positively exhilarating, and keen delight in his adventure grew apace with barriers overcome.

During all this unrest that assailed Dicky, he had not neglected to observe the Spirit Girl. By now she was deep in a novel—he wondered what it was—and

seemingly oblivious to her surroundings. Each glance at her strengthened Dicky's determination to see the chase to a finish now that he had started. Any less important mortal he would have approached with that easy grace of his that courted welcome and drew the sting from rebuff. But something warned him that this would not do with the Spirit Girl, even if he dared to take the chance. The proceedings must be tempered with finesse.

As his mind took up the thread of his conjectures, a benumbing thought suddenly crept into Dicky's mind. How did he know she was going to Buffalo at all. She might drop off at some God-forsaken wilderness in the middle of the night, or, worse still, go further on the road. He must find out and that quickly. But how?

With a shock of shame at his lack of perception, the simple solution flashed across Dicky's mind. The conductor had seemed a good-natured, garrulous individual: he could be made to supply the information without ever realizing it.

Two minutes later he was chatting with that official back in the smoking compartment.

"Not many passengers in the coach," said Dicky, with an air of utter indifference. "Short riders, I suppose?"

"Never do have many this kind of weather, somehow," said the man in blue. "And you can't blame people——" He went into a long series of reminiscences of the discomforts of winter traveling.

"That's right," agreed Dicky, who had been impatiently waiting for an opening; "and I suppose these are all short riders to-night?"

"Nope," was the reply. "Old man and woman go to Buffalo, fellow with whiskers to Cleveland, and the young dame on through to Chicago."

"Chicago!" gasped Dicky weakly, for the moment swept off his guard. But the conductor did not seem to notice his agitation.

"Sure," he continued, "although heaven knows when she'll get there if this blizzard has been piling up west of Buffalo."

Dicky's mind was working at express speed.

"My, my," he said with hypocritical concern, "hope I don't find instructions to continue to Chicago when I get to Buffalo! May not, of course," he left a loophole in case of financial impediment. "But it's mighty likely. By the way, how long do we lay over in Buffalo?" He was thinking of the pawning operation.

"'Bout an hour," was the reply that made him happy. There would be plenty of time. He decided to attack the problem candidly—that is, with reservations.

"Is there—do you know if anywhere near the station there is a——" began Dicky apologetically. Then he grew bold: "Fact is, I may have to find a pawn shop quick. I left New York so suddenly that I didn't bring enough money in case I need fare to Chicago."

"Sure," said the conductor, with interest, "there's plenty of 'em, but the trouble is they'll all be closed between the time we get in and leave."

"But—but," said Dicky, desperately, "I have to do it. Isn't there any way to fix it on good security?" He exposed his fine solitaire diamond ring. "Can't you do it? I'll make it worth a ten dollar bill. I'll telegraph ahead for money and it'll be there when we get in."

"It's a peach," ejaculated the conductor with enthusiasm, carefully examining the ring. "It isn't usual, but I'll take a chance, and you can redeem it whenever you want. Besides, I'll stake you to five or ten if you need it."

Dicky was so grateful he could have fallen on his Samaritan's neck and embraced him. He took the ten gladly and passed over the ring. And then, after they had made arrangements for its redemption, the conductor went off on duty and left Dicky to his own reflections.

Now that his mind was at rest, Dicky's thoughts returned to the Spirit Girl. Still, there was plenty of time for overtures, and so he stopped to meditate. Realizing that his present security was but temporary, he placed her to one side for the time being and began to plan future provisions. This resulted in a telegram, scratched on the back of an envelope, as follews:

"Percival G. Harding,

"2896 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

"Meet me at station; arrival N. Y. C. train from N. Y.; due six o'clock Friday evening. Bring $200: very important.

"Richard W. Peterson."

This completed, brought up a feeling of semi-remorse in Dicky's thoughts. Percy Harding was the brother-in-law of Ruth Perkins, the flesh-and-blood maiden in New York with whom he had plighted troth. It was a very cheap thing to do, he realized, to use her influence to further his own unfaithfulness. And now he thought with a twinge of conscience, while he was speeding along, he was breaking a promise he had made to spend that evening with her. He had been neglecting her, but he would make it up later. Why, he had not gone near her for a week. He had justified himself on the ground that he did not want to be bored by meeting her sister, Harding's wife, who was in New York on a visit. Dicky scourged himself into an easier frame of mind, and then sent a conscience sop in the form of a telegram to his fiancee. It read:

"Called suddenly to Chicago. Sorry to disappoint you. Telegraph forgiveness care of Harding.

"Dicky."

These he copied on telegraph blanks secured from the porter who came through calling dinner. He made arrangements that they be sent from Buffalo.

Thus having satisfied scruples, Dicky's mind reverted to the cause of it all. She solved the problem of procedure by passing through to the dining car, and a moment later Dicky followed close behind. Surely at dinner would be the propitious time if she was to be receptive at all. Carelessly, he dropped into a seat at a table just opposite her's, and looked about with studied unconcern. It was a glorious vantage from which he could watch without attracting attention, and for the first time he had full opportunity for studying the Spirit Girl at close range. Sheer delight such as he had never before experienced, had never hoped to feel, thrilled him as his hungry eyes and ears drank in her every gesture, her every word. She was more than the embodiment of his Spirit Girl; she was the quintessence, the refinement of his dream—just as virgin gold is refined from baser alloys. There were some deviations from his spirit conception, it is true; but the changes were improvements, if anything. Dicky's common sense told him he was a silly fool—building air castles that would probably collapse; but the vision was ravishing, and he allowed himself to drift on its superambient tide.

But drop by drop, his self-confidence oozed away and gave place to a positive feeling of awe. Perhaps this was because she represented the apex of his dreams; largely it was due to the girl herself. Obviously she was not one to be lightly approached, although there was nothing of the prude in her demeanor. It was just that certain indefinable something that protects some women like a danger signal that warns off impertinent overtures. Several times she looked at Dicky with frank interest, but there was nothing of invitation in her eyes. It was that impersonal interest that all women worth while find in any man that is good to look upon—not in the individual, but in the species. Dicky realized this and was baffled. It proved that she was worthy of his dreams, and after all, that was what he most desired. He must think and watch and plan and, above all, wait for an opening that would permit of respectful approach.

He could observe her every movement, and he sat speculating and watching for the merest crumb of probability, but none fell. Had it been another girl, he would long since have asked for the loan of one of the magazines she had carried with her, or commented on the blizzard that was sweeping the country, or offered to lift her hand-bags when she struggled with them, or even put to use the time-worn subterfuge of mistaken identity; but while he thought of these, he passed them by as not worthy of the risk of offending her. But although he racked his mind waiting for the propitious time through the dinner and back to the coach, until the porter had made up the berths and she had turned in, the moment did not arrive.

But as he lay in his berth he was thinking—thinking and tossing about; not until long after they had pulled into Buffalo and out again did he sink into a mockery of slumber in which countless Spirit Girls led him a chase through all eternity. And so smooth and consistent was the transition from wakefulness to sleep and out again that it served to shatter any shred of self-confidence that had survived the day before.

Surely he might have offered assistance when she had difficulty with the lock of her suit case; but he did not, although he cursed himself roundly at his lack of initiative after the chance had gone. Again when the train came to a stop on the edge of Indiana snow-bound for six hours while wreckers cleared the track, community of misery offered the opening he sought, but Dicky avoided it like a bashful schoolboy. He was afraid. One thing had grown upon him, however, and this was that she was no longer the embodiment of an impersonal dream. To this had been added the personal charm, the human appeal, which held Dicky enthralled, bewildered, forgetful of the conventions that bound him to the flesh-and-blood maiden in New York.

Adding to Dicky's misery was the realization that he must present an uncouth appearance. He had not been shaved, and without baggage had been unable to replace his soiled linen with fresh. This in itself was a barrier, and so he writhed in torment throughout the day, praying for opportunities that when they offered, he did not have the nerve to grasp. And sometimes, although only for fleeting moments, he thought the Spirit Girl had penetrated his designs. More than once he caught her eyes upon him with a quizzical, half-puzzled expression that was so frankly candid that it disarmed attack. An impressionable girl, he reasoned, would have dropped her eyes and displayed signs of mortification when detected in such an inspection.

Not until the train had drawn out of Whiting, Indiana, and was speeding toward Chicago in an effort to make up time did he realize that the trip was almost over and that he must act now if at all. Better, he assured himself, to take the chance and perhaps lose her, than to lose her anyway with the knowledge that he had made no effort. Twice he half rose from his seat as if to approach her, and then sank back overcome by sheer panic. It seemed that the slightest move wiped out or rendered incoherent the carefully planned speech he had prepared. Then he braced himself like a gambler who makes a blind plunge against hope.

He was leaning over the back of her seat before the sheer audacity of his approach struck terror to his heart. Dicky would cheerfully have given half his fortune if he could have drawn back from the puzzled scrutiny of the big blue eyes that were raised to his. But it was too late. Her whole attitude was an inquiry that the half-parted lips seemed about to express in terms that demanded an unequivocal reply.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Dicky miserably, "I—I—that is—— Mayn't I sit down and chat with you? I'm awfully lonesome."

His tone would have stirred the breast of a sphinx. She swept him from head to foot before she gave the slightest sign that she had heard. It seemed a century of suspense to Dicky. Then she looked into his appealing eyes, and with woman's intuition read there nothing of impertinence —only respect and deference. The suggestion of barbed wire fences about her seemed to dissipate.

"I suppose I shouldn't," she said, meditatively; then with a laugh: "but I think I will. The fact is," she continued with the most delightful suggestion of a yawn Dicky had ever seen, "I'm just dying for a chat; I'm simply bored to death. Why didn't you come before?"

It was delightfully bewildering, amazing, positively the most wonderful thing Dicky had ever heard. "Why hadn't he come before?" He could have hugged himself and kicked himself for his timidity in the same instant. "Just dying for a chat." It wiped out every vestige of affectation and left him the charming, spontaneous boy he really was. "Why hadn't he come before?" The words of explanation that poured out of his mouth fairly tripped over each other as he told her honestly, fully and regretfully of all the struggles, the doubts, the misgivings and the hopes he had had since the previous afternoon.

Obviously, her frank confession of loneliness had been as impersonal as it was impulsive. But she was a woman, nevertheless, and the genuine ring to his spontaneous explanation worked more good for his cause than the diplomacy of a Tallyrand could have accomplished. As he talked, the formal dignity she had employed to ward off misunderstanding, melted away, and when he had done, she

was just as much the effervescent young girl as he was the boy. How they laughed until the tears came at the ludicrous plans he had made, and then abandoned; how deliciously amusing it was that after all he should have accomplished his purpose by acting like a schoolboy; how amazingly they thawed out and talked as if they had known each other from childhood. But then the shortest road to friendship lies through laughter.

Then he must know who she was and all about her; and when she would not tell, he began to tease. But she laughed off his appeals with arguments and added a touch of mystery to herself that made her all the more ravishing in Dicky's eyes.

"Let's not spoil it all," she said in a tone that was genuinely appealing. "What difference can it make who we are? Let's just pretend we are children who don't care. You shall make up a name for me that fits. Come now, what shall it be?" she pleaded with an air of unconscious coquetry that sent Dicky well-nigh off his balance.

"The Spirit Girl," he said quickly; and then almost before she had time to look puzzled, he was telling her all about the strange romancing he had indulged in for years, and of which he had never breathed before to a soul.

Her first inclination to treat it as a huge joke did not long survive the earnestness of Dicky's explanation. Not the slightest tittle of detail did he omit, and when he had brought the confession down to the point where he had begun the wild goose chase, her lips were trembling, but not with mirth.

"I don't know whether to be glad or sorry," she said gently, laying her hand on his arm. "Glad, I think; because I don't believe a woman ever had a sweeter compliment."

But the confession had positively exhilarated Dicky.

"And now," he said, laughing contentedly, "I shall not stop until the story is rounded out."

The implication seemed to bring her back to earth. Her voice became as moody as her eyes.

"No," she said gently, "I am sorry, but the story will be ended in five minutes. We are almost in the station."

"It is just begun," said Dicky masterfully.

"Oh," she said earnestly, "I must insist that this shall be the end."

"Play fair, now!" pleaded Dicky, "or play anything—I shall see it through," he concluded determinedly.

"Oh, you must not spoil it all this way," she said, almost tearfully.

"I don't think anything can spoil it now," said he, looking into her eyes with a gaze of such complete infatuation that it brought her mettlesomeness at once to the surface.

"You may think what you please, *now*," she said stiffly. "No explanations are needed on either side. You are a gentleman—that is my guarantee. After I leave the car, you will not approach me nor speak to me, because I wish it so. I shall have forgotten that I ever saw you."

Even as she spoke the brakes were grinding and the train came to a gradual stop in the station. Dicky merely arose and bowed. He stood inactive and watched her as she started from the car, but his mind was working like a drowning man's. No woman's whim should spoil it all now that he had accomplished so much. He would follow her, observing proper caution, find out who she was and then trust to the future. But a horrifying thought assailed him as he tracked her carefully up the long platform. Suppose Harding was not there with the money! He would lose her! At least he had some money left, and he would trail her to the end of his resources.

Screened behind a pillar, he watched her go to the telephone booths and noted that she left her hand luggage with the operator when she walked away. Delight danced through him. He could safely depend on a few minutes in which to hunt up Harding before her return. Up and down the platform he dashed, but there was no sign of the man he sought. Hurriedly he turned into the waiting room and became almost frantic when none of the lingering groups contained Harding. Then just as he turned from the platform again he discerned the man he wanted, only in an obscure corner of the room. He was leaning over, evidently talking to someone who sat in a seat, although Harding's big form quite obscured the view. There

was no time to be lost. Dicky hurried forward, calling out long before he reached Harding. The latter heard him, and straightening up, hurried to meet him with outstretched hand.

"Hello, Dicky, old boy," he said, beaming welcome. "Thought you hadn't come. I've had my hands full looking for two of you. Wife came in on the same train. Pity you didn't know each other. Let me introduce you."

Dicky was spluttering delight at having met him and impatient to be off again, when presently his eyes found the person to whom Harding was leading him.

"Your wife!" he stammered with a most awful sinking feeling. It was the Spirit Girl who was smiling at him with a most impenetrable expression.

"Sure," replied Harding, babbling on without noticing Dicky's perturbation; "Ruth's sister. Odd you didn't meet her; she's been East on a visit to Ruth."

In the moment it took to cover the distance to where she sat, Dicky lived through a decade of thought and horrible speculation. What had he better do? Surely she would tell everything to Harding. Ruth would hear it—somehow that thought troubled him now—everybody would hear it, and he would become the laughing stock of New York.

Subconsciously he heard Harding's introduction, coupled with a joke about being a prospective member of the family, but he dare not be the first to acknowledge it; he could only wait passively for the blow to fall. Her voice, clear, self-contained, and, it seemed to him, significant, aroused him.

"I'm so glad to meet you," she said with a look of the big blue eyes that somehow made the clutch on his heart relax. "I knew who you were immediately—from the photographs Ruth showed me. It is almost as if I had met you before and forgotten."

Dicky stammered something; he never could remember what.

"I was so sorry to learn that your engagement was to be postponed indefinitely." She said it with a significance that left no room for him to doubt her meaning.

"I'm afraid so," he replied so miserably that Harding looked at him sympathetically. "Though, of course, that rests entirely with her."

"You'll stay with us while you're in town attending to that important business," said Harding, and then glared pointedly at his wife when she did not join in the invitation.

"No," replied Dicky, with increased assurance. "Thank you just the same. The business arranged itself while I was on the way. I'll borrow that couple of hundred, though, run over to a hotel for a while and catch the first train back to New York."

"Too bad to find that your long trip was in vain," said Harding shaking hands. "I'm sorry."

"So am I—*really*," echoed his wife.

Dicky imagined he felt a faint, significant pressure of her fingers as he took her hand, but he made no mistake in interpreting it only as a pledge of secrecy.

THE TIDE

BY ALONZO RICE.

The moon rides high, and now the ocean lays
His hand upon the shore as on a harp;
The world is whist the while he softly plays
To her who thrills his heart with passions sharp.

MODJESKA'S LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

THE MOST notable woman of foreign birth who has ever made California her permanent home was Helena Modrzejewski, or Modjeska, as she is known to the whole world of English-speaking people. She was born on October 12, 1840, being the daughter of Michael Opid, who was a teacher in one of the High Schools of Cracow, Poland, and a good musician. In 1846, Cracow was annexed by Austria, and when its inhabitants rose in revolt, was bombarded. A bomb struck the Opid's house, tearing away part of the balcony.

As a child, Helena studied grammar, Polish history, and French; and willingly attended the serviecs of the church. Her taste for dramatic art became apparent on the occasion of her first visit at the age of seven to the theatre, where she evinced the keenest interest in the performance. She and three elder brothers (she was one of a family of ten children) were extremely fond of acting, and gave a performance at their own home each month. In July, 1850, when little Helena was ten years of age, Cracow was burned, and Madame Opid lost nearly all she possessed. In the autumn of that year, Gustave Modrzejewski was introduced to Madame Opid and undertook to teach German to her children. When Helena was twelve years old, she and a fifteen-year-old brother, Adolphe, wrote a tragedy. At fourteen Helena was reading the works of Polish poets, and of several English writers. A little later she was greatly impressed by a performance of "Hamlet." In 1860 she married Modrzejewski, who was twenty years her senior, and went to live in Bochnia. There, on the occasion of several men being killed in a catastrophe in the salt mines, she made her first appearance on the stage in an amateur performance for the benefit of their families and scored a great success. A traveling company was formed and made a profitable tour.

In 1865 she parted from Modrzejewski, whom she never saw again. In her published reminiscences she does not explain what caused the separation, nor state how long her husband survived it. It has been asserted that he met his death in a disaster at Bochnia. Helena had by him a daughter, who died in 1865, and a son named Ralph, who afterwards came to the United States. In the summer of 1866 she met Carol Bozenta Chlapowski, a Polish Count, twenty-five years old, who had a high reputation as a fearless journalist. On account of the difficulty experienced by English-speaking people in pronouncing his name, he was always called Bozenta in America. On September 12, 1868, Helena married him, the union proving a highly congenial and happy one.

Helena's rendition of Adrienne in "Adrienne Lecouvreur" at the Imperial Theatre in Warsaw, established her reputation as an actress, and a life engagement as leading woman was offered to her. Her husband's social position and her own ability attracted to their home all the most brilliant and intellectual people of Cracow, among their intimates being Henryk Sienkiewicz, the author of "With Fire and Sword," and other great novels. When Helena's health failed under the strain of hard work and excitement, her husband, who had offended the Government by his writings, talked of emigration.

The approaching Exposition suggested the idea of a visit to America, and the formation of a sort of Brook Farm Colony was discussed among their friends. Five decided to go, and leave of absence from the theatre for one year was obtained. In the spring of 1876 Sienkiewicz and Sypniewski, formerly an officer in the Turkish and Prussian armies, went out to America as the advance guard of

the party, the rest following later. Great preparations were made, guns, revolvers, telescopes, rugs, medicine boxes and many other things being bought. In July, the Count and Countess Chlapowski landed in New York. They visited the Exposition on many occasions, and Helena, being invited to read a paper before the Women's Auxiliary Congress, chose as her subject the condition of Polish women under the Russian and Polish Governments. This bore bitter fruit later.

home of the little colony of Polish exiles. The ranch-house contained two bedrooms, a dining-room and a parlor, rather small and with surroundings terribly commonplace and discouraging, the only redeeming feature being the view of the mountains of the Sierra Madre and the Santa Ana range. Two of the colonists camped in a barn about a hundred feet away from the house, which was too small to hold them all.

Helena found housekeeping for her



"Arden," Madame Morzejewska's (Modjeska) home in Santiago Canyon, Orange County, California.

From New York, Helena and her husband journeyed by steamer to Panama, and thence went on to San Francisco, where they saw Edwin Booth in the role of Shylock and Marc Antony. From San Francisco they went to Anaheim in Orange County, Helena describing it as "a small town in Southern California inhabited mostly by German colonists and Spaniards." Anaheim had been selected by Sienkiewicz and his companion as the strangely-assorted household rather troublesome. All its members had different tastes, five drinks being wanted at breakfast—tea, coffee, milk, chocolate and wine-soup. The colonists set to work in the orchard, but the first day's unfamiliar labor caused some of them to be late for breakfast next morning. On the third day one complained of a lame back, and after a week only her husband and son went on working. The others labored a



Madame Modjeska in the garden of "Arden," her country home in Santiago Canyon.

little, talked and discussed and quarreled a great deal. For recreation they rode on horseback.

One day they made an excursion to Santiago Canyon in the Santa Ana Mountains, and found there a little dwelling-house near which was an arbor covered with vines and climbing roses. The arbor contained a sofa, table and chairs, and could be used as an outside dining-room or parlor. Under a spreading oak was a stove and in a cavity of the tree were shelves. A few flowers, a palm, an olive tree and some rose bushes completed the scene. The shanty stood in the middle of a sloping mesa covered with wild lilies and honeysuckle. In front ran a swift stream, and all around were oaks: in the distance rocks and a steep mountain named Flores Peak completed the picture. A few years later Count Bozenta and his wife bought this place and named it "Arden," because everything, oaks, brooks, palms, snakes, lions (mountain lions or pumas), named by Shakespeare in his description of the Forest of Arden in "As You Like It," was on the spot.

When the party returned from their ride, a letter was found in which Captain Pietrowski, a noble Pole, who had lived many years in the United States, announced his intention of visiting them. Accordingly a bed was put in place of the sofa in the parlor, and Ralph joined the party in the barn. The captain was very humorous and full of high spirits. He flirted outrageously with Anasia, the Polish maid, and manifested a curious combination of old-country manners and culture with modern American notions. He said that he drank milk, but liked to prepare it himself, which he did by putting three parts of brandy to one of milk. He was so heavy that on the first night the bed broke under his weight. The captain picked himself up from the wreck and tried to find his way to the barn, but in the darkness he blundered into the stable and frightened the horses. The young men in the barn, thinking him a robber, got up and pointed their guns at him, but no harm was done. One afternoon, being thirsty, the captain left the party and went in search of something to drink. Going straight towards the cottage, and seeing Anasia, he called out: "Now, my little bird, I will catch you and kiss you." She exclaimed gaily: "Come, Captain, kiss me!"

The gallant officer ran towards her, but failed to see the irrigation ditch, overgrown with weeds, running between them, and fell into the water up to his waist. The more he tried to get out the deeper he sank. When at last he was helped out, he demanded compensation for his discomfiture in the form of drink.

After the novelty of farm life had worn off, the Polish gentlemen did not care for gardening, washing clothes in the creek, splitting firewood, and other such work. The farming was not successful; fifteen thousand dollars had been spent, and though the Count was ready to make still further expenditures, Helena decided to go to San Francisco to study English with the view of returning to the stage. She found lodgings, and took her first lessons from a young man staying in the house. Often she heard a woman's voice, sweet and musical, and, on inquiry, learned that it belonged to Joanna Tuholsky, who, though of Polish parentage, had come to the United States at four years of age. An arrangement was made for her to teach English to Helena, and she came regularly to the house at eight in the morning, staying till evening. Ralph also learned English and progressed so well that he wrote a farce, which was performed at the house of Governor Salomon by himself and the Governor's sons. Helena began to read Adrienne Lecouvreur, and went on to learn the parts of Juliet and Cleopatra. She entertained the ambitious desire to become a star in America and England, then to return to the theatre at Warsaw and win the applause of her own country people. During this period she went frequently to the theatre, seeing Mrs. Drew in "School for Scandal;" E. A. Sothern in "Lord Dundreary;" also Charles Coghlan, whom she thought an exquisite actor. Adelaide Neilson in "The Hunchback" won Helena's admiration by her beauty, sincerity and pathos, seeming not to assume her parts, but to live them on the stage.

In June, Helena thought she was ready for her debut at the California Theatre, at which Barton Hill was stage manager and representative of John McCullough the lessee. When she applied through her



Madame Modjeska on the rim of the fountain at "Arden."

young teacher for a hearing, she was told that there was no opening, all the dates for the winter being filled. On hearing this, her Polish friends advised her to return to Warsaw, or to go to New York or London. However, Miss Joanna Tuholsky begged Barton Hill to let Helena rehearse an act of Adrienne Lecouvreur, Juliet or Cleopatra before him. Hill consented, but when Helena and her tutor went at the appointed time, he said that the stage was occupied every morning and afternoon. He further advised her to give up her "fancy." Hill thought that she was only a stage-struck "society woman," and, as Helena had no scrap-book of criticisms of her performances at Warsaw, she could not prove to him that she was a tried and experienced actress. On the next occasion that Helena visited the theatre, Hill sent out word that he was too busy to see any one. Helena felt bitterly humiliated, and almost determined to return to Poland at once; but Governor Salomon secured another appointment with Hill, who complimented Helena on her good looks, called her "Madame la Comtesse," and told her in a gossipy fashion about the plays that were to come to the California Theatre. But Joana Tuholsky asked him point-blank when he would give the promised hearing to Madame, and he replied "next Tuesday." When they appeared on Tuesday, the stage was occupied by a scenery rehearsal; so a lecture hall, with a platform about fifteen feet wide, in the same building, was suggested. The hall was dusty and bare, with no furniture but a rickety table and a shaky chair; but in spite of the unattractive conditions, Madame prepared to begin. Hill took a seat and warned her that he would be candid and sincere in his criticism. She replied that she expected him to be so, but begged him not to interrupt her. Helena, stirred by the delays and refusals, was fired with a strong desire to triumph. She lost herself in the part, and gave a splendid rendition. At the close, as Madame sat panting with the effort, Hill came to her with outstretched hands and tears of emotion in his eyes. When asked if Madame could have a night for her debut, Hill replied: "You can have a whole week or more." When John McCullough returned to San Francisco, Madame rehearsed the same parts on the stage before him, and others, among them Richard Hinton, chief editor of the Evening Post. At the end of the rehearsal, McCullough, evidently touched, came up to her and set August the thirteenth as the date of her debut. When he asked her name she gave it as "Helena Modrzejewski." He said that no English-speaking person could pronounce it; she must change it. Madame suggested Modgeska, but he said that would remind people of Madagascar; so she substituted a "j" for the "g," making it Modjeska. McCullough approved, and by that name she was known thereafter in America and Great Britain. Modjeska went to see McCullough in "Othello" and "Virginius," coming away from the performance with a great admiration for his talent.

In order to be nearer the theatre, Modjeska a few days before August 13th moved from her lodgings to the Palace Hotel, where she received the sad news that her husband, Count Bozenta, had met with an accident and would not be able to attend the performance. On the eventful night she did not feel at all nervous, her joy at being before the footlights again crowding out stage fright. Tom Keene was Maurice de Saxe, Miss Wilton took the part of the Princess, and Harry Edwards played Michonnet: all were excellent; Madame was applauded heartily and received many congratulations. She telegraphed to her husband the one word "Victory!" The press critics gave her long, appreciative notices, and Sienkiewicz wrote a copious letter to his Warsaw paper. Next day several theatrical agents called, among them being Harry Sargent, whose proposal for a starring tour Modjeska accepted. Sargent made arrangements for her to appear in New York from the middle of December, 1877, to the end of January, 1878. McCullough asked her to play another week in the California Theatre, Miss Rose Eytinge, to whom the week belonged, being willing to postpone her engagement. McCullough wanted her and asked her if she could play Ophelia to his Hamlet. Modjeska said that she did not think she could render the mad scene in English on so short notice, but would give it in Polish if the audience would stand for that. Modjeska thought



Modjeska at the well, "Arden."

the rehearsals in San Francisco very lax, especially as compared with those that she took part in later in New York, where the star was expected to tell the other actors what to do and to instruct them in stage business, so as to bring out the star's points in the most effective manner.

Modjeska's second week was a financial success: her dressing room was thronged with people shedding tears, embracing and congratulating her. Her husband came up to San Francisco from the South, and together they enjoyed many parties at the houses of Polish friends and the "society people" of San Francisco. A Canadian named James Ward suggested a tour through the little towns of California and Nevada, as affording excellent practice before smaller and less critical audiences than she would have to face in New York. Sam Davis advised her to "rough it" for a time, and promised to make matters easy for her on her first appearance in Virginia City before the miners. The conclusion had been arrived at to sell the ranch; so the Count returned to Anaheim, but found it hard to dispose of the place, even at a loss. But, as he had brought the Polish colonists out from their native land, he felt it incumbent upon him to send them home. At last in 1878 he managed to find a buyer for the property, and to send the Sypniewski family back to Poland.

Modjeska added, to her repertoire, "Camille," a play in which she had refused to take part at home in Poland, on account of a doubt she felt as to its influence on young people. Her friends in America overcame her scruples, and she chose it for her debut in Virginia City, where she was agreeably surprised at the manly appearance and good behavior of the miners and cowboys who made up the greater part of the picturesque audience, applauding her acting and shedding tears over her fate. During this tour, she played "Romeo and Juliet" and "Adrienne Lecouvreur," the parts of Romeo and Maurice de Saxe being taken by Mr. Meader, a son of Mrs. Clara Fisher Meader. But Modjeska did not make a great hit in the mining towns.

When she returned to San Francisco, Barton Hill told her that she could have two weeks in October for Camille, Juliet and Adrienne. These two weeks proved successful. From San Francisco she went to New York, and while she was there, Sienkiewicz passed through on his way home from his voluntary exile in California. The rough life, manual labor, lack of comforts and of congenial society had proved hard to bear, and he looked very happy at the thought of returning to his native land and the friends of his youth.

After scoring brilliant successes in New York and many other American cities, Modjeska paid a visit to Cracow in 1879, and was received by the audience with the greatest enthusiasm when she played Adrienne in her native tongue. It was now Modjeska's ambition to play in London and to captivate the theatre-goers of the land of Shakespeare, as she had delighted those of her native country and the United States. In January, 1880, Count Bozenta visited London as an advance agent, but was unable to induce the theatrical managers to make any engagement with his wife, their objection being that they had not seen her work. In February he was joined by Modjeska. They made many interesting acquaintances, among them Hamilton Aide, Alfred (after Lord) Tennyson, Dean Stanley, John Everett Millais and Tennyson's sons, Lionel and Hallam. On May Day, Modjeska opened in "Heartsease" (La Dame aux Camelias) and won instant approbation, being praised by Labouchere, Sala, Clement Scott and other eminent London critics.

During 1882-1883, she played for thirty weeks in succession in the United States, spending the summer of 1883 at her Californian bungalow in Santiago Canyon. In 1884 and 1885, Modjeska and her husband visited Poland and England. In 1885 and 1886 she played under Daniel Frohman's management. The summers were spent in California: about every two years they went to Europe and stayed for some months in Poland. Thus they did not go back to England. In 1902 they paid a delightful visit to Paderewski at his chateau at Morges in Switzerland. Late in the summer of the following year, they crossed the Atlantic again and settled down quietly in their mountain home in California—"Arden"—an ideal place for rest, of which Madame Modjeska stood much in need.

During 1905 they received from Aus-

tralia a telegram announcing Paderewski's arrival in California. Paderewski and his wife spent several days with Modjeska and the Count, who found him a delightful companion, witty, well-informed and fascinating. He was a fine bridge player, and scolded Modjeska severely for her errors in play; he upbraided her, too, for retiring into a wilderness. Not long afterwards, Modjeska received a paper signed by many well-known New York people, offering her a public testimonial in recognition of her services to the stage, and in appreciation of her genius. This performance took place at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on May 2, 1905. An accident prevented Paderewski from being present, but many other leading artists appeared. This, her farewell performance in New York, was almost twenty-eight years after her first appearance in that city.

By the advice of Frohman she made a farewell tour through the United States; it was prolonged to two years, ending in April, 1907. In the autumn of 1906, Arden, on which more than $100,000 had been spent, was sold to a country club for $35,000. In 1907, Modjeska left the stage permanently. She and her husband, wishing for the more invigorating atmosphere of the sea, decided to move to Newport in Orange County, where they built a house at Balboa Beach.

But Modjeska did not enjoy her well-earned repose very long, for in February, 1909, she was taken ill, and after two months died, those present at her bedside being her husband, Count Bozenta, her son Ralph and his wife, and Dr. J. C. Boyd, the physician. The body was embalmed and taken to Cracow, where the Russian Government made no objections to its being interred with distinguished ceremony, though many years previously Count Bozenta's frank newspaper articles and Modjeska's address delivered before the Women's Auxiliary Congress at the Exposition had given great offense to the authorities.

It is satisfactory to know that, though Madame Modjeska's fortune was considerably diminished before her death, it amounted to a substantial and comfortable sum. During her brilliant career, she is reputed to have earned about a million dollars; but she was always a generous woman, spending $100,000 in the endowment of a Girls' Industrial School in Cracow and constantly relieving the suffering or want of her relatives and friends. At the time of her death she possessed about $120,000, invested in such a manner as to produce a good income, and about $20,000 worth of jewels and personal belongings. Not only was she an actress of high distinction and ability, but a woman of heart and great charm.

A JAPANESE AMULET

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

Where cherry blossoms soothe the curse of man
 With dreams adeep in chastening tenderness,
 'Twas fashioned of heart-hidden prayers to bless
Some dainty girl in far-away Japan.
An ivory world, with carven caravan
 Of racing steeds upon it, the carêss
 Of Art on every stallion—who can guess
What fate befell the patient artisan?
With careless hand you plucked it from the past,
 To tease me with a trinket—it has brought
 All joys of wish and will the better part;
Not all, for thirsting still, I crave the last,
 As one who dreams a feast but tastes it not—
 The sovereign inter-sweetness of your heart!

PASTOR RUSSELL'S REPLY TO CARDINAL GIBBONS' SERMON

CARDINAL GIBBONS' sermon, widely published, attracted a great deal of attention amongst Protestants as well as Catholics. What will Protestantism say to this? was the query. We have heard but one Protestant response, and that, properly enough, from the pen of the best and most widely known Protestant minister in the world—Pastor Russell of Brooklyn Tabernacle, New York. We place his reply immediately following Cardinal Gibbons' presentation, assured that it will be interesting to our Protestant, as well as our Catholic, readers:

Pastor Russell Congratulates the Cardinal.

It falls to my lot to respond to Cardinal Gibbons' sermon on "A Plea for United Christendom," in which he urges very forcefully that there is but one Church, and that, therefore, all Protestants should abandon their sectarian attitude and join the Roman Catholic Church. The reply falls to my lot, because, although I stand free and independent of all Protestant sects and parties, my brethren of the ministry in various denominations of Protestantism would find it rather awkward and difficult to acknowledge that there is but one true Church, and, in the same breath to acknowledge that their denomination is no more that one church than is any other sect.

I am very pleased with Cardinal Gibbons' kindly moderation in the handling of the subject. It contrasts very forcibly with the terrible times of the past, when Roman Catholics on the one hand and various Protestant sects on the other, waged an indirect and internecine strife to the death in the name of God and of our Redeemer and of righteousness. Surely what all intelligent people need is to abandon foolish prejudices, hypocrisies and superstitions of the past, and to come together as true followers of the Nazarene. Everything which points in this direction is to be appreciated, whether coming from the lips of Cardinal Gibbons or from others. Surely we should all desire the Truth, and desiring it, should seek it in God's Word, of which the Master said. "Thy word is Truth."

Agrees with Cardinal Gibbons.

I am pleased to say that I agree most heartily with Cardinal Gibbons' presentation in almost every particular. Unquestionably sectarianism is wholly out of accord with the teachings of the Scriptures. Assuredly St. Paul rebuked the Corinthian brethren because they presented a divided front, saying, I am of Paul; I am of Apollos; I am of Peter, etc. St. Paul's reply to this was that it was proof of carnality, of fleshly minds and proof of an unspiritual state. All Christians are coming to realize this—Catholic and Protestant—although it is but a few years since some claimed that sectarianism was a positive advantage; that it led to a greater zeal and energy in the Divine service than if all were agreed. All who are conversant with history understand what I mean when I say that God has been pleased to permit an illustration of—first, a united Christendom, and, secondly, a divided Christendom. For long centuries there was practically but the one Church in Europe, the Roman Catholic. The results were surely not all that could have been desired. That unity of Church brought neither secular nor religious education, nor did it bring to the world the Millennium promised as the great desideratum of humanity. Rather in that long period we see that ignorance and superstition held the reins. During the last few centuries we have had the opportunity of testing the division of Christendom into various sects and parties. While the results are not satisfactory, while the condition is not what God's Word prompts us

to desire and expect, this divided condition has certainly tended toward greater freedom of thought, greater liberty from ignorance and superstition.

So, then, when we think of the Church, both Catholics and Protestants agree that we should not desire such a unity as prevailed during the period in history known as "the dark ages." The unity we seek and pray for is a knowledge—enlightened and more sanctified unity, which will not require to be maintained through the arm of civilized power, and the rack and thumb-screw and stake. Our prayers and desires should go up for the kind of liberty mentioned in the Bible—"the liberty wherewith *Christ makes free*"—"the liberty of the sons of God."

The Perplexing Question.

So, then, dissatisfied with the sectarian divisions, and strife, and equally dissatisfied with the compulsory union of the past, and, convinced, nevertheless, that the Bible teaches the unity of the Church, we ask: How may this scriptural unity be attained—the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace and love, which maintains its own liberty and grants the same to others? Where shall we find; How shall we obtain; by what process shall we accomplish this unity? We agree with the Cardinal that our Lord speaks of himself in the Scriptures as the one Shepherd of the one flock of this Age and the Supervisor of the one fold. We agree that there is but the one Church, for whom the Master prayed during his dying hour—"That they all may be one in us." We agree also that the Apostle speaks of the one Church, likening it to a human body, over which there is the one Head, and of which all are members. We agree that there are not many bodies, but one; not many heads, but One. We agree, also, that there is but the one true Vine of the Father's right hand planting, and that this refers to Christ, the parent stock, and to his true members, the branches. We agree, also, that as there is only one Lord, so there is but one faith, and, additionally, that there is but one baptism.

Agreeing with all these Scriptural premises laid down by Cardinal Gibbons, we must, nevertheless, dispute his conclusion, that this one Church which Christ declared he would build upon the rock of Truth, and which would grow to a glorious temple composed of living stones, of which St. Peter was one, is the Roman Church, just as we disagree with our Baptist friends when they tell us that the Baptist Church is the one Church. Equally we disagree with our Presbyterian and Methodist, Lutheran and Congregational systems when they each protest that they fill these requirements—that they are the one Church. Our contention is that every one who turns his back upon sin; who accepts of Jesus as his Redeemer and Savior, and who approaches the Father in full consecration through Jesus, and who receives the beginning of the holy spirit of God—all such are the brethren of Jesus and sons of God whether they join the Roman Catholic, the Congregational, the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian or other human systems. Our contention is that none of these human systems, Catholic or Protestant, is recognized by the Bible—none of them is recognized of God. They are all human institutions—originated by men and maintained by men—sometimes good men and sometimes bad men have had to do with their organization and its maintenance. Indeed, we hold that such a reformed, consecrated believer is equally a child of God in whatever denomination he may be, or if he be outside of all denominational walls or creeds. It is our contention that the various creeds of Christendom have been so many stumbling blocks and hindrances to honest souls who sought their God and the light of his Word. True, they may have assisted in some particulars, as well as they may have done injury in other respects. All the same, none of these institutions has Divine authority. None of them is sanctioned by the Word of God, the Bible. They are one and all built upon false assumptions.

Which is the True Church?

According to the Bible we may all find the answer we are seeking—an explanation of what and where is the true Church. In the Scriptures it is described as "the Church of the Firstborns, whose names are written in Heaven." (Heb. 12:23.) Will our Protestant friends claim that their Church roll corresponds to that written in

Heaven in the Lamb's Book of Life? Would Christian friends of any denomination dare to make such a claim? Most assuredly, No. We all realize that at very most the various sects and parties of Christendom are composed of wheat and tares, and that, so far as human judgment can discern, the tares are vastly in the majority.

The Scriptures declare that the Lord knoweth them that are His! The intimation is that no one but the Lord certainly, truly, knows which are the true sheep and which are the goats in sheep's clothing. We are exhorted not to judge one another. "Condemn not that ye be not condemned." Each heart is Scripturally exhorted to have its own fellowship with God, not through synods or presbyteries, not through priests or popes. Every branch is to be vitally united to the Vine; every Christian, every member of the true church, is to be vitally united to Christ. In that very parable our Lord declares that every branch in him that bears not fruitage of the Spirit in love, the Father will cut off in membership. Thus from the standpoint of Divine wisdom and knowledge, the Church of Christ in the earth is composed only of saints—only of those who have fled away from sin, who by faith have laid hold upon the Redeemer and who have consecrated their lives unto death in the Divine service—and of these only such as maintain this standing and bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

So, then, without attempting a personal identification of the branches of the Vine, we may surely know that they are very few. We may surely know that the nominal membership of the various sects contain comparatively few of these saintly ones, who alone have Divine recognition as being "the Church of the Firstborns whose names are written in heaven"—fruit bearing branches in the true Vine—living stones in the temple of God imbued with the Holy Spirit—active members in the Spirit-begotten Body of Christ.

To this conclusion the words of Scripture agree, assuring us that "strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that go in thereat." They assure us again that these favored few number not many great, not many rich or learned, but chiefly the poor of this world, rich in faith, heirs of the Kingdom. They assure us that this Kingdom class must all be footstep followers of Jesus; as he said, "If any one would be my disciple, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me, that where I am, there shall my disciple be." And again He said, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom."

Christian Union Never Lost.

From this standpoint we perceive that the great masses, Catholic and Protestant, are not, and never were, the Church of Christ—they deceived themselves. They have been children *of this world*, not spirit begotten *New Creatures* in Christ; they have not been living stones in the temple, not branches of the true Vine, not members of the "little flock." They have been worldly people with religious sentiments and good desires who misunderstood that great teaching of the Bible—that only the sanctified are in Christ Jesus, called to be saints. What has been done by these large numbers of well-meaning but mistaken people in the way of organizing churches, lodges, banks, etc., had nothing whatever to do with the great organization which God effected eighteen centuries ago, and which has persisted as a unit in the world ever since.

The true Church has never been divided, because each member of it is united with the Lord, the Head, and, through Him, united to every other "member of his Body, which is the Church," the "little flock." In this one Church, there has always been maintained one Lord Jesus, one faith, His Word of promise, one baptism—the baptism of consecration into His death—to suffer with Him that, by and bye, we may reign with him.

The Hidden Mystery.

Does some one say, Where is the history of this Church? We answer, in the language of the Apostles, that "the world knoweth us not, even as it knew Him not." The world of Jesus' day were the professed religionists; yet they knew not the great religious Teacher and Redeemer whom God had sent, and they crucified Him. Similarly all the way down, the great religious teachers of the various systems have not

known, have not recognized the "members of the Body of Christ" a bit more than the Jews recognized the Head of that Body.

This is the very point which St. Paul emphasized. He declares that the fact, as well as the philosophy, of the Church being members of Christ is to the world—both the religious and the irreligious world—a hidden mystery; it is outside of their philosophy, their theory, their understanding. Hence it is that the most saintly characters, both in Catholicism and Protestanism, have been martyrs, as Jesus was, as St. Stephen was, as all the Apostles were, and all the faithful during the intermediate centuries were, and as some may yet be if an outward union be effected such as once prevailed—in the "Dark Ages."

Counterfeiting the True Church.

If now we declare that, to a certain extent, the true Church has been counterfeited, both by Catholics and Protestants, let no one take offense and suppose that we are wishing to speak unkindly. We do not charge that these counterfeits of the true Church were made knowingly or intentionally, but merely that the Church, coming under the control of brilliant minds not spirit-begotten, not heaven-enlightened, misread the Word of God, misinterpreted it, and followed their misinterpretations.

Notice, for instance, the Roman Catholic Church. The average Roman Catholic does not know that he is not a member of the Church. But Cardinal Gibbons will not deny it, nor will any of the ecclesiastics. Their teaching, most explicitly, is that the Church is composed of the Pope and the other religious instructors, and that the common people are not members of the Church, but, as they style them, "children of the Church."

Thus, the Catholic Church appropriates to itself the words of Jesus respecting the "little flock," etc.; they apply those Scriptures to the clergy, and not to the congregation. This is the secret of Papacy's great mistake. In their ecclesiastical system they have a counterfeit of the true Church. And because the Scriptures declare that the Lord's faithful "little flock," "the Church of the living God whose names are written in Heaven," will remain with Christ, therefore Papacy claims, on the strength of that promise, the right to reign with imperial power and Heavenly authority over its kingdoms of earth. And it has been Papacy's endeavor to carry out this erroneous reasoning, and to make good its counterfeit of the true Church and her work, that has led to so many grievous difficulties, persecutions, wars, turmoils.

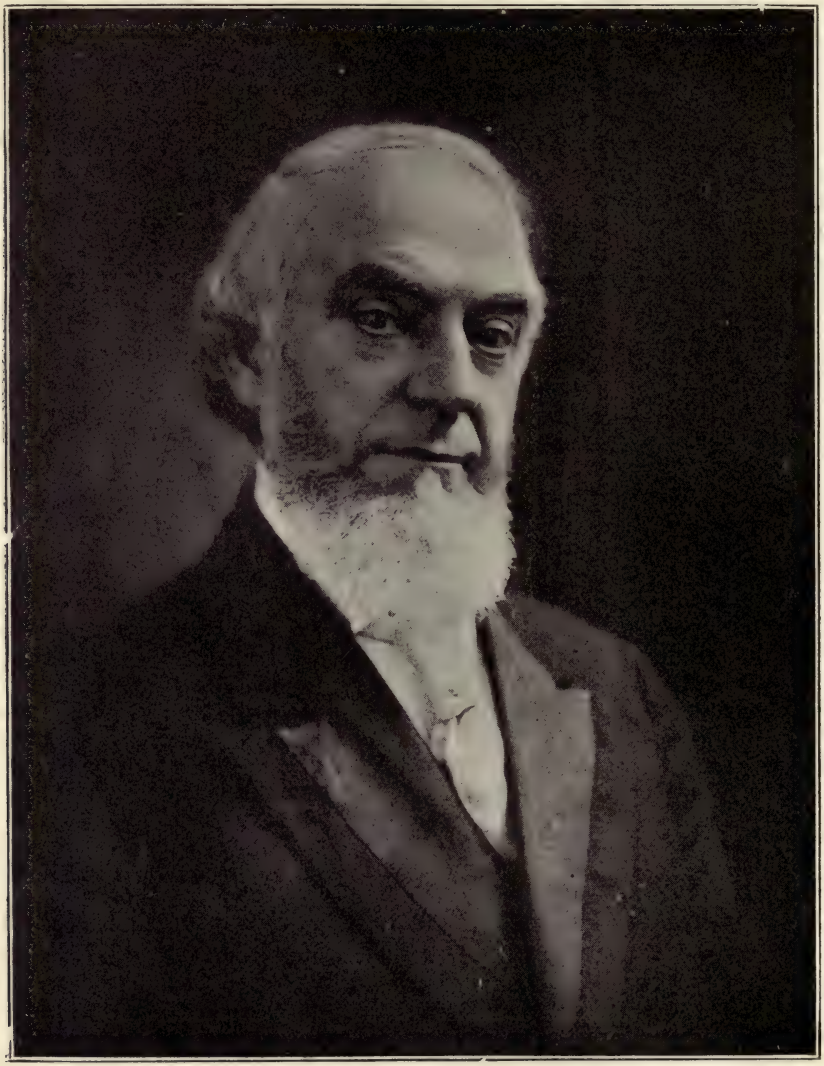
The True Reign of the Saints.

If Papacy has the counterfeit of the true Church and the counterfeit of the true reign, what does the Bible teach respecting the genuine? This: That the faithfulness of the unknown, disesteemed, rejected of men, saintly followers in Jesus' footsteps, constitutes their schooling, testing, preparation for a share in the Kingdom with Christ their Lord. When the full number of the elect Church, predestinated of the Father, shall have been thus gathered out of the world and finally glorified—then the Kingdom to which they are heirs will be established, and they shall be joint heirs with Jesus Christ their Lord, King of kings and Lord of lords. His Kingdom will rule the world, not by guns or swords, not by racks or burning at the stake and inquisitionary torments, but by heavenly power, which then will have full control of earth's affairs.

Children of the Church.

What our Catholic friends have is merely a foreshadowing—or, shall I use the harsher word *counterfeit*—of the Truth respecting the Church as a mother and certain children. The Scriptures teach that, in the new order of things, when Christ shall take to himself his great power and institute his Millennial Kingdom for the blessing and uplifting of mankind, he will have a Bride—the Church—"The Bride, the Lamb's Wife." (Rev. 21:9.) And the Scriptures further represent that the glorified Jesus, who is the heavenly Bridegroom, and the glorified Church, who is the heavenly Bride, will, figuratively, beget children. That is to say, all through the thousand years of the reign of righteousness the glorified Jesus will be the everlasting Father, or Giver of everlasting life, on the earthly plane to Adam, and all of his children who will accept it on the

terms of the Kingdom. Then the Church will be the mother or nourisher and caretaker of all mankind to uplift them, instruct them, develop them, in the ways of righteousness—to bring as many as will prove willing up to the full perfection of human nature and life everlasting. All refusing this uplift and rejecting the grace of God will be destroyed in the Second Death. St. Peter tells us that their destruction will be similar to that of the brute beast that perisheth.—2 Pet. 2:12.



C. T. Russell, Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Are There Protestant Counterfeits?

Although Protestants repudiate the Roman Catholic idea that the clergy alone constitute the Church, and that the people are the children of the Church, nevertheless in many denominations we see this insidious error in a slightly different form. This is notably true of the Episcopal Church, which puts everything in the way of government into the hands of the clergy and treats the laity, to a consider-

able degree, as though they were children unable to comprehend spiritual things. The Methodist-Episcopal Church follows closely in the same line of procedure. The Presbyterian and Lutheran systems also quite particularly differentiate the clergy from the laity, even though the laity be given some apparent recognition in the ecclesiastical boards. This is done usually for a reward or for the purpose of securing financial or legal advice. But the laity is not supposed to have an equal standing with the clergy in respect to spiritual things.

Congregationalists and Baptists and Disciples most nearly recognize an equality between the clergy and laity and that *the entire Church of God,* whoever they may be, *are a Royal Priesthood.* Yet even with these congregational bodies there is an attempt made to separate between clergy and laity, and to hold all the spiritual power and authority in the hands of the clergy. This is done along financial lines in the Congregational Church through the so-called Congregational Union. In the Baptist Church the ministers combine in what is known as a Baptist Ministers' Association, which holds the reins over the people as parents over children, and tells them whom they may call for a Pastor and whom not—whom they are willing to ordain as their Pastor and whom they will refuse. Thus the same spirit is manifested in all these earthly systems, and by it they are all distinctly differentiated from the true Church and her Scriptural regulations which declare, All ye are brethren—and One is your Master, even Christ, and One is your Pope, or Father, even God.

So, then, we ask Cardinal Gibbons to consider with us the Scriptural teaching which we have presented, namely, that the *Royal Priesthood* is composed exclusively of saints, regardless of whether they belong to their clergy or laity, or are to be found elsewhere. "The Lord knoweth them that are His." We ask the Cardinal to consider that this one Church is indivisible; that the Heavenly Father is the husbandman of this true Vine; that he does not suffer any to remain as branches, members, of the true Church unless they bring forth the true fruit of the Vine. We ask the Cardinal to consider the Scriptural teaching that this saintly class, already vitally united with Jesus, are now the espoused virgin class mentioned by St. Paul (2. Cor. 11:3), and that they are waiting for the completion of their number when the Heavenly Bridegroom, at his Second Coming, will receive them to himself in glory. By the power of the First Resurrection they will be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and be with their Lord, and like Him. Then, as the Scriptures declare, will come the marriage of the Lamb, "for his Wife hath made herself ready." And shortly after that will come the Millennial Kingdom and the times of regeneration mentioned by our Lord, when his faithful will sit with him in the Throne and the regeneration of Adam's race, the giving to them of new life from the Life-Giver, will begin.

As for the great and prosperous human institutions which are more or less duplicating the Lord's Kingdom all over the world, these also, in the Scriptures, are called vines—the vine of the earth, in contrast with the Vine of the Heavenly Father's right-hand planting. It is not for us to determine how much good and how much harm these earthly churches, vines of the earth, have accomplished. That the Lord will declare in his own season, but he tells us that the grapes borne by these vines—anger, malice, hatred, envy, strife, evil-speaking, etc.—will overflow the wine-press of the wrath of God in the near future, and bring upon the world that great time of trouble, which all may see upon the horizon and which the Lord declares will be such a time of trouble as the world has never before known. (Daniel, 12:1; Matt. 24:21.) So, then, in some respects, we agree with Cardinal Gibbons' discourse, and, in other respects, we have a certain view of the situation, as just related.

ODORS AND THE SOUL OF MAN

BY RUTH EVERETT

FROM THE DUST of the earth to the soul of man there is no absolutely odorless thing in the universe. Who has not noticed the glad, fresh smell of the dry dust when wet with rain? The odor is not due to the rainwater, for distilled water, sprinkled on the parched earth, will give forth the same smell.

Around each person, as around all kinds of animals, there circles an individual odor. This odor, ordinarily not to any marked degree recognized, is, nevertheless, most apparent to certain people who have an abnormally acute sense of smell. The individual odor of a person is a manifest of the soul of that person: for the odor is an infinitessimal section of the soul, contaminated by incarnation, forced by its contact to have an odor.

Many suppose that an odor is carried along on the wings of the wind: that it is wafted by the gentle summer zephyrs; is moved by the rippling waves of atmosphere in the room. Although air in motion has its effect, the odor, nevertheless, whirls itself along through space by its own propulsion. Liegeois, who has made a profound study of a great many odiferous substances, which he submitted to innumerable tests, has thus ascertained that almost all of them perform various motions of circulation and displacement on the surface of the water, resembling those noted in camphor: which any investigator can see by putting a single drop of camphor on the surface of some water. Liegeois called the substance thus seen in motion "the odorous molecules."

While there is no such a thing as an absolutely odorous substance, those who, comparatively speaking, have no smell, not alone *smell* the best, but they *are* the best: they are nearer the Divine Perfection. For the student of the psychology of odors, there is a Wonderland exceeding in interest anything the pen of the imaginative writer has ever touched. Therein lies the coming great detective story, and legions of the type psychological: for there is a new, untrodden field; a virgin forest, with profound depths. Define the term, "the psychology of odors," as the science of the soul of odors, and you get at once on a platform for thought operations in a kingdom which the mole-blind devotees of demonstrable facts will concede to the "visionary dreamer," with a complacent shrug of the shoulders, by which he means to say: "Why bandy words with a madman?"

Now, go a step farther and say the odor *is* the soul, and you will be in a position in which you can see why every family, every city and every race on earth has its own odor. Generation after generation lives in the same climatic conditions. They nourish their bodies upon the same foodstuffs. The Nazarene said: "What cometh out of the mouth defileth the man." It is none the less true that what goes into the mouth contributes most towards forming the character of the individual and the nation. Tell the one deep-learned in the psychology of odors what a man eats and drinks, and how much of them, and he will tell you exactly what the man is. As the odor of the person is, so is his soul: for the individual odor is the self-evident manifestation of those chains of incarnation that bind the soul to earth, and contaminate that Odorless Godliness whence man's soul originates. They who eat to the flesh and its lusts, odorize their souls just as a mud-bespattered window, detracting from the pure light of the sun, casts a grey gloom over everything within its radius.

By way of illustration, say that A is a normal young man; he is of good family and is peacefully pursuing his chosen vocation. B is a young woman of the same class. They meet, and are at once fired

by Cupid's flames. The individual odor of both the young man and the young woman will undergo a marked change; but, not at this stage does it take on the smell, which, for the sake of using comprehensible language, may be called "the odor of sin." There is a deadly family feud; such a one as has, in the South of our own country, sometimes exterminated two entire families. Friends and relatives mix up in the fray; the young are constrained to intrigue, to lies, to deceptions that they may meet. If pushed too far, murder is in the hearts of each of the lovers; and the clans on either side are in no way behind the young sweethearts in the matter of turbulent passions. If these angry people were confined for any length of time, in rooms where they could see but not kill one another; one with no gift whatever in the line of keen olfactory nerves would detect the well known "prison smell," which is nothing more nor less than the commingled odors of souls stained with sin. The God-given souls, which should be well-nigh odorless, have taken on the stench of the varied lusts of the flesh to which they have surrendered.

Be well assured there is something more than metaphor in such sayings as "The gracious odor of sanctity and holiness." These expressions have come to be stock phrases in our language because of the *fact* that Virtue has a pleasant odor and Vice a vile smell. Consequently this truth has literally forced itself upon the unthinking masses who believe without knowing why they believe.

Many ancient historians give considerable space to the pleasant odor the godly carry about with them. So strong was the delightful odor of the lemon upon the person of Saint Madeline of Brazzi, while she was alive, that the scent remained upon her for a long time after she was dead. Saints Etienne de Muret, Philip of Neri, Paternien, Omer, Francis, Olympia, Jeanne de Matel, all smelled of lemon while alive. Saint Trevere carried the odor of the rose, of lilies and incense. Saint Rose smelled like the Queen of Flowers, for which she was named; Saint Cajetan exuded the perfume of the orange; Saint Catherine of violets; Saint Theresa of jasmine and orris; Saint Lydwine of cinnamon.

Tarry a moment to look these sayings over: "Green with jealousy." Chemical and other mixtures which dye green are almost invariably poisonous. Many a person has fallen dangerously ill by sleeping in a close-shut room covered with green paper. Gamberini mentions a young man who, in the throes of "green" jealousy and blighted love, had a fetid, nauseating odor which no water could wash away. "Red with love." God's undying love was figured by the bush which burned but did not consume. "White as an angel." In up-to-date dairies, where scrupulous cleanliness means that the good bacillus, whose June-butter smell is his guarantee of acceptability, will come and stay, every one must be arrayed in spotless white. Many of the hospital nurses also wear white: and St. Agnes, the martyred virgin whose body God would not let the flames touch, wore nothing but white, and no jewels.

And "the prison smell?" Not alone is there a prison smell, but every violator of God's Commandments has his own individual, criminal odor: to which statement all works on demonology subscribe. But you may be referred to an author who touches more nearly our every-day life. Vidocq, the celebrated French detective, declares that every separate branch of the criminal profession has its odor. He says: "Put me in a crowd of one thousand, and by the sense of smell alone I will single out the violators of the moral law." George Eckond, the author of "Communions" and "Cycle Patibulaire," says: "One can recognize with perfect ease the smell of the goose on that type of criminal known as the vagabond, the man who hides under bridges, the petty sneak-thief and jailbird, the incorrigible rogue."

Since the days of Juvenal, the world has recognized the rank, revolting odor of the cyprian. Saint Joseph said to the thief: "My friend, you smell very bad: You are a thief." There is not a particle of doubt that those sensitive olfactory nerves which are able to make discrimination of odors of the type criminal, would be able to single out and label malefactors of every description. To such a " "Sensitive," the crafty politician, who wears a perennial smile, keeping one hand busy stroking his intended victim down the back, while in

the other he holds a knife with which to make his requests, would be easily recognized by the sense of smell alone. To this same specialist in detecting criminal odors people who are slaves to bestialities would carry about them their typifying odor. The criminal smell of the pickpocket would not be that of the highwayman; which, in its turn, would be distinct from the smell of the poisoner. Again, to the one with a keen sense of smell for criminals, the habitual liar would have his own odor; and so on through the entire category.

It may seem to the reader that a theorem most difficult, if not impossible, to demonstrate, has been given. Bide a wee.

Few people like to be considered either liars or freaks. Consequently, many gifts of an unusual character are not spoken of freely by those who possess them. As, in this article, mention will be made of other people, both living and dead, who have an abnormally acute sense of smell, I will begin with myself.

I have heard my old negro "mammy" say that before I was six months old I was noticed to smell of everything I got in my hand. Most babies put things in their mouths, doubtless to test their usefulness by the sense of taste. I put them to my nose, to test by what was at once the strongest and keenest of *my* senses. Later on, when I was brought to the family dining table, I did the same thing: I smelled of my food—of everything, in fact. My nurse finally made me ashamed of the habit by saying:

"Look at the fine little lady, who puts on such grand airs! But she smells of everything she comes near, just like a mongrel on the street."

I took notice of the stray dogs on the streets, and "mammy" was right; they did smell of everything. So I broke myself of the habit; but my olfactory nerves became more and more acute as I developed into womanhood. In my confiding childhood I frequently spoke of what I could smell; but aside from my father, whose petted, idolized child I always was, no one believed me. The polite said: "I had a vivid imagination." Others, of that class that "calls a spade a spade," without apology, without testing the truth of my claim in any way, without the slightest fear of wounding my feelings, said I "was an accomplished little liar." I was never a crying child; but I slipped my little hand into that of my father, who said, as we walked away:

"They do not understand, daughter. I would not speak of it any more, if I were in your place."

For more than twenty years I never again mentioned my phenomenal gift. Although once, in boarding school, I gave an exhibition of my powers, in the line of smelling things. All the other girls thought it a trick; but they were all far too egotistical to ask me how it was done. As I grew older, I read and studied everything I could find on the subject of odors. You would be astonished to learn how little there is in any library which is open to the general public. I am sure you could comfortably carry home, in your arms, all there is in the great Astor or Lenox Reference Libraries of New York City. And even in the Medical Library there is probably less on the subject of odors than upon any other theme which might, reasonably, be supposed to interest the scientist.

However, from my researches, I have found out that an abnormally acute sense of smell is by no means as rare as most people think. Still, I have met but one person who, in the matter of distinguishing individual odors, is my superior.

Writers on the mental faculties will tell you about Memory. In the abstract, there is no such thing as Memory. One remembers names, another faces, another couples the name and face with some specific time or incident. Another remembers dates, another sound combinations. This last was most wonderfully lilustrated in "Blind Tom," who was almost a complete idiot except for his faculty of remembering and reproducing sounds. He repeated—parrot-like—the speeches of introduction made by his managers; as also the most difficult compositions, or piano recitals, which he had heard once only. Others remember by association. A celebrated photographer once told me he had little or no memory for the faces of people he met socially. But let a person once pose for him before his camera, and, thereafter, complete indeed would be the disguise which he could not penetrate.

Not alone do I know that many people

have an abnormally acute sense of smell, but I also know that in this, as in the case of Memory, most of those with a keen sense of smell are Specialists.

To one, the odor of death comes when others perceive nothing; another will detect the criminal by his odor; another can, by the sense of smell alone, pronounce upon the sanity or insanity of one brought before him; another, blindfolded, will tell the age, race and sex of a person: and this by the sense of smell alone. Another will get the scent of an animal, miles distant, and know what kind of an animal it is. One Specialist, a woman, predicts storms, several days in advance, by the sulphurous odor which comes to her nostrils on the air. Another, an American deaf-mute girl, who collects medicinal herbs and plants for a living, does so purely by her sense of smell. At this place it may be well to mention that nearly all of those who are deaf, mute and blind have a regular blood-hound sense of smell.

I know also that the inferior races, such as Indians and negroes, are famous in this respect. I have often wondered if it is to my great-grandmother—several times removed—the Princess Pocahontas, that I owe my acute sense of smell.

On the other hand, there are people who, like the color-blind, smell but few things. A celebrated author tells of a priest who could smell only manure and decayed cabbage; of a woman to whom vanilla had no smell; and a girl for whom the fragrant mignonette was absolutely odorless. There is such a thing as an octave of smells; there are gamuts of odors; there are olfactory harmonies; and, alas! there are olfactory discords.

You will hear people talk of their keen taste; while in point of fact it is their sense of smell they are praising; for there are but four primitive and radical tastes: sweet, sour, salt and bitter. That which most people call taste is, in reality, a compound of smell, of taste, of temperature, and of touch: which four sensations take rank in gastronomic importance in the order in which they are named. Bereft of your sense of smell, except for a slight sweet, you might as well chew sawdust as cinnamon. With smell, you say the fragrant bark has a strong, pungent, aromatic taste.

Now, as a Specialist of a keen sense of smell, I distinguish *and remember* individual odors, and in them I cannot be deceived. To others, who, like myself, are Specialists in the line of detecting individual odors, the person smelled frequently calls to mind some material thing, such as apples, lemons, celery, dead leaves; or perhaps some kind of perfume. Not to me. There are few flowers the perfumes of which I can stand without nausea: for this—and another reason—to me still more important—I never have cut flowers about me if it is possible to prevent it without being rude or appearing freakish.

To my conception there is one Life; and that Life permeates the universe. When flowers are cut and plunged into ice-water, when they fade and die, not alone is their death-odor extremely unpleasant to me, but they look at me reproachfully, and I hear them say:

"You have brought us suffering and death, that you might pander to your own vanity and cruelty."

I dislike perfumes of all kinds: never use them. And on account of my unfamiliarity with them, I could not name, by their smell, half a dozen of them. To me an individual odor is that of A, B or C. It belongs to that person alone, and is not one bit more comparable to anything or anybody than the face of one human being is like another: not nearly as much so. For, while all faces are faces, and, as a rule, no two are alike, there are exceptions. Two of my schoolmates were twins; they were so much alike that their own mother could not tell them apart, and it was a family joke that when one of them had done wrong, both were punished so as to be sure to get the right one. I could tell them apart. Their individual odors were different.

About three years ago I went to a watering place with a gentleman one hot July afternoon. Handkerchiefs are apt to lie around in my workroom in several different places—the modern modiste gives a woman no pockets if she can help it. The day following my trip to the seashore I picked up one of these little linen squares to wipe off the perspiration. As I got the handkerchief near my face, I said:

"Whew! This smells like Mr. W."

It so happened that I wrote the gentle-

man aforementioned that morning, and told of the handkerchief incident. My escort and very dear friend was quite disposed to take what I had written as an insult, and he came up to my studio that selfsame night "to have it out with me and accept my apologies for insinuating that *he* smelled so strong that his odor" —he used a more unpleasant word—"impregnated my handkerchief, which he had *not even touched.*" Hostilities began at once, notwithstanding the fact that some four or five others were present. I said:

"My friend, I positively know that every person on earth has an individual odor, which, to me, is distinctly recognizable. And that this odor has nothing to do with bathe or never bathe. In fact, the lack of scrupulous cleanliness is apt to confound an individual odor with dirty perspiration. You, and everything on earth, are encircled by an individual odor. That odor settles upon and clings to all who come within its radius: the only difference between you and me, in that respect, is that my olfactory nerves are keen enough to detect an individual odor, while yours are not. My hair is extremely tenacious of odors: it takes days of washing and airing and sunning to get some smells out of it. This handkerchief I had when we were together yesterday. Here are a couple of others belonging to me. Each person in this room probably has one of his own. You may blindfold me, turn down the gas to the merest glimmer, lest I peep, then wave the handkerchiefs gently before my face, and if I do not distinguish my own—which I had when with you, and tell to whom each one of the others belongs, I will apologize to you."

By dint of about three hours of talk and submitting to tests I had not given since I was a girl in boarding school, I not alone saved myself from apologizing, but I converted my guests to a belief in the individual odor. Blindfolded, I correctly named the one to whom each article belonged. Thus blindfolded, I went into a pitch-dark room, into which my guests came, one after another. At a distance of several feet, and without touching them at all, I called aloud each name correctly.

Half an hour or so of this work destroys my ability to discriminate odors, and exhausts my physical forces almost to the fainting point. But I know a woman who, under similar conditions, called the names of twenty-five of her friends without seeming to feel the strain a particle, and this woman told me that if there were any limit to her powers in the line of identifying people by their individual odors she had never found it.

This lady could not bear cats, and professed to get the feline odor if a cat were in the same house with her. To test the truth of this statement, we smuggled a cat into the house. *It was three floors below her.* But in a short while she rang her bell, and to the man who came she said:

"Collins, there is a cat in the house. Find it and put it out."

Before entirely leaving this friend, here is another little story of her anatomical peculiarities; although scarcely pertinent, it is hoped the item will prove sufficiently short and interesting to win for it pardon for "butting in," where odors have the reader's attention. Thus endeth the prefatory remarks. Now for the story:

Hair is peculiar stuff, anyway. It is about the only part of the human body that has what might be styled earthly immortality. Our friend with the keen sense of smell has a head of long, thick, fine hair, of the kind which seems to glory in its own beauty, and fairly say: "I am so glad I am alive." All hair is, to an extent, barometrical, but science has never yet constructed a barometer which foretold atmospheric changes as correctly, and as long in advance, as this woman's hair. It will not alone predict a change long before the Weather Bureau—with all its telegraphic connections—but that beautiful hair will tell what kind of a storm is coming and when it will arrive.

To return to myself, and my ability to distinguish individual odors. Let me tell this. Some years ago, the morning after my return to my home after an absence of three weeks, I said to my studio mate:

"When was your brother Lewis here?"

"How do you know he was here?"

"Oh, I know it. After I went away you changed the sheets on my bed. Lewis dropped in on you unexpectedly. He slept in my bed, and you did not change the sheets after he was here, but no other per-

son has slept in the bed. This is the truth and you dare not deny it."

"Oh, you get out! You and your nose! I am glad I haven't got it! Lewis was here *three weeks ago*. I hadn't the least idea you would know any one had been in your room."

She might well exclaim she was glad not to have my nose, for an abnormally keen sense of smell is by no means an unalloyed blessing. But along the line of sheets, Cadet de Gassicourt speaks of a young lady who could not bear to have any one touch the sheets of her bed, because of an individual odor thus left upon them. And Dr. Bet also tells of a young woman who could invariably distinguish which member of the family had made her bed, by her acute sense of smell. Furthermore, this author is convinced that each family has its own odor.

A Japanese physician, some three years ago, gave to the world a more or less learned treatise on *The Race Odor*. The doctor maintains the Occidentals have an odor which is unpleasant to the Orientals. This he attributes to the great quantity of meat and other strong food consumed by the Western nations. The Japanese author does not think the members of his own race smell one another; but he makes no doubt the Europeans smell them, and admits it is possible the smell of an Oriental is just as objectionable to the people of the West as their smell is to his own race.

The so-called "tea tasters" are, more correctly speaking, tea smellers. Mr. Thomas A. Phelan—with George W. Lane, of New York City—is one of the best tea tasters in the United States. Mr. Phelan can be blindfolded, and, by his sense of smell alone, he will name, one after another, fifty varieties of tea, tell the section of the country from which each came, and give an approximate value. For a prospective buyer, the wholesale dealer in wines and liquors will pour out a number of small glasses. Upon the man who "just gulps her down," the inferior goods can be worked off. But if the buyer first smells, and then gently sips an infinitessimal quantity, pausing to get the taste and odor, the dealer knows he must bring forth his choicest brands.

One type of the Scent-Specialist gets the odor of diseases which are generally considered odorless; and perhaps, to this (the ability to distinguish "odorless" diseases by their odor) may be added the peculiar gift of scenting Death; when nothing but the sense of smell would indicate the coming of the unwelcome visitor. In this class of "Sensitives" may be mentioned Dr. George F. Shrady, of New York City, an eminent physician and surgeon, and one of those who attended President Grant in his last illness. President Grant himself asked Dr. Shrady to come to see him. If Dr. Shrady's nose were to contradict the text-books, the doctor's faith would most likely rest with his sense of smell. The doctor knows the moment he enters a house in which there is a dead person. Nor is that all: the first odor of death—which is apparent only to the one whose keen sense of smell thus specializes, has many times told Dr. Shrady that the patient would die, when the symptoms of the disease pointed to recovery; and the other physicians on the case were sure of it.

In every instance the patient died.

Mrs. Harrison, whose pen name was Margaret Compton, once told me the following story. Mrs. Harrison is now dead, but she was at that time—some thirteen years ago—editor of "The Children's Page" of the Brooklyn Eagle (New York) to which I was then a contributor. Said my friend: "A few years ago my brother was lying dangerously ill on the fourth floor of our house. We were in need of another servant, and took a negro woman. As the girl had been hired to do general housework, and would not come in contact with the invalid, we had not deemed it necessary to mention my brother or his illness. With broom and dust pan in her hands the negress was ascending the stairs which led from the drawing rooms to the family sitting rooms. Suddenly the woman came to a halt. She sniffed two or three times and then said:

"I smell deff!" (death.)

"Nonsense! What's the matter with you? Come on!" I said. Although it was spoken lightly or meant to be, my heart stood still; for I knew that these people often possess phenomenal gifts. But the girl persisted. Running her nose along the party wall between the two houses she said:

"'Yes'm, I do shore smell deff. I kaint zactly say whether it's in dis yer house or in de nex'; but it's in dat dar wall.'"

The next day there was crepe on our neighbor's door; and we did not know that any one was sick in there. My brother got well."

Precedent having been given to eminent human beings, perhaps this story, which is even more wonderful, may be relished. It is of a cat which would invariably flee from the house in which it lived several days before a death. The mistress became nervous on account of her pet's reputation. The woman would not admit, even to herself, that there was anything more than a coincidence in the former flights of the animal being so shortly followed by death. Still, she gave puss to a friend who lived several miles away.

The cat stayed in her new home contentedly enough for several months, but one morning she walked into the home of her former mistress. Although this lady had heard nothing of her friend's illness, she made sure Death would visit that house before many days. Her fears were all too well grounded: the lady to whom the cat had been given died. The cat had got the odor of Death and had, according to her custom, fled the house. Some months later the woman to whom the cat had returned missed the animal. Puss was nowhere to be found. Although the entire family was in perfect health, the mistress was alarmed, and well she might be, for it was only three days later she dropped dead.

The late Professor R. Ogden Doremus, of New York City, who was one of the most celebrated chemists and toxicologists of the world, had a son, who, by his keen sense of smell, would, blindfolded, pass his fingers lightly over metals—which to the average person are odorless—and correctly call the name of the metal touched: gold, silver, lead, bronze, iron—no matter how many of them there were.

There was not an "odorless" poison in his father's laboratory that the lad could not correctly name by his keen sense of smell. The boy died when he was about fourteen years old. His distinguished father used often to say how much help in his profession his son would have been had he lived, and preserved his keen sense of smell.

THE MARCH OF TIME

BY CLARENCE H. URNER

As marches Sovereign Time with conquering might,
Who hears the trump announce the world's defeat?
He comes to reign and makes his rule complete
And fixed, though Earth protest with harsh despite.
Pain cannot haste his footsteps through a night
Of dread, nor Transport check his course too fleet:
Thought of his passing shortens all that's sweet,
To chide his lingering but delays the light.
He still is young and hath the heart of youth,
The friend of Fortune's own and Fate's accurst:
He alters not, but keeps the self-same range,
Promoting blight of wrong and growth of Truth
Throughout the years appointed from the first;
He still abides: 'tis man that suffers change.

SOUTH PACIFIC HOUSES

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

HARMONY with surroundings, rather than beauty of line or adherence to classical dictates, is the true test of fitness in a building. Who has not remarked the contrast of the effect of a log cabin standing in the clearing that is still dotted with the stumps of the trees that were felled to build it, and that of a similar construction in the corner of a lawn of a city park? And who has not noticed the incongruity of a classical public building flanked by modern office structures? The ice *igloo* of the Esquimau on the frozen *tundras* of the Arctic, the *wickiup* of the Colorado river Indian standing in the reeds and mud from which the materials for its wattled walls were taken, the stone pueblos of the Mouquis crowning the treeless mesas of the desert, even the bone huts of the Tibetan scavengers in the midst of Lhassa's refuse—all of these are fit, and even attractive, because in harmony with their surroundings.

It is to their fulfillment of this same test of fitness, rather than for intrinsic grace or the display of constructive cunning—though neither of these are lacking—that the native houses of the various South Pacific Island groups owe their chief attraction for the stranger. You like them at first sight, whether you have one turned over to you to live in, or are merely calculating its artistic value in the composition of your photograph. You may never attempt to define the reason



One of the last surviving thatch houses in Hawaii, island of Kaui.



Mission Church at Bora-tara, Society Islands. A combination of native and foreign construction, the roof being thatch and the sides lath plastered with coral lime.

of your attraction, but if you do, you will find it in the fact that these light, airy structures, built in the shade of the sisters of the same cocoanuts, bread-fruits and bamboos that were felled for their construction, are fitter for their peculiar purpose, and more in harmony with their surroundings, than anything else of the kind in your experience.

And in direct ratio to your attraction to the original island houses will be your repulsion to the galvanized iron roof, the glass window and the aching white plaster of the walls of the missions. Inharmonious they are to the point of atrociousness, and from the native standpoint, unfit as well. Civilization, with its gradual forcing of clothes and those comparatively airless dwellings on him, is by long odds the principal cause of the rapid passing of the South Sea Islander. How relentlessly "civilization" is coming and the native going may be appreciated from the statement that the present-day inhabitants of the large Hawaiian village, shown in the photograph of thirty years ago, find room, and to spare, in a half dozen small galvanized iron houses. All of the thatched houses have long since disappeared, and close to ninety per cent of the natives.

Except in parks or private grounds, where they are maintained as curiosities, the old native house of bamboo and thatch has practically disappeared from Hawaii, but in all of the island groups south of the Equator the natives are still sheltered in the identical types of houses that sheltered their forefathers in the time of Cook. Certain kings and chiefs, who have accumulated wealth in trade, have built themselves huge "European" houses of sawed pine and coral concrete. But with scarcely a single exception, these mansions, though fully furnished with everything, from rugs, cuckoo clock and endless bric-a-brac to bath tubs and brass bedsteads, are for show only, their proud owners preferring to live simply in native houses in the shadows of the closely locked and guarded foreign palaces.

The cocoanut palm is a *sine qua non* in South Pacific construction. Here it is supplemented with one wood, there with another, but always it is, in one form or another, the principal structural material. In the well-watered high or volcanic islands five or six different trees figure in the houses, but in the dry, low coral atolls

cocoanut, supplemented by the useful and ubiquitous pandanus or screw pine for thatching, is the only resource. Fortunately, the queer-looking tripod of the air-rooted pandanus is found wherever the cocoanut grows—on any rock or atoll that pushes itself above the restless surge of the Pacific—but even in the absence of it a thatch that will shed rain may be constructed, though laboriously, from the leaves of the cocoanut.

In spite of the lack of variety of building materials employed in the different island groups, the houses of each are as distinctive as those of the various countries of Europe, and it is as easy, for instance, to tell a Marquesan from a Fijian house in photographs as it is to distinguish between a Swiss chalet and an Italian villa. They are as different in appearance as the natives who have built them, and as characteristic of their environment.

One of the most noticeable features of the constructions of several of the archipelagos, notably the Marquesan and Fijian, is the elevated stone platform upon which the houses are built. You are told that this is to insure drainage and a dry floor, but when you see houses in Tahiti and Samoa, both of which have quite as much rainfall as the Marquesas or Fijis—all of the high islands of the South Pacific have from one to two hundred inches of annual precipitation—built on the ground, you are inclined to search for some other reason. You will only learn in time, however, that the porous soil of Tahiti and Samoa takes up the moisture as fast as it falls, and that it is not necessary to elevate the floors more than a few inches to keep them dry. The great platforms of Fiji and the Marquesas are live necessities, not useless heritages of ancient days.

The Marquesan houses, almost without exception, are built upon hillsides, so that the *pai-pais,* or stone platforms, are generally in the form of terraces. Most of the houses cover all of their *pai-pais,* the supporting pillars of bread-fruit logs being set into the ground. The shape is rectangular, and the general plan of construction up to the thatch is very similar to that of a hay-shed of the American farming districts. The thatch of pandanus, which must be renewed yearly, hangs nearly to the foundation stones, and such open



House built entirely of cocoa trees and pandanus, both of which appear growing in the background.

space as remains is closed against driving rain with adjustable blinds of interwoven coco leaves. Rough stone steps lead up to both ends of the *pai-pai,* broad ones for the men at the front, and narrow ones for the women at the rear. Many of the houses, survivals of the warlike days of a few decades back, are surrounded by thick stone walls, as shown in one of the photographs. Between insects and storms, the life of an uncared for Marquesan house is but little over a year; the *pai-pais* and stone walls are practically indestructible by natural forces, however, and it is on the presence of vast numbers of these in the now uninhabited interiors of the islands that the high estimates of the early population are based.

The houses of Tahiti and the other Society Islands are rectangular or oval in shape, and are built upon sills of bread-fruit logs, the latter resting upon low foundations of coral blocks. The floors of tamped coral clinkers are covered with mats of woven pandanus, these in stacks of three or four, also serving for couches. The studding and the rafters are hewn cocoa trunks, while the thatch is pandanus woven into a sub-thatch of cocoa leaves, these being bound to the bamboo "sheeting" with sinnet. In some of the more pretentious structures, horizontal lath of bamboo are spread with a plaster of coral lime and sand, making a rain and wind-proof, but not very durable, wall.

The houses of the Paumotos, the great group of atolls which occupy all the south-east corner of Polynesia, are a compromise between those of Tahiti and the Marquesas. On some of these islands neither the bread-fruit, hau nor bamboo grow, and in the houses of those sun-parched atolls nothing figures but the cocoa tree—in a half-dozen different forms—and pandanus. The scarcity of building materials in all of the coral islands of these latitudes is leading to the use of galvanized iron and clap-boards to a much greater extent than in the volcanic groups.

The houses of the Tonga and Cook archipelagos do not differ saliently enough from those of Tahiti to call for description here, but continuing westward, we come to the Samoans, whose houses, with those of the Fijians, have the reputation of being the best-built in the South Pacific. The fact that the hurricanes which sweep the Samoas are severer than those which visit most of the other groups may have something to do with the great solidity of native construction there; at any rate, it is a fact that storms which have blown flat, cable-guyed houses of galvanized iron and torn the roofs from concrete missions have left most of the native houses comparatively unscathed.

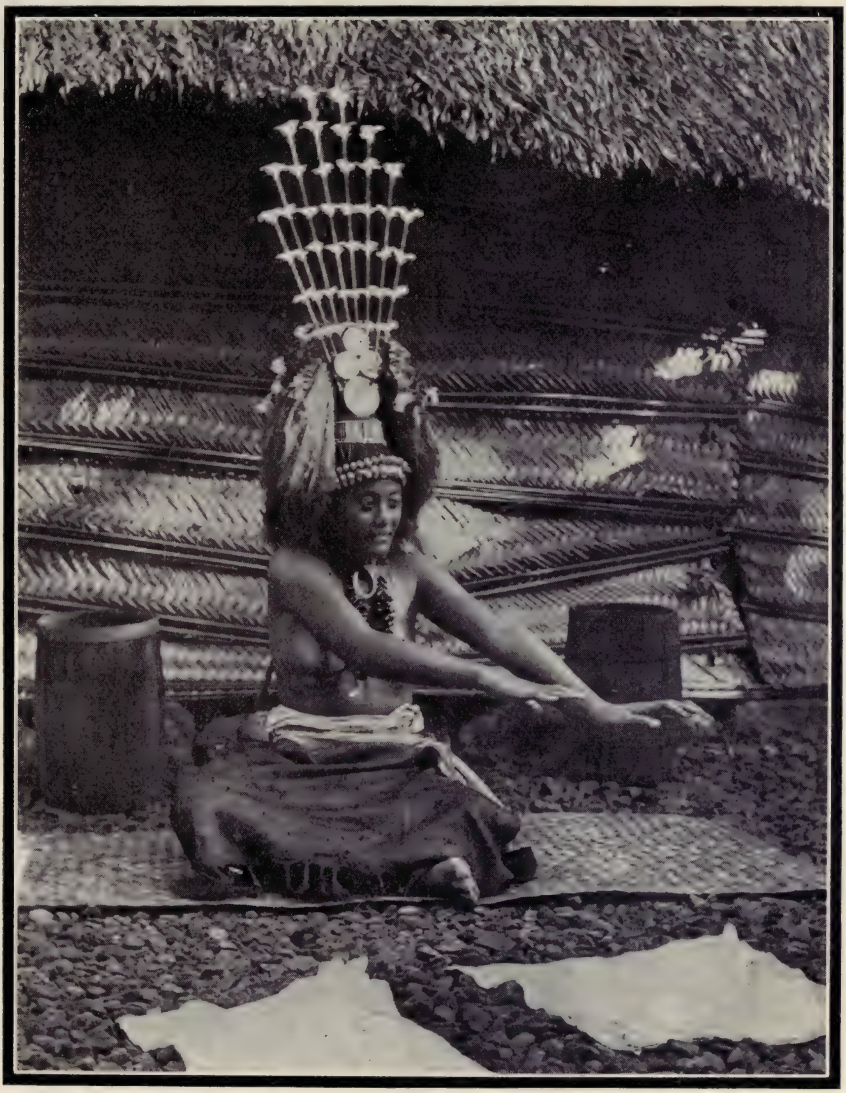
The Samoan house is perfectly circular in shape, and is really nothing more than a complete dome set upon a number of heavy pillars. Its strength lies in its thoroughness of construction rather than its design, however, as the open, lightly-curtained sides give the wind an excellent chance to exert a lift on the domed roof. The supporting pillars, which are of roughly-hewn bread-fruit logs, are really "anchored" in the ground through short pieces of projecting limb being left on their covered ends, these, when the coral is tamped in around them, giving a hold that no longitudinal strain that is ever put upon them can affect. These posts are set at intervals of six feet or less, and as many as forty of them are required for one of the larger houses.

A large number of heavy ax-squared beams, also of bread-fruit, are dove-tailed and bound with sinnet to the tops of the pillars, making a frame of surprising rigidity. These braces are themselves steadied by lighter cross beams, every joint being bound with wrappings of sinnet which extend for 6 inches along each intersecting timber. In the larger houses a number of interior pillars of considerable height and great strength are used to support the upper part of the dome, the latter being itself cross-braced until it resembles the inside of a bomb-proof structure.

The construction of the dome of one of the smaller houses is clearly shown in an accompanying photograph. On bent rafters of the young cocoa trunks a thick "sheeting" of bamboo is bound. On these a rough sub-thatch of cocoa branches is laid, and into the cocoa is woven the thatch proper of pandanus. The sloping timbers, with lighter cross-pieces bound to them, shown in the photo, are auxiliary scaffolding, and will be removed as soon as the dome is completed. The openings between the pillars are closed against the

weather with "reefable" curtains of woven cocoa branches, seven or eight in a string, which are adjusted after the manner of Venetian blinds.

On account of the value of the fruit-producing trees destroyed for timber, as well as because of the almost endless amount of intricate labor involved in the fancy sinnet work, the best of these Samoan houses are comparatively expensive. The home of Chief Mauga, at Pago-Pago, on the American island of Tutuila, represents an actual outlay of over $5,000, in addition to a great deal of gratuitous labor—and several of the houses in German Apia cost considerably more than this sum.



A Samoan dancer. The background shows the adjustable cocoa leaf blinds which close the sides of Samoan houses.

Fijian houses are much more elaborate, if less stoutly constructed than those of Samoa. They are built on platforms or terraces of stone, and in shape are not unsuggestive of an old Scotch kirk, a re-



The house of a chief at Ba-a, Fiji.

semblance the more striking when they are freshly thatched, as the ragged leaf covering used in some parts of the islands, at a distance, would easily pass for English ivy.

Twenty feet by thirty is about the average size of the better class of Fijian houses, the interior rarely being divided except by curtains of *tapa*. The side walls are not often more than eight feet in height, but the great roof-tree of breadfruit often requires supporting pillars of more than thirty feet. The extremities of the roof-tree project for a couple of feet at both ends, and are often decorated with fanciful designs in red and white seashells. The inner roof, a woven network of bamboo and rattan on a coco trunk frame, is slightly arched for greater strength, but the dry grass or sugar-cane leaf thatch is often so applied as to give the "dished" effect of a Chinese pagoda. The picturesque ragged-leaf thatch, shown in the photograph of the Mbau houses, is employed only in the absence of suitable grass or pandanus.

The walls of the Fijian houses, which incline inward at an angle of four or five degrees, are so closely woven of rattan and split bamboo as to be practically wind and water proof. Pleasing effects are obtained by staining the materials in two or three different colors and working out various intricate designs. The flow of water over the doors and windows is deflected by projecting masses of closely packed grass. The house of a Fijian chief will often require several years to complete.

The houses of the natives of the savage and cannibalistic New Hebrides are much less elaborate in construction than those of Samoa and Fiji, but remarkably picturesque as a result of the custom of surrounding them with coral walls in which are planted thickly set rows of bamboo. The latter, being set when the coral is still soft and wet, take root and grow into towering hedges, which, in time, meet above the grimy little huts underneath, thus giving a protection from storms which otherwise the flimsy structures could not withstand. The houses them-

selves are simply rough grass thatches set on rickety bamboo frames, the entrances, on account of the swarms of dogs and pigs which infest the villages, being low windows rather than doors.

That the Polynesian has been subjected to numerous good influences through the missionaries is undeniable, but among these, by no stretch of the imagination, may be numbered the architectural. Almost without exception, the mission churches are galvanized iron-roofed boxes of coral concrete, which have proved as costly to build as they are painful to look at. The natives, principally impressed by the hundreds of tons of copra which these edifices represent, are inordinately proud of them, however, and they are invariably the first objects of interest to be shown off to the stranger in their respective villages. This is especially the case in the Tongan settlement, where, after being prepared for what is to come by five minutes of rapt contemplation of a hundred feet of aching white wall and sheet iron roof, the stranger is introduced to the crowning glory, an altar rail nailed thickly from end to end with Chilean silver dollars!

The one architecturally attractive church which I recall seeing during a year's cruise in the South Pacific is the chapel of the French mission at Hatiheu, in the Marquesas. This little gem of quarried stone, worthily set in the most magnificent scenic environment in all Polynesia, is the result of a lifetime of unselfish devotion of Brother Michel, an artist, sculptor, and builder of really great natural ability. My little photograph shows a front view of this exceptional building, and, in dim outline, a very meritorious bas-relief of the Angel Gabriel and his trumpet. As Stevenson has voiced an appreciation of this man and his work in one of his South Sea letters—Chapter entitled "Hatiheu"—I will not write further of either here.

Landscape gardening is a practically unknown art among the South Sea Islanders. One sees a fancifully-woven fence enclosing a smooth patch of turf now and then in Fiji, occasionally a bivalve-rimmed bed of gardenias in Tahiti, or sometimes a cocoanut bordered walk in Tonga or Samoa, but for the most part the natives' park and garden is beyond the wall of the ever-imminent jungles. "Man dies, the ocean recedes, but the forest ever encroaches," is a Tahitian proverb in point. Let the people of a South Sea Island village go in a body on a twelve-month visit to another valley, and they will need axes and machetes to find their homes on their return—and of these only the stones will remain.

"THE LIGHT OF HER EYES TO MY HEART WENT IN"

BY SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

The light of her eyes to my heart went in;
Who would think blue eyes my heart could win?
For the eyes of my little first love were brown,
Like her hair that in maidenly braids hung down.

Brown hair, brown eyes, but, alas, my heart
How deeply pierced by the blue thou art!
Pierced and wounded and broken, too—
Better hadst thou to the brown been true!

Nay, for a little of happiness,
Heart, wouldst thou change great love for less?
Sweet were the quiet of brown, 'tis true,
But better the flame of the cruel blue!

THE LYRIC SCHOLARSHIP

BY J. H. B.

"DID YOU get it?" asked Mrs. Mason, from the top of the steps that led to the vine-covered veranda. This was a frail, patient figure that awaited her husband's approach that night, shortly after the harsh siren whistle on the woolen mill in the next block had announced the six o'clock respite.

Mr. Mason rather wearily seated himself for a moment's breathing spell in the wicker rocking chair before going in to the cozy, appetizing supper that he knew awaited him.

"Yes," he said. "My bid was the lowest, and I can begin on the job right away, Mr. McKeever says; which will enable me to deliver it by the first of June. But—"

"But what? Aren't you just as glad as you can be, Henry?" The wife looked puzzled, though her face beamed contentment at the thought of this load being at last lifted.

"Oh, it's all right, I suppose," replied Mr. Mason, "and I shall be the happiest man on earth if our daughter can win the scholarship; but——"

"What is it?"

"Well, to be frank with you, my dear, I had no more than signed that contract and McKeever had just gone, when in came his chief clerk and wanted some visiting cards printed for his wife. He made some remarks about the catalogue job, and before he left, I got an inkling of his employer's rumored bankruptcy."

"Oh, Henry. But you'll do the job just the same, won't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so; in fact, I can really see no reason why I should not, or why I should place any confidence in mere rumor. At the First National they assure me McKeever is way up in G credit."

Two hundred miles away at the metropolis, in its best school of dramatic art, Lucile Mason was performing a remarkable feat, remarkable for a slip of a girl of twenty summers, of carrying the full senior year in dramatic art and elocution, taking bi-weekly vocal besides, in addition to meeting all the social obligations incumbent upon the acknowledgedly most popular girl in the school. Through conscientious effort, hard study and indifference to those minor amusements considered so essential by the majority of the students, this "slip of a girl," as the matron of the dormitory designated Lucile Mason, had merited the famous "Lyric Scholarship" entitling the holder to a full course at New York's superlative school of music. The eccentric Dean had requested an "interview" one morning, and Lucile, her heart in her mouth, had entered the mystic sanctity of the private office, wall-adorned with chromos of old masters and allegorical plasters, just to receive the staggering intelligence that the much-coveted diadem was hers.

"Bear in mind, Miss Mason, however," said the Dean, with a momentary show of severity, "that your tuition must be paid in full on the day of your graduation. This is the one arbitrary condition of the Lyric Scholarship. We have cheerfully made an exception in your case, and honored your father's request that payment be made at the termination of your course here instead of in advance. Good morning, Miss Mason."

In her room, immediately after this interview, Lucile opened a letter from her father, just received. From the folds of the paper, bearing the office letter head, there fell a crisp five dollar bill. Lucile, "cold and indifferent," as the girls accused her of being, cried over this a bit, then secreted it in a certain corner of her trunk, with other things of equal value. Then she read aloud to herself parts of the letter:

"And now, my dear, dear girl, keep on

doing your best, and your graduation will soon be here. I enclose a little money. In spite of what you say, that you do not really need it, I know you must be pinched. I am afraid, however, that I cannot spare any more until graduation. It is going to be very hard to meet payment, but we must do it, some way. Did you say it was $75 or $85? I want to be sure of the amount.

"I hope to be present at the happy event, but fear your mother cannot come. Really, Lucile, I grow anxious about her at times. She certainly is weak and pale, and I have about made up my mind that Dr. H—— shall take her in charge.

"I could not afford to be at your graduation, probably, were it not for an important business matter that calls me to the city at that time."

There was page after page of the same loving conversation, and after Lucile had read it all twice, she sat for a very long time with her face in her hands, and gazed through the window at the picturesque tops of buildings stretching away to the horizon line.

* * * *

At his desk, "estimating" on a job, sat Mr. Mason, shirt sleeves to the elbows, hands black with ink. Mr. Mason was his own office manager, foreman, and at various and sundry times, when his help "failed to show up" on Monday morning, was pressman and devil combined. He anticipated the happy day, however, when he should employ a real foreman, and spend his own time in the front office in exclusive capacity of manager.

The telephone rang. Mr. Mason's businesslike "Yes?" was met with a voice that sounded to him amazingly like that of Mrs. Watkins, their next door neighbor. It said:

"Is this you, Mr. Mason? Well, come home at once. I don't know but what your wife is dying?"

Mason and Dr. H—— reached the front door at exactly the same moment. Mrs. Mason lay on the bed, unconscious, with Mrs. Watkins moving buisly about the room.

Mr. Mason stopped the doctor as he was going from one room to another. "Tell me just what it is," said he, "and what must be done." His tone was apprehensive, but his manner was business-like.

Dr. H—— named a something that any proof-reader would stumble over in the spelling of.

"And now, frankly, doctor, just what must be done?" persisted the anxious husband.

"We cannot act too quickly, Mr. Mason. Your only hope lies in her having an operation, and an immediate one. She must, in my best judgment, be removed at once to the Blank Hospital at Blank. I believe she can take the trip safely—in a Pullman. The expense involved will not exceed one hundred dollars; I'll see to that myself," volunteered the doctor, who guessed the question on Mason's lips.

The same train that took Henry Mason to witness his daughter's proud graduation from the elite school of dramatic art, also conveyed the helpless wife and mother to the best hospital in the same city. This fact was studiously concealed from Lucile, who must not know until the close of her matriculation.

The exercises were over, and father and daughter went out arm in arm to the vestibule. At the door, Dr. H—— met them with congratulations and an immense bouquet of carnations. Awaiting a favorable moment when Lucile was engaged in speaking to a classmate, the doctor whispered in Mason's ear: "We have just finished the operation, and it will prove an entire success. Your wife will now have perfect health, Mr. Mason."

In Lucile's room, just before supper—the recital had taken place in the afternoon—Mr. Mason took Lucile's two hands, and looking earnestly into her eyes said: "Daughter, can you be very brave if I tell you some bad news?"

"What is it, papa?" and she smiled sweetly, yet courageously moved backward and waited.

"Can you—can you ever get over it if we have to let that scholarship go for—for this year? I haven't the money." Well enough he knew that it was now or never: that the tuition must be paid that very night to fulfill the relentless conditions.

With a light in her eyes that her father had never seen there before, Lucile slipped away from him and opened her trunk, and withdrew a slip of paper with a border

printed around it. She read its inscription out loud, as if she loved every word of it, and was proud of it:

"June 3, 1907.

"Received this day of Miss Lucile Mason eighty-five dollars ($85.00) for tuition in full for her senior year.

"(Signed) THE DEAN."

Then she threw her arms about his neck and sobbed out the story on her father's shoulder, with little hysterical bursts of glee, watered with tears.

"You kept sending me money, papa dear, and I knew you couldn't spare it. Oh, you dear, foolish daddy, to be so extravagant. I did so want to hear Melba, but it would have cost me a dollar and a half for a student ticket; then there was Caruso, but he sang to a two dollar house, and oh, there were lots and lots of things that I did not need. And beside, you sent me more than any girl ought to have, papa. Isn't it fortunate that you haven't got another daughter to go dead broke over, daddy?"

Even a proud father is not equal to an emergency like this. So perhaps he did the wisest thing in not attempting to express his pride and joy in words. A resourceful man has recourse to other things.

"But tell me, papa, dear, what has happened? Didn't you write me that you were sure of the money? I hope it isn't anything wrong with the business."

"I'll tell you, dear, if you will come with me."

And together they went to the hospital.

WEARY OF WEALTH

BY CLYDE BIRD HOUGH

Back to yonder town,
 Take me not again—
Back in yonder town,
 There to live in vain.

Leave me here at home,
 Deep in dell and vale.
Let me slowly roam
 O'er the moss-grown trail.

Let me think awhile,
 'Neath the budding trees.
Let me rest awhile
 'Mong the humming bees.

Take your worldly goods!
 Take it back—your gold!
Give me back my woods—
 Woods—and life of old.

Take it back—your fame!
 Leave me 'neath the sky—
Worn and old and lame—
 Leave me here to die.

A WEEK'S CRUISE AMONG THE SAN JUAN ISLANDS

BY BYRD MOCK

AT MIDNIGHT on September the eighteenth, my chaperon and I boarded the little steamer Rosalie at Seattle in search of a week's pleasure and recreation among the dream islands of the Pacific in the sheltering arms of Puget Sound.

We had heard of these wonderful islands, but only vaguely, as one hears of Utopia or Arcady.

We had a dim recollection of where they were in our school geographies; that is, we knew they were somewhere in the Pacific, between Mexico and Alaska, possibly nearer to the land of the Gringos on account of the Spanish name belonging to the group.

My chaperon came from Honolulu; I came from Arkansas; we met in Seattle.

My intense desire for travel, and especially my penchant for seeking spots little known to the world at large, had won me the very appropriate epithet of "Arkansas Traveler." My newly acquired traveling companion and I had only a faint conception of the places we were headed for, or what we were going to see on the morrow, when we stretched out in our berths that night and watched the moonlight on the moving waters break into a million glittering facets, resembling a mint of new-made gold.

We merely felt a vague sense of satisfaction combined with expectancy, which, together with the tang of the salt sea breeze, brought on refreshing sleep.



Old British block house on San Juan Island.



A pioneer's cabin on San Juan Island.

At seven o'clock the purser called us, and we were soon on deck sighting our islands in the distance.

Soon after eight we landed on Lopez Island, at a little town called "Richardson," whose combined business was carried on under the roof of a small establishment—a sort of department store, including a post-office, blacksmith shop and waiting station for boats.

Captain Sam Barlow, of the Rosalie, who was considered the finest navigator on the Sound, was taking his vacation, and he had agreed to show us the San Juan Islands. Lopez Island was his birth-place, and he was familiar with every island in the entire group, so we considered ourselves fortunate in having him to pilot us from island to island. He met us at the landing.

We deposited our baggage in the store, sent some souvenir postals which we found for sale there, and went to the hotel for breakfast. We were too late to eat breakfast with the family, and the landlady had begun her washing, since it was Monday morning, and as we were the only guests we thought our prospects for breakfast rather slim, until the tall, gaunt-looking landlord, with long, flowing white whiskers, entered the parlor with a platter of pears, "Just to appetize," as he expressed it, until his good wife could prepare our breakfast.

Such pears we had never seen before. None so large or so luscious had ever greeted our vision or tickled our palates. One by one they were rapidly disappearing when our host returned laden with another variety, a Liliputian pear that put sugar to the blush for sweetness.

Fearful lest our breakfast should fall short, we had eaten a dozen each of this new variety when our host returned from his fruit garden with a large basket of Gravenstein apples, apricots and plums, and of all sizes, from a marble to a duck-egg, including a half-dozen different varieties.

We threw up our hands at this. "Are you Santa Claus?" we exclaimed to our host. "I jes' thought I'd keep ye from gittin' hungry till my woman got yer breakfast," our host exclaimed.

The dining room door opened, and we were seated at a typical country feast-board. The fresh-laid eggs, the fried chicken, the ropey Jersey cream, the sure-

enough country butter, a dozen kinds of jellies and preserves, and real buttermilk biscuits, served to dispel the last lingering traces of hunger.

After breakfast we got in an Indian canoe which had been hewn from a solid log, and spent the morning trolling for salmon in the bay, and tickling the star-fish and sea-urchins in the ribs with the oars, and flirting with the jelly-fish.

We did not need a glass-bottom boat to see the wonders of the deep in this locality, for the clear morning sunlight exposed the secrets of the sea fathoms below us.

Crossing the bay, we landed on a miniature island on which was built a quaint old English lodge called "Chateau If," where a lone Englishman spends his summers.

The view from every point was enchanting beyond the power of words to describe.

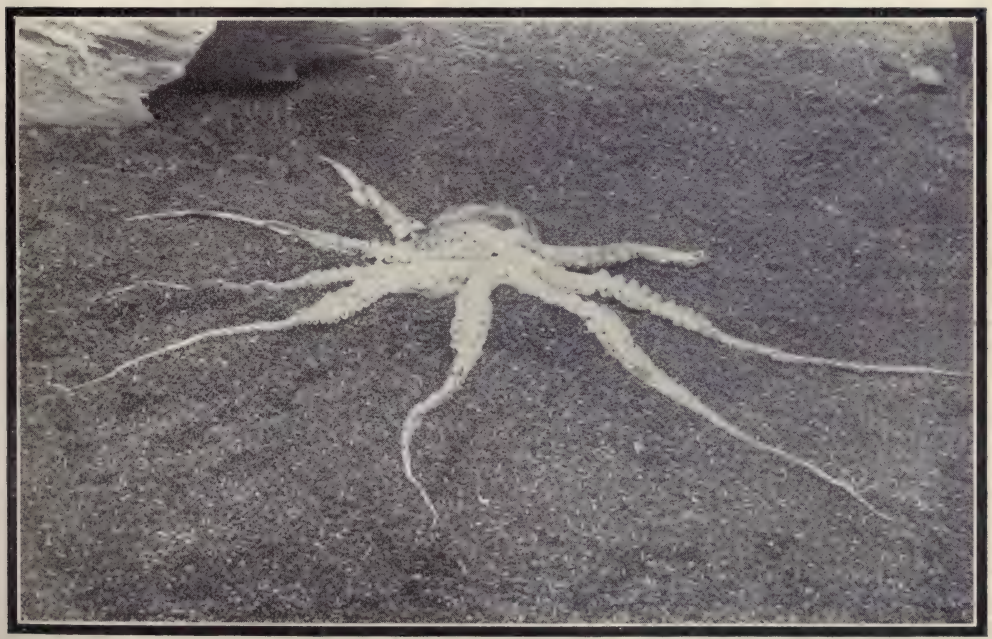
At noon we dined at a country house, where we were served with the finest clam chowder we had ever tasted. The inhabitants of the island have a peculiar way of preparing it that is superior to any other. They dig the clams, some of which weigh four pounds, right from the shore of the islands, and "clam-bakes" are a favorite social diversion.

A hay-ride over the island was a feature of the afternoon.

We rode in "Robinson Crusoe's wagon," one which a quaint, lone old man eighty years of age hauled hundreds of cords of wood in to the wharf after having chopped every stick of it himself.

One thing we observed, the people on the island were supremely happy and contented, and no one ever admitted or looked that he was old nor ever talked of leaving the island. In fact, they said that no one had ever left the island who had failed to come back to live, even after an absence of twenty years.

Jogging over the winding country roads in the afternoon sunshine I fell asleep, as I lay, on the hay, the captain keeping guard on the one side, my chaperon on the other, so that I did not fall off the wagon. We went to see the wonderful sculptured rock which had the exact profile of George Washington. It is called the "Washington Rock," and jutting out from a cliff, faced McKay's Bay, near Olinda Vista, the captain's farm of two hundred and



A devil fish caught off San Juan Island.



Monument marking the American encampment at the south end of San Juan Island.

fifty acres, left him by his father, Arthur Barlow, an Irish sailor in the British Navy, who was the first permanent settler on the island.

Olinda Vista was well named. No wonder the early Spanish explorers exclaimed "O Beautiful View!" when they landed on this enchanting spot.

My chaperon and I had a novel experience that night. We slept in a drift-wood barn on a bank of new-mown hay, with fir boughs for our pillows, and Indian blankets for our coverings.

"There was no room at the inn," and we really preferred the novelty of the barn, and surely we never enjoyed a night's sleep more than this.

The only sound was that of the cows munching hay or the horses stamping their feet, while the full moonlight streaming in through the cracks of the barn, invited us to dreamland.

Next morning early we got aboard "The Morning Star," a historic missionary ship that had once been wrecked in a typhoon off Micronesia when she was doing missionary work in the Philippine Islands. She had proven unseaworthy on the high seas after this, so she now operates in the quiet waters of the Sound.

After passing in and out amongst what seemed countless feathery green islands, rising from the blue depths, we landed at Friday Harbor, on San Juan Island, the scene of the last struggle between the British and American forces over the establishment of a boundary line. A pig on this island precipitated the fierce contest, which was arbitrated by Emperor William of Germany, the grandfather of the present Emperor. He fixed the American boundary line in the Straits of Haro, thus bringing not less than a hundred beautiful and fertile islands under American jurisdiction.

Many have erroneously placed the number of these islands at three hundred. Captain Coffin, a pioneer Puget Sound navigator, says that he has visited every island in the group, and that he has counted one hundred and seventy-one; this includes all islands that measure more than ten feet across. The number of the habitable islands, he says, is about fifty-three.

We felt like shouting, "Long live the Emperor of Germany!" for bequeathing to us so priceless a possession, for their true value and worth from a commercial standpoint are not yet fully known, to say nothing of their being the most beautiful and bewitching group of islands from a scenic standpoint in all the world, with a climate so equable on account of the warm Japan current that outdoor life can be enjoyed the winter long.

The lady from Honolulu declared that they equalled, if not surpassed, the Hawaiian Islands in beauty.

The Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence do not compare with this wonderful group, and a few choice souls are beginning to realize it by establishing summer homes here, where they can forget the world for a while, and give their souls a chance to expand.

We found the most unique estate in all the world located on Orcas Island, the largest of the group. It belongs to Mr. Robert Moran, a retired shipbuilder of



Rosario, Orcas Island, in the San Juan group. The home of Robert Moran.



Relics of old Forge in British camp, San Juan Island.

Seattle, who built the famous battleship Nebraska.

Here at Cascade Point, at the entrance of East Sound, sits a concrete castle, lighted day and night with hundreds of electric lights about the building and grounds, light and power, as well as the water supply coming from Cascade Lake in a shelf of the mountain, 350 feet above the sea level, just to the rear of the house. The lake is included in the 4,000 acre estate.

The house covers an area larger than a city block, and contains thirty-five rooms, some of which measure forty feet square. It is built as compactly as a battleship, and rests on solid rock. In fact, it resembles a mammoth Dreadnaught in the manner of construction. The house was built without the sound of a hammer, all the woodwork being dove-tailed together, and even the chairs and furniture, which is of Mr. Moran's own designing, are put together with wooden pins. A saw-mill, a wood and machine shop, a brass foundry, and an electric light plant, were established on the grounds by Mr. Moran in order that he might construct his woodwork and furniture to his taste, and his taste runs to excessive plainness—simple elegance.

In three years' time this most wonderful of modern home builders has wrought a monument to his genius that will stand for a thousand years, barring an earthquake, and it is doubtful if even an earthquake would feaze it.

The billiard tables in the basement story are made of concrete, imbedded in the solid rock of the island. These were the first billiard tables we had ever seen whose foundation lay in the bottom of the ocean.

The largest fireplace we had ever seen helped to make a "warm game" in the billiard room. This monster fireplace measures twelve feet across the front, and easily burns the native fir trees, limbs and all, just as they are felled in the forest.

The swimming tank measures 40 feet in length, and admits the water from the ocean heated to any desired temperature.

The windows, which cover as much space as the walls, are of plate glass an inch in thickness, and they turn on pivots like those in the state room of an ocean liner.

The woodwork in all the rooms, including the kitchen, is of solid mahogany, and the inlaid floors are all of teak wood imported from India. The floors never have to be oiled, and only polished once a year, the natural oil of the wood on the floors that are used (and most of them are in constant use) giving them sufficient lustre and smoothness.

This wonderful shipbuilder's servants eat off teak wood tables as they sit on mahogany stools.

One of the most unique things in America we found in this house—a room fitted out as an exact replica of a ship's cabin, berth and all.

Mr. Moran built it for his old friend, Captain Tuttle, the retired commanding officer of the famous revenue cutter, "Bear."

Captain Tuttle had been so long on the ocean that he could not sleep in an ordinary bed, so he has his mahogany berth

and the sound of water playing on his window all night from a specially arranged hose, if sleep lingers for want of the accustomed ocean lullaby.

"I have sailed the wide world over," said Captain Tuttle, "and I have found no spot like Orcas Island. Here I expect to live and die." When he is not a guest in the Moran home, he lives alone in a quaintly constructed lodge among the cloud-scraping peaks of the island, with a crystal lake for his front yard, where speckled trout supply his breakfasts.

Fancy finding a $35,000 pipe organ on a lone island! Yet this is just what we found, and for hours we sat and listened to our host as he rendered the choicest classics of the great masters, and we felt that we were surely in Aladdin's Palace, which, without doubt, would surely fade away, leaving us on a lone rock at the mercy of wind and wave.

But it was no dream. That is, it was a dream come true, an early dream of Mr. Moran's in the establishment of a truly ideal home where the latch-string is always out to every passing stranger, be he prince or pauper.

Following the Indian trail from the Moran Place we reached the summit of Mt. Constitution, where we obtained a view of such matchless beauty that no human tongue could describe it.

Here we met with a most astonishing feature, a glacial spring of crystal water gushing out of the top of the mountain, the source of which lay in the ice-ribbed peaks on the mainland, its channel being under the bottom of the ocean 2,000 feet below the surface of the salt water, a sort of fresh water cable line, as it were.

There we were, at the close of a week of the rarest bit of sight-seeing the world can offer, standing at the summit of the highest point in the San Juan Basin, the morning mist below, rose-tinted by the rising sun, the blue bosom of the Sound faintly showing now and then between the folds of her fleecy night robe, a chain of emerald islands glittering in the morning sunlight like a necklace of priceless worth, while the majestic snow-capped peaks of the Olympics and Cascades rose like sentinels of heaven on the mainland.

THE DEATH OF SORROW

BY MYRTLE CONGER

I was a part of life's vast throng,
And in my heart dwelt grief and pain;
And I, in youth's untutored ways,
Rebellious, cursed life's smarting wrong.
I longed to die to sorrow's sting:
The ills that chafed me so;
To die to suffering; die to pain,
To die to human woe.

But now I pass life's busy throng,
And, wondering, long for grief and pain,
For since my heart has died to these,
'Tis also dead to love and song;
And since it knoweth naught of tears,
So it no longer sings,
For being dead to human woe,
My heart is dead to all things.

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

"The Soul's Rubaiyat" is an attractive and well-printed little pamphlet, in which is a collection of quatrains by Amelia Woodward Truesdell, beautifully illustrated by Marion DeLappe. Its theme is a beautiful one, the search of the soul for the Truth. Each stanza breathes of the yearnings of the soul, and each is perfect. For example:

"O Truth! Bemasked with smirk of every race
Thy brow! How shall we know thine alien face
By strange device of old and new disguised?
Yet souls distraught still seek thy dwelling place."

And again:

"For truth I searched a hundred seas and lands;
I heard his call and ran with outstretched hands;
But when I thought I had his footsteps traced,
He just had gone to walk on other strands."

The last stanza is:

"O Love, our refuge in earth's wildest storm!
O Service, life-breath of a heart that's warm!
A dual-unity, of heaven born;
For love is service in its highest form.
Flame-tints that shimmer on the desert air!
Love-lights that make Life's sands a garden fair,
Where joy and pain sing softly to the soul
That God in man is Love in human care."

This Rubaiyat is a gem of poesy and sentiment. It may be read and re-read with deepest pleasure, with comfort and profit.

A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

One of the most charming books of the season, as well as one of the most entertaining, is "Diary of a Refugee." It is edited and produced by Mrs. Frances Fearn Inkersley, whose first husband was the late Walker Fearn, formerly United States Minister to Greece, Roumania and Servia. It is the diary of Mrs. Fearn's mother, a Southern woman, and gives in a simple, unpretentious style a vivid picture of life on the estate of a rich sugar planter of Louisiana during the Civil War, with all its sorrows, anxieties and hardships of the planter and his family during that trying period. It tells of the flight of the planter and his family, accompanied by a few faithful negroes, from their plantation on Bayou Lafourche to Shreveport, after the fall of New Orleans, thence to Texas, Havana, England and Paris. It is a rare contribution to Civil War literature, particularly in its exact descriptions of actual conditions. Incidentally, the reader gets many delightful glimpses of a sweet woman's heart, and learns with what fortitude the rich women of the South, reared in the enjoyment of every luxury, met sorrow and disaster, sustaining their husbands, brothers and lovers by their unfaltering courage and devotion. Several illustrations by Rosalie Urquhart add to the attractiveness of the book.

Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.25 net.

In "American Writers of To-day," Henry C. Vedder gives entertaining biographies and character sketches of such American men of letters as Edmund Clarence Stedman, William Dean Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, Henry James, Mark Twain, Francis Parkman, Bret Harte, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Richard Henry Stoddard and others of note who have lived and written within the memory of many of us now living.

Silver, Burdett & Co., New York, Boston and Chicago.

"Romantic California" is an admirable book from the pen of that able and well-informed writer, Ernest Peixotto, who describes in it with telling effect the wonders and charms of this great and growing State. Little-known places and things about California are described eloquently, and the reader cannot help being impressed by the beauties of California, the romance surrounding the State, history and the wealth of fertility, climate and scenic beauty. The author compares California to Italy, tells stories of his trips through Bret Harte's country, to the Farallones, the Sierras and Coast Ranges, and other places that claim the attention of lovers of the beautiful and interesting. The book is handsomely illustrated, from photographic half-tones, and from pen and ink sketches.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Robert Fulkerson Hoffman has written a sprightly and entertaining story of mountain railroading in the Southwest, under the title of "Mark Enderby, Engineer," in which the vicissitudes of a railroad engineer's life are given full justice. It is full of incident, and shows both the romantic and the hard, practical side of that life. It is well-illustrated by William Harnden Foster.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.50 net.

Under the quaint title of "Platters and Pipkins," Mary H. Krout discusses, in a manner that is bound to give joy to the housekeeper, such essential domestic subjects as kitchens, dishwashing, the pantry, the cellar, the attic, and every other part of the house and home. It is full of sound, common sense, and its advice is well worthy of being followed. Even such intricate details of home life as table talk, "small politenesses," and the relations of mistress and maid are not overlooked.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"The Bear and the Lamb" is a story on the somewhat hackneyed subject of Russian tyranny and oppression, by Paul H. Herman. It is strongly written, but bears much similarity to the numberless other stories on the subject.

Cochrane Publishing Co., New York.

A book with the title, "The Original Garden of Eden Discovered at Last" is apt to be picked up with some avidity, but the one bearing that title and written by J. W. Woolsey is nothing but a hodge-podge of disconnected paragraphs dealing with a mixture of mythology, folk-lore and remarkable mental vagaries. It is laboriously written, disconnected and does not enlighten the reader regarding the Garden of Eden after all. It seems to had been published by the author, himself, as no publishing house has seen fit to attach its name to it.

"Egypt and Israel" is an exhaustive analysis, by Willis Brewer, of the history, philology, mythology, ethnology and sociology of the early Egyptian and Israelitish peoples. The author has evidently given his subject years of close study and research, and they are all minutely discussed. In fact, the discussions are so technical and detailed that they make better reading for the student than for the average lay reader, however interested the latter may be in the ancient races described. The volume closes with analyses of the facts and statements regarding Jesus, from the standpoint of latter-day criticism.

The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

One of the daintiest little volumes that has yet appeared is "Californian Nights' Entertainment," by Charles Elmer Jenney. It is a tiny booklet, bound in silk, the cover being a Scottish plaid, making it an ornament as well as a charming entertainment for the reader. It is a collection of poems of California, all of much merit, there being 160 pages, each two and a half by three and a half inches in size.

Valentine & Anderson, Ltd., Edinburgh, Scotland.

"Forest and Town" is a book of meritorious poems by Alexander Nicholas De Menil. Most of the poems were originally printed, between 1870 and 1887, in New York and St. Louis magazines and weekly papers. There are many poems inspired by Nature in the open air, and yet others of a personal sentimentality.

The Torch Press, Cadar Rapids, Iowa. $1.25 net.

An extremely attractive contribution to Western literature has been made by Miss Lucy Byrd Mock, who has spent much time among the Indians of the Northwest and has closely studied both them and the country they have inhabited. It is a charming little idyl, entitled "The Maid of Pend d'Oreille," in which, under her *nom de plume*, Le Moqueur, Miss Mock weaves a pretty little romance, in verse, of an Indian maid in the early days, who falls in love with a white trapper from the far Hudson Bay country, the first white man she or her tribe had ever seen. Abandoned by this lover, she despairs and throws herself into the beautiful Lake Pend d'Oreille, and the strange echoes which are heard to this day from the hills that surround the lake are attributed to the wailings of the maid's spirit for her lost lover.

The language is picturesque, and the whole poem is bathed in the atmosphere of the scene and the time and the character of the girl. Unfortunately there is one blemish—the verses do not always scan. While the trochaic measure prevails, there are many instances of the iambic, and not a few dactyls. But only the captious are apt to object to this, so beautiful is the poem as a whole.

The booklet is attractively and artistically printed and bound. The binding, which is of three kinds, is most appropriate. One edition, called the "cowboy edition," is bound in the skin of two months' old calves; the "buckskin edition" is as its name implies; the third, "birchbark edition," is of fine bark, furnished by the Makaw tribe of Indians.

The volumes of these editions are sold at $5, $2 and 75 cents each.

The little work is profusely illustrated with beautiful half-tone views of the Pend d'Oreille region.

The Ivy Press, Seattle.

Sharlot M. Hall presents in "Cactus and Pine" a collection of poems breathing the true spirit of the West, with its grandeur of scenery, its wild mountains, forests and canyons, and its desert plains. The poetess, who has herself lived in the Western wilderness, shows familiarity with it, and an appreciation of its poetic appeals.

Sherman, French & Co., Boston. $1.50 net.

A decidedly remarkable work on the much disputed story as regards the authorship of the plays of Shakespeare has appeared in the form of a brochure from the pen of Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup, under the title of "The Bi-Literal Cypher of Francis Bacon." Of course there will be people who will pooh-pooh the idea that the plays of Shakespeare were written by any one but the great poet himself, and tons, actually tons, of evidence would fail to convince such skeptics; still the idea, the Baconian theory, to give it the correct name, has many thousands of earnest believers. Mrs. Gallup's book shows that she has earnestly gone to work to discover the truth as to the parentage of the great works, and furthermore she deals with the parentage of Sir Francis Bacon himself. It is an extraordinary story, one which will well repay perusal.

Howard Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich.

Two books, uniformly bound, from the pen of President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, have recently made their appearance. Although small in physical size, they are decidedly large in the manner in which they deal with their subjects.

One is entitled "The Call of the Nation." It deals learnedly and forcibly with such vital national subjects as political policies, the spirit of the West, conservation, the cost of living, waterways, the tariff, party government, the primary election, and other matters that are now in the forefront of public thought.

The companion book, "Ulrich von Hutten," is a compendium of the writings of that great and vigorous author, who, as Dr. Jordan says, was "a man who dared to think and act for himself when thought and act were costly." It includes an account of von Hutten's life.

Both books are published by the American Unitarian Association, Boston, at $1 each.

Volume III of "The American College and Private School Directory" has made its appearance, and is even more complete than its predecessors. It is published by the Educational Aid Society, New York and Chicago.

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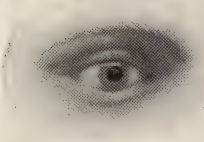
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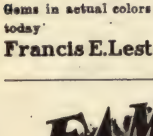
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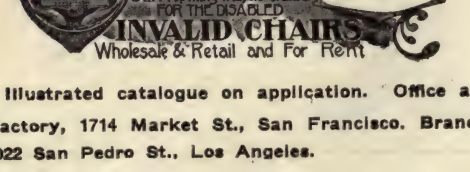
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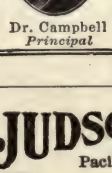
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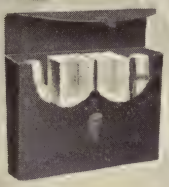
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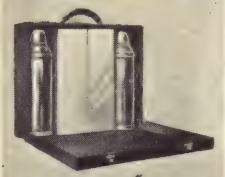
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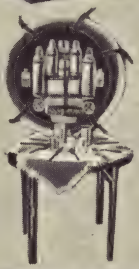














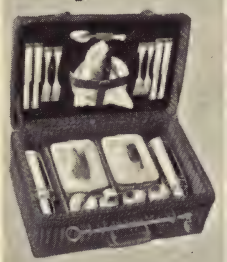
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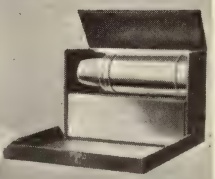




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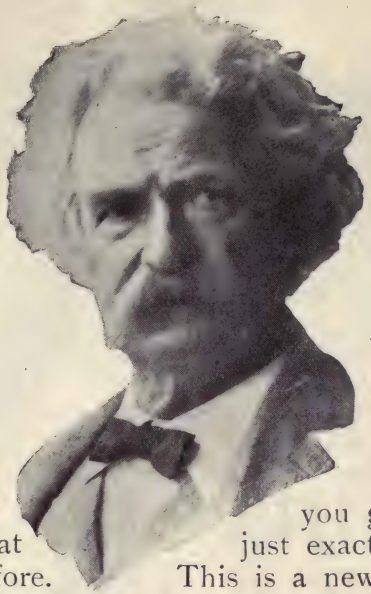








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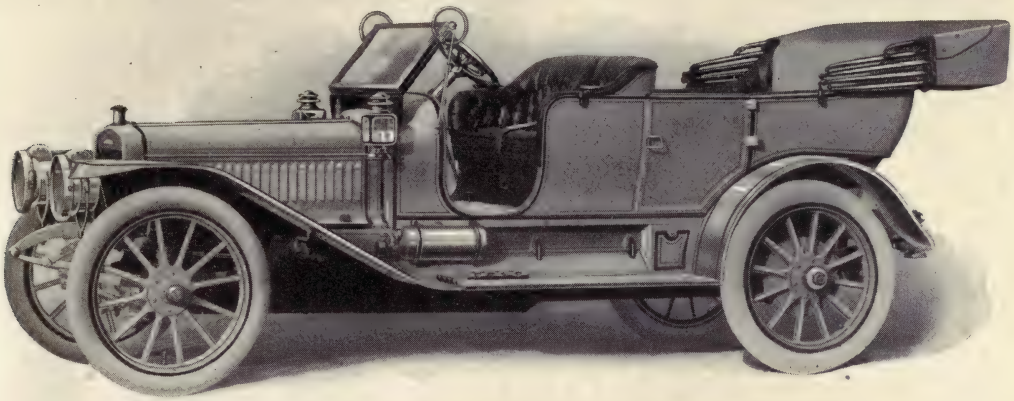
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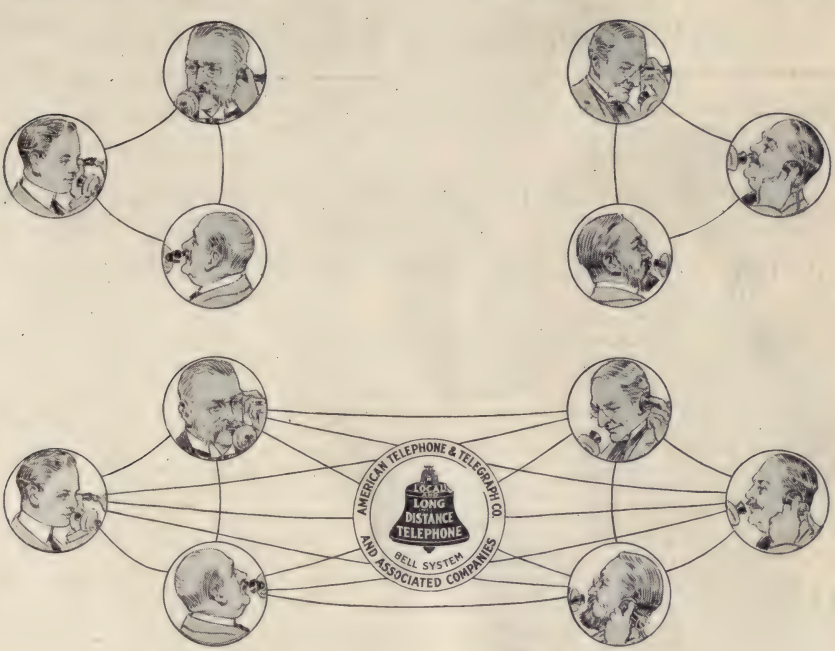
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Issued Monthly. $1.50 per year in advance. Fifteen cents per copy.
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Northwestern offices at 74 Hirbour Building, Butte, Mont., under management of Mrs. Helen Fitzgerald Sanders. Entered at the San Francisco, Cal., Postoffice as second-class mail matter

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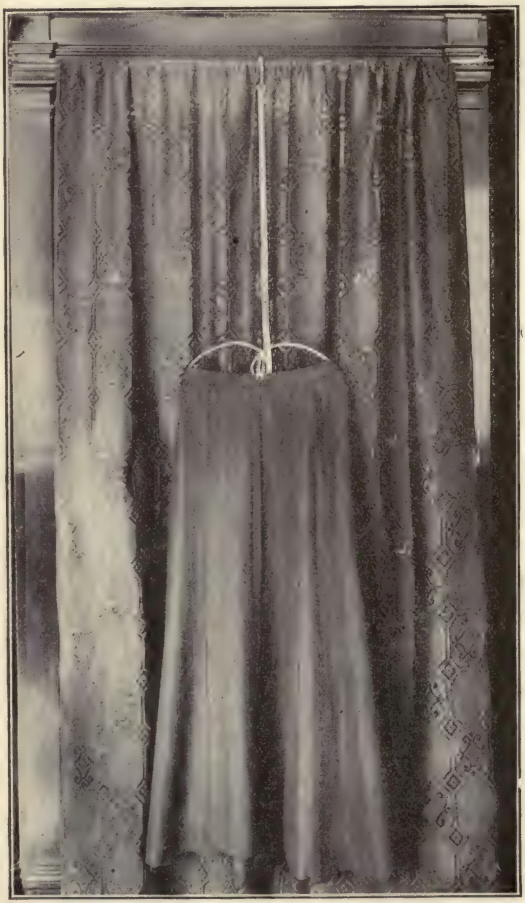
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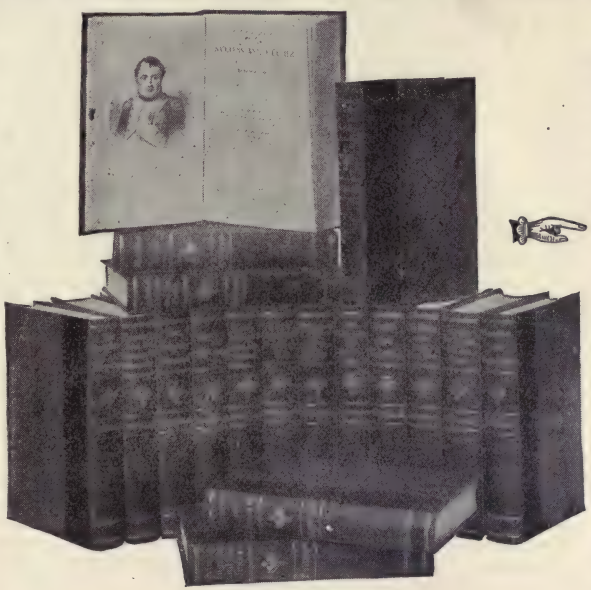
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Ely landing on Pennsylvania in a Curtiss biplane.



Curtiss machine. Ely landing.

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No. 3 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LVII

Founded 1868 Bret Harte San Francisco

TAKING A FLIER

BY FRED A. HUNT

FROM THE INCEPTION of Paradise in the human brain, the ambition of mankind has been to develop aeronautics; foreshadowed by Elijah in the flaming chariot, developed by Icarus in Roman mythology and lampooned by Darius Green and his flying "masheen."

What was the dream of our ancestors and the legitimate object of their ridicule it has remained for the twentieth century to prove feasible and practicable, and the aviators on Selfridge Field further to demonstrate to the complete satisfaction of the world. By the failures of yesterday do we achieve the successes of to-day, and the malpractice of aviation heretofore has made bases for practical aeronautic exploits in this day and generation.

There is one fault, however, that human nature is prone to indulge in, and that must be guarded against when achievement is made of some feat theretofore considered as either impossible or purely problematic: that is, ecstatic enthusiasm. This has its redundant efflorescence in the verbiage of reporters as depicted in one rhapsodic exultation, where the writer remarked: "Captain Pond was simply reflecting an enthusiasm that was universal. The wonder over the landing of Ely *rocked the Golden Gate!*" Hitherto that feat has been left to temblors.

Exultation and algebra have never been allied; scientific facts and a fine frenzy have always been incompatible. Therefore in the analysis of the present truly marvelous feats of aviators, we must allow figures to dominate in lieu of fancy, and logic to usurp the fairyland of laudation.

This has not been done, for the projective poesy of fertile imagination, in considering the utility of aeroplanes in warfare has already equipped battleships with monoplanes or biplanes (without, however, designating where these novel additions to a vessel's equipment are to be stowed amid the already replete quarters) and divined a radical readjustment of military tactics and warfare. Already have flights of airships been conjectured as hovering over cities, in countries hostile to that whence this flighty fleet emanated, and dropping deadly and havoc-creating bombs amid the buildings and population, to the utter devastation and demolition of both. Already airships have been depicted seagulling it above battleships and annihilating the unfortunate ship and crew by a vertical projectile carelessly dropped from the soaring monarch of the air—and almost everything else. One delirious declaration was "that the landing of Ely's airship on the cruiser Pennsylvania was the most important event since Noah's dove returned to the ark with the olive branch." But just what relation the two events had in common the rhapsodist forgot to narrate.

Even in a science so demonstrably prosaic and exact as ballistics, it has occasionally transpired that one was less liable

to injury in front of a gun at the time of its being fired than at the breech; of course there may arise patriots of the kidney of Quintus Curtius, who rode his horse into the chasm ostensibly to save Rome from destruction, or of Guy Fawkes, who was willing to be blown to smithereens provided Parliament were atomized also; but as a race, or genus, they are not prolific; wherefore the matter of aviators offering themselves as willing martyrs to achieve destruction to the enemy synchronously with an act of suicide to themselves, must be eliminated from any calm discussion of the utility of aeroplanes in warfare either by land or sea.

It is only in recent years that range-finders have been so scientifically accurate that so microscopic an object as a moving battleship becomes an easy target to the gunner on shore (who does not see the vessel at all); yet this deadly accuracy must be reckoned with by the anticipatory bomb-dropper; possibly to the deterring of his vaulting ambition. This is merely an annotation of the human, or timorous, view of the question.

It may be supposed that an aviator with an iron nerve, exalted patriotism, aeronautic capability and perfect command of his machine, is detailed to drop a few bombs upon a hostile vessel or navy. The bombs must necessarily be percussive, that is, must explode on striking a hard substance, for a bomb with a time-fuse could not be properly regulated in an aeroplane where the height, and consequently the time necessary to elapse between its detachment and explosion, could not be ascertained. Therefore the necessity for detonatory bombs or percussive shells. How the bombs are to be hurled against the enemy the conjectural strategists have not explained; possibly they are to hang like cherries from a limb, or the sword of Damocles by a hair, the hair or stem to be severed by the aviator at the psychologic moment; that is, if he has time to spare from the control of his airship.

The target may be assumed to be actually, or comparatively, stationary, but the projectiles are bobbing about like a parched pea in a frying pan, not perhaps individually, but as adjuncts to the motion of the



Ely in a Curtiss biplane.



1. Infantry firing at Parnalee in a Wright biplane.
2. Aviator Brookin and Captain Kelly before their flight to locate troops.

aeroplane. The aviator thinks he is at the zenith above the battleship and detaches the missile, which may hit the battleship or it may not; most likely it will not, for the bomb is very prone to be deflected from a vertical course even were the airship directly above the vessel—which he has no means of knowing, only estimating or guessing. It would seem unnecessary to elaborate much argument adverse to the probability of destroying a ship by a bomb dropped from an airship; primarily, because of the instability of the airship; secondly, because of the absolute indecision upon the thunderbolts of Zeus falling from a clear sky via an airship. Nevertheless, we can rely fairly confidently upon our 13-inch guns, their ten-mile range, and the microscopically accurate method of range-finding.

To consider the alternate efficiency of the airship as a destructive mode of annihilating the factors of a census or a cosmopolitan city: Ignatius Donnelly, in "Caesar's Column," depicted airships sailing over doomed cities, dropping bombs charged with stifling fumes (a modern form of the old Greek fire or the Chinese



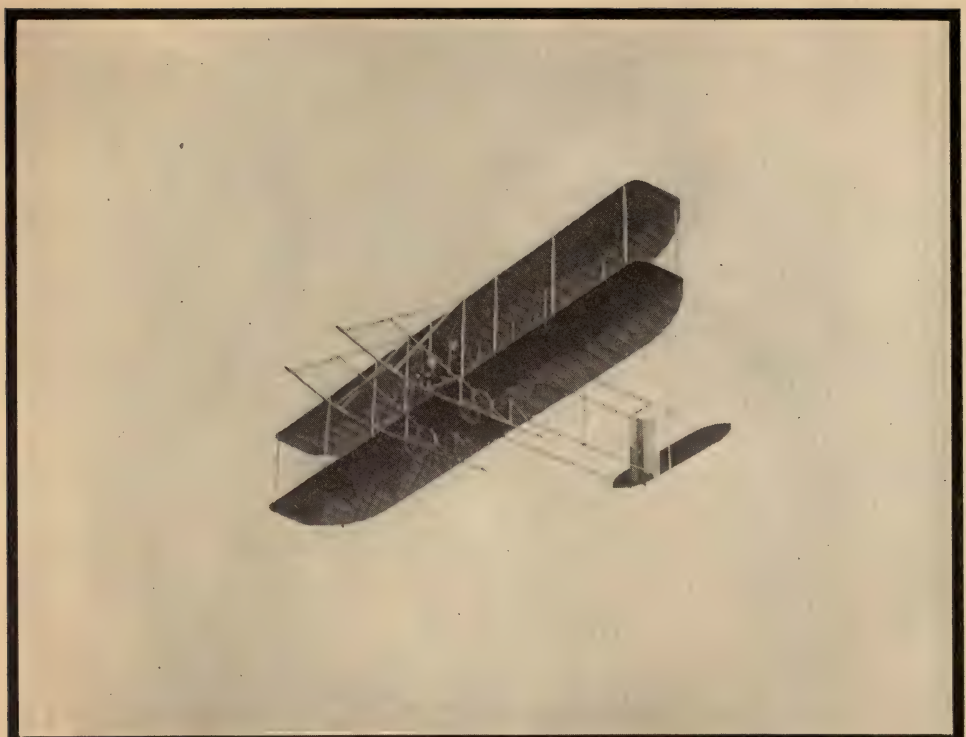
Radley starting.

of a vertical line from the bomb suspended from the airship to the deck of the ship, and thirdly, because of the uncertainty of the law of gravitation, compelling the descent of the bomb in an absolute perpendicular line. Also, the ship might have "stood from under," and although the bomb might "rock the Golden Gate" with its detonation, it would not feaze the battleship. Therefore, with the kind permission of the enthusiastic prophets, we will pass the feasibility of the navy being afflicted with any fatal eruption consequent

stinkpots), which asphyxiated the people, while other bombs knocked the buildings galley-west. Donnelly's vaticinatory successors have ignored the mephitic part of the programme, and have contented themselves with one comprehensive bomb-swoop; to the engendering of excessive timidity in the minds of dwellers in large cities lest Japan (or some other spectre) should suddenly declare war against us, turn loose a covey of airships laden with bombs and make of us such fragmentary remains that bottles or demijohns would

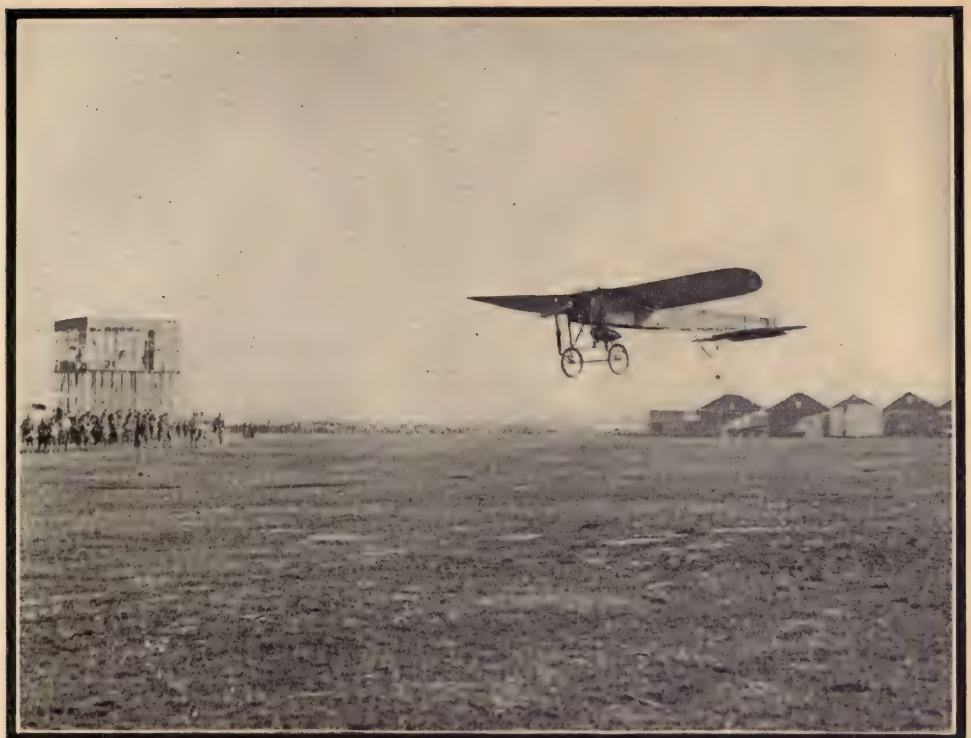


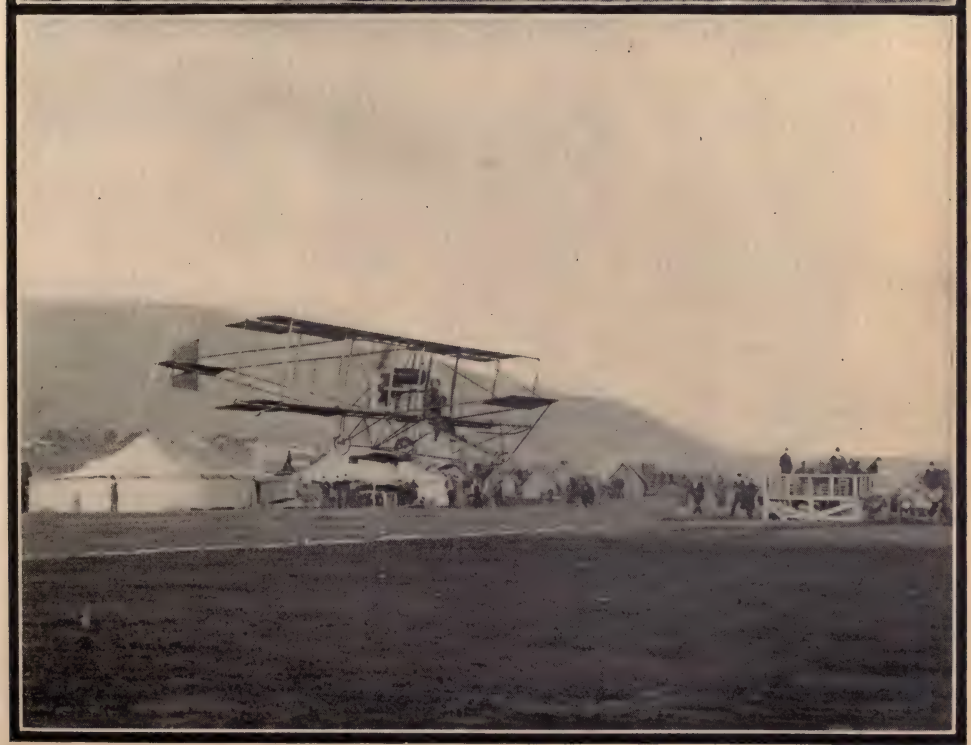
Radley in his Bleriot circling the Ferry Tower, San Francisco.





1. Parmalee in a Wright biplane. *2. Latham's monoplane.*





1. Radley's monoplane.

2. Williard in a Curtiss biplane.

be the appropriate receptacle for the mincemeat whereto we should be reduced.

To quiet our trepidation, which, at first glance, seems much more rational than the concussion of a dropped bomb with an unquiet battleship, let us calmly consider the reasonableness of this project.

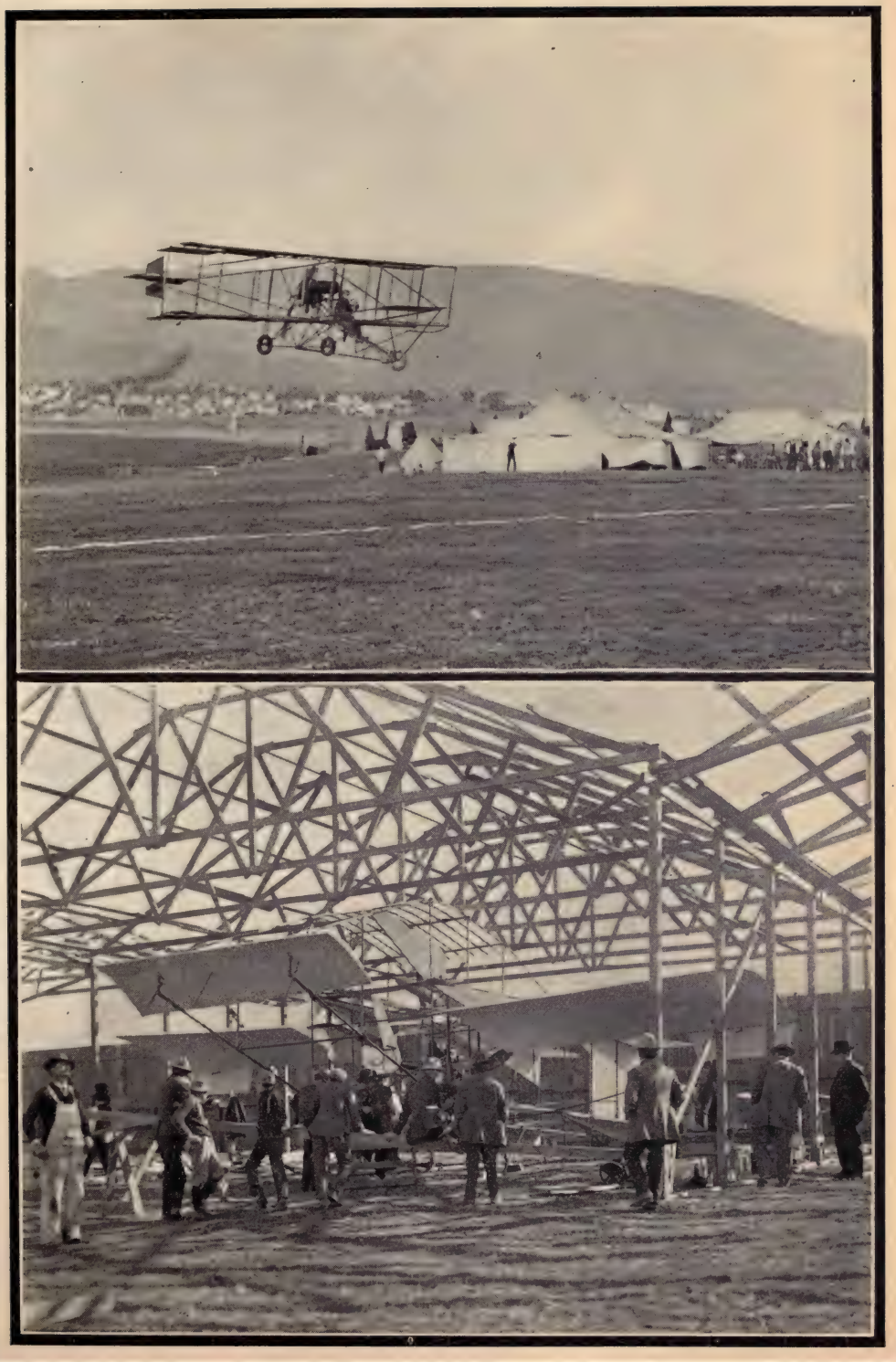
It must be conceded that the projectile must be of some high explosive, whose dynamic activity is engendered by percussion or violent contact. How are these dangerous implements to be carried by the airship? The practicable and reasonably harmless way would be to suspend them under the airship in concave carriers lined with cotton or wool; they could be turned out of the cups by a mechanical contrivance or the attaching cord could be cut, when the pendant bomb would descend and strike the target. The detaching of the projectile might be successfully accomplished by the aviator, but the apprehension arises as to whether all his time and skill must not be devoted to aerigation of his machine, especially when the untimely climax to their lives and aeronautic career of many aviators is remembered. For the proper attention to the detachment of the suspended bombs the services of a sort of warlike valet might be requisite, one who could devote the whole of his time to the severing of the deadly weapons. This would, presumptively, make the assumed task more efficacious; as to the task being capable of accomplishment is now the enigma to be solved.



1. Parmalee in a Wright biplane.
2. Latham monoplane.

Suppose the runway of the airship to have been made without any of the dangling bombs having been maltreated and exploded, and the airship careering in the higher altitudes with the aviator at the steering wheel and the valet grooming his projectiles. The currents of air are propitious, and the ship approaches the longitude of the doomed city. The inhabitants are alert for the aerial danger and are training their vertical guns (whose utility has been demonstrated by the German army) and the imminence of their danger is apparent to the occupants of the airship, who have a very natural desire to avoid being hoisted with their own petard. They realize that the detachment of and demolition by their bombs is a remote accomplishment; their own danger is unpleasantly close, so they veer off and await a more favorable opportunity. Another contingency may confront them, and prevent the fulfillment of their mission; that is, the vertical gun or guns may be trained upon them, and their own dangling bombs be exploded when aviator, valet, airship and bombs become an eddying mass of smoke, bent wire and fragmentary mementoes. Still another obstacle to the accomplishment of their object may, and probably would, confront them, and that would be an airship picket or vidette, which, on perceiving them, would discharge a horizontal gun loaded with either a time or percussive shell that, at the moment of impact, or at the expiration of the time fuse, would find the large target the aeroplane would present, and with the result that a heterogeneous mass would take the place of the homogeneous airship, its occupants and its cargo. It is hardly presumable that the inhabitants of the town or city would calmly await their possible doom with the resignation of a man with his back against a wall and a firing party in front of him.

High explosives are extremely dangerous to any one in their vicinity; the gen-



1. Willard in a Curtiss biplane. *2. Hangars. Lambarth's multiplane.*



1. James Radley.

2. Glenn Curtiss and his wife.



1. Latham in his monoplane.

2. Radley in his monoplane (Bleriot.)

tleman with a small quantity in his coat pocket and four others discovered this fact on the ferryboat recently. The dropping of some small article on the recumbent bombs, a sudden jar, any one of a number of mishaps, might make the bomb-hurler the bomb-hurled, and these contingencies are so apparent that it is deemed that volunteers for the forlorn hope of an aviation storming-party would not be so numerous as seriously to incommode the officers who were trying to enumerate or identify them. Given a clear and inoffensive or undefensive city or town, calm and favorable atmosphere, an aeroplane that would ascend and travel without mischance or accident, and an aviator who was perfectly willing to be a martyr to the cause he was espousing with his bomb, and serious damage could be done to life and property, but all these conditions in a state of concentration are so very remote that that concentration would seem to be an utterly negligible factor. One most decisive negation to the transportation of high explosives in any unstable vehicle is the excellent probability of its not being maintained on an even keel, in which case an airship, balloon, or any other aerial carriage would be an instrument of its own destruction by the explosion of the bombs, or shells, charitably intended for the immolation of some one else.

So the chances would obtain in any attempted realization of the flights of imagery in aerial warfare between opposing fleets of aeroplanes; let a hostile current turn the ships topsy-turvy, and the bombs become exploded by concussion with any unyielding substance in the ship, and pyrotechnics and perdition are the inevitable result. Of course, were both fleets destroyed, the object of their would-be assault would be attained, but the object of strategic operations is the destruction of the enemy's forces, not the *felo-de-se* of one's own.

In this article the argument against the feasible employment of airships in modern warfare has been portrayed dispassionately and without prejudice, and the conclusion seems to be that as at present constructed and aerigated, airships are valueless as weapons of precision and offensive destruction. Science, however, never makes an important discovery or improvement that is valueless, and the flotation in the air of the airships at Selfridge Field, or any other place, has demonstrated the incalculable value of the airship as a vantage ground for observation of any stable resource or active movement of the enemy. As scouts, spies or bases of discovery, the airship is of the greatest possible actual and prospective value, but as they are at present as gun or high-explosive carriages, they are too risky and uncertain to themselves. Hence as operatives against forts, cities or towns, we shall have to rely upon the excellent mortars



Parmalee in a Wright biplane, throwing bombs.

we at present have, and as hurlers of projectiles against hostile vessels at long range, reliance must be placed upon the heavy ordnance that bristles along our seacoast defenses, while for any vessels that attempt intimate association with our defenses, we must be content with the accurate torpedo-lines that made effectual *chevaux-de-frise* underneath our waters.

For the future? No one can predict what may be the marvelous resources yet undeveloped in the womb of science and inventive genius, and when the parturition occurs, we can calculate the value to modern warfare of the improved airship, aeroplane, monoplane or biplane; until those improvements are made, we must rely on the stable weapon of offense and precision, and disbelieve in the value of an uncertain and unstable basis as an effective platform whence to effectively demolish any persons or things by projectiles.

WIND-STORM AND MOONLIGHT PUGET SOUND

BY MYRA R. LIBBY

When the day of rain had ended,
And its darkling shadows blended
With the dusk of stately forest ranged along the guarding shore;
Then there came the vision splendid,
Night's proud Empress came, attended
By the myriad cloud-formed legions that her flashing banners bore.

Upward, outward, seaward sweeping,
Moved the stately pageant, keeping
Time to strains of thrilling music, past the wake of mortal hand;
Sounds of waves in light upleaping,
Chords from forests wild, unsleeping,
Rank that mighty diapason o'er the wakened sea and land.

Was the white man's ear mistaken,
Or did forest aisles awaken
To the piercing whir of arrows, to the red man's call and cry;
Were the "Happy Lands" forsaken,
Were the old trails once more taken—
Did they hold again the woodlands, did they fight and yell and die.

Ah, the Sound's great heart was beating
In a tumult wild, repeating
All the mystic, mighty meanings of the moonlight and the wind;
Silvered waves in squadrons meeting,
Now advancing, now retreating,
Told the story o'er till morning left the regal night behind.

INTO THE HOME OF THE BLIZZARD

BY FELIX J. KOCH

WE HAD traversed the plains country of Southern Alberta, on the eastward tour from the Rockies straight across the granary of the Canadas, and were reaching now that bane of the weather-man, Medicine Hat. Medicine Hat seemed to connote whatever was worst, most to be feared, among things climatic, and there was a certain curiousity paramount therefor, in finding just what it would afford.

The plains this morning were well-nigh perfect synonyms of all that a plane denotes—almost flat and still untilled or broken, save where in far distance there was an occasional house with its buildings about. At seven we passed Grand Lake, a very new town, here in the grain lands, with its large two-story frame hotel seeming out of all proportion. These large hotels to these little towns surprise one, until one learns how the law requires an inn to be possessed of a certain number of rooms before it may sell liquor on the Sabbath. In the yards, behind the scattered little homes, a woman could be seen, busily milking.



Where the weather is made.



New buildings are numerous.

Now and then a lone telegraph station would go by, and a railway man aboard the train recalled how, at times, telegraphers will ask for just such isolated appointments.

Of course, land and grain are the prime items of interest here. In copies of the Lethbridge Herald, which lay about, there was the account of the sale of 10,000 acres of land about Lethbridge. To-day there would be a great rush for land there, for the new homestead and pre-emption law went into effect at midnight. The city was filled with men who had come for the land thrown open to settlement. Politics, too, occupied these folk of the grain land, and just now they were discussing how the railroad was suspected of importing men over the American border to break a strike. These things and the *la crosse* matches seemed the subjects of chief interest.

We were getting ever nearer Montana, now, and still we were on the dry plains, with the gulches. These would stay till Medicine Hat was reached. On the outskirts of the "Hat," there was an Indian settlement, the wigwam-forms thrown up, to sustain the kettle for cooking, and the tepees grouped in the valley. Some of the Indians occupied mere one-room shanties; thence they went out to work the grain. There was a fair-ground here, then nice rows of frames beguiled the way in. There was an air of good painting around the place, which strikes the stranger at once.

At nine we dismounted in Medicine Hat, center to another vast grain area. Right at the track was a street, with little stores. The town, however, was not so much noted for these as for being the one whence the weather comes—where, that is, the news of the great blizzards emanates.

Close to the track were these little stores, one or two stories, built of brick or frame, and stretching along for several squares. There was one business street running into this, and one remarked tailors' and drug shops and the like. The American Hotel was a feature, too, this of seeming cement blocks, built up to a roof of black frame. The Board of Trade, again, had a little frame structure here, and about it men in caps, and smoking pipes, now hung. Beyond were the harness-shops, an electric theatre, then a photographer and some general stores.

All this West, despite its youth, is indeed very modern!

A fine new two-story Customs House, for example, is a surprise for so little a town. This is being built with redstone, and with a white rock at the corners, as well as round the windows, as trimmings. The City Hall is of red brick, but in much the same style, the whole then smacking of some exposition array. Other buildings, too, are fine; they would be so for any place. A modern fire department is seen in the City Hall, and ahead a great stone bridge spans the river.

One passes down a street of modern build, to a park, above the river, this plaza planted densely with young trees. Though cloudy, it is balmy here, and from the end of the bridge, a church is visible. Opposite are the desolate coulees.

Here, then, on the bridge over the river, at the end of the grove of young trees, and overlooking the blue-gray river with the bridge, is the weather station on which all grain land hangs its counts. Just a little patch of mud, enclosed by barbed-wire fence, this. In the center, diagonally across the space, stands a board wall, of seven white-painted planks, with two posts at the rear, and a soap box nailed behind. One remarks how this frame is double, against the wind, the two walls



On the highroad.



The eternal song of the thresher.

perhaps three inches apart.

Across the frame—on the front, is the usual latticed box of a weather station, locked and containing the instruments. This, too, is white-painted and faces the river. At its front there is a little pedestal, and on this a tool with a copper base, which supports a globe of glass. The glass concentrates the sunlight on a strip of blue-paper, marked with white hour lines, and the sun, as a result, burns the marks on this, showing the number of hours of sunlight a day. The globe faces the northwest; hence looks to the river and over it to the coulees. Behind it is the town.

Even on cloudy days, it is daylight here from 2 a. m. to 10 at night, by May. Twilights are very long. At Edmonton, a few hundred miles to the north, the twilights practically meet, so long is the day. Here one is ninety miles from the States.

From the end of February to March are the coldest months here. Last winter there was no very cold weather at all; they would consider 10 to 15 degrees below zero such.

Latterly a new factor is coming into the life of these folks. Limitless amounts of natural gas have been discovered here. One goes down 1100 feet in the Trenton rock after it.

The weather, however, absorbs all interests. It is reported daily at 5 p. m. This station belongs to the Canadian Government, and is maintained by it. The weather report is distributed by the Associated Press, from the observations of Mr. Walter Crosskill. He has been here several years, and his vantage-point is just ninety-two miles from the American boundary.

Boats go up from here to an island, which is forty-eight miles from the bor-

der of Saskatchewan province. One is almost out of Alberta. Irrigation is coming to be a feature of the farm-life all about, and as a result of it, ranching now is declining in favor of the farms. Natural gas, too, is entering into the life of the place. They leave it to burn all day, since this is cheaper than to put it out. Last year they sent the gas, in tanks, to the Dominion Fair to illumine their exhibit, and it was brighter than electricity. An 8 h. p. engine is maintained in the office of the News, and it costs but four cents a day to run it. In fact, it costs more to lubricate than to operate the machine. Again, there are a sewer-tile works and a packing-house (the latter supplying the British Government) to make use of the extra supply.

Medicine Hat has an auto—a single one—and in it one can go out on the splendid level roads to the grain-fields. One man here has a 60 h. p. Franklin on which he went all the way to California to play polo there.

Visitors to Medicine Hat are taken to the office of the News to see the curious engine. Then they invest in souvenir post cards, twenty-five cents a dozen. There is no street-car, and so one walks to the post-office, which is a curious concrete-like structure. Nice country stores are on the way, stores of carpets and splendid drug-stores, handling school-books, with the result that one sees Euclid and grammars and the like there. Kipling was once here, and on account of his visit his books are to be had. Other shops expose *la crosse* sticks. There are groceries with chocolates and cheap candy, with oranges and tins of tea and canned fruits. Apples are next door—three pounds for a quarter. By this time one is at the head of the business district, and homes of stock-brick or pretty frames lead on to the hills.

In the jewelers here are souvenirs, watch-charms, thirty-five cents apiece, in the shape of a cowboy's hat, and pins bearing the same, or else, for half a dollar, some souvenir spoons.

When grain folk come in to town, they stroll out to the gas well to observe the huge derrick which has been set up. A Chinese trading store, with a man in a suit of green, passing outside, takes the eye. In a tent is a carousal, posters show a great devil-fish taken off the British Columbia coast. Then lumber yards and a school house of frame, and one is back once more at that park near the railway. Several old Scotchmen hang about here. A sign announcing Messrs. Frost and Wood as selling farm machinery hangs not far distant.

One rambles about, remarking the while several houses of concrete—as guard against the cold. Then another derrick to a gas-well; the other houses, built in foreign style and with flowers in the windows, windows many of which open at the center, and then one is back at the merry-go-round once more. Here is the station of the Northwest police. They tell of how a wagon is sent out from here to take in prisoners. An Indian woman loiters about, a shawl around her head. Then again one is back at the American Hotel, ready, in the lobby, with the deer heads and the like, interspersing modern English scenes, to write or jot down his impressions. Everything is so modern that one is tempted to ramble once more—until eleven, which is train time.

Then, with a little yellow maple leaf of tin, distributed by the Government as a souvenir, and a leather cigar case with "Lethbridge" burnt upon it (this is a souvenir given by that place and containing a booklet of data) one is prepared to go on.

On, ever, in the coulees or low hills, sloping gently, these still untilled, given over to horse raising, and with only now and then an occasional farm house—one speeds on to the East.

Some one brings out *Baedeker*, and in him you read how Medicine Hat is 660 miles of Winnipeg, at an elevation of 2170 feet, over the sea. Its population in 1901 was 1975. Indians still live hereabout; the buffalo horns may be looked for; and he draws attention to the coal which is mined here, and the natural gas used in manufactures and houses. "Small steamers descend the South Saskatchewan from here, 800 miles, to Lake Winnipeg."

Then, however, one is getting well beyond Medicine Hat, the town of the weather, for the grain lands. And what lies out there beyond is a tale to itself.

THE ENGINEER

BY L. FRANCES

AN EMPTY BOTTLE, uncertainly aimed, crashed through a window of the grog shanty, dignified by the title of the Railway Hotel and Refreshment Rooms. A drunken voice rose dolefully, and there was an oath and a moment's lull. The engineer for the new railway line moved restlessly on his canvas bunk in the little tarpaulin and wood hut, two hundred yards or more from the main line. The men on the branch line had quit work for the day. The timber men were rioting at the shanty, or in other shanties up the line, while the hotelkeepers reaped their harvest. To-morrow was a holiday, and the toilers were going to celebrate by "knocking down" what was left of their sweat-stained cheques. It was dry and hot, and one could scarcely blame them for their abnormal thirst.

The heat was like a foretaste of hell, the engineer thought, for he alternately tossed in a fever fire or shook with a gray ague. A return of the Gulf fever was upon him, and the doctors had long ago told him that his heart would not stand much of it; his fine old heart which had pumped blood for him for over fifty strenuous years. He was alone on the line out West, and his young wife was down in the coast town, where there were some comforts for a woman.

He could not have her here. She had offered to come, laughing when he said "No," and accusing him of mistrusting her cooking. But how could he leave her here by day, within hearing distance of the sort of language the laborers on the lines "out back" habitually indulge in? She would have covered her little pink ears all day and have wilted under the sordidness of her surroundings, the fine, penetrating dust, and the swarms of everlasting flies. So he placed her at a comfortable hotel and went up country. He had never questioned that he—big, rugged, with the square tipped fingers of the men of his house—toilers of the soil whose muscles never grow flaccid from underwork, must bear the want of luxury and the loneliness. It was part of his plan of life so to endure.

She was different. When trouble came she always looked brightly round for the way out, and availed herself of it, if possible. He sat down to it and suffered it in silence, with strong, bowed shoulders. So to-night he suffered his fever aches and his solitude. But as the hours wore on and the drunken racket abated at the hotel, the stillness began to tell upon his nerves, the sickness upon his mind.

"You will die, alone."

This voice kept whispering in his jerking heart-beats.

"You will die alone—all alone——"

He felt under his pillow for the last letter she had written him. It lay beside his watch, with the leathern guard. He had never had a watch chain in his life. He hated anything that was not merely for use. Leather did as well, and was less expensive. The links in his shirt cuffs were bone, and he wore a bone collar stud. That was the man. His wife often chaffed him about it. She loved pretty things. He could not read her letter, for the fever played tricks with his eyes. But he knew all that was in it. To-night she was going to a "bridge" evening in the town. She was going to wear a new dress, a pale lemon color, and she wished he could see it, for it suited her.

"I don't suppose you would pay me a compliment," she had added in her mischievous way. "But that would not matter, so long as you thought it!" * * * He seemed to see her now, sitting on a vine-hung veranda, looking out to a sea full of the broken reflex of stars, while the moist, salt breeze shook the crests of the

cocoanut palms, and rustled the pandanus between the houses and the curved white beach. Oh, God! for a breeze from the sea. Oh, God! to sink and rest in that cool greenness, out of sight and sound of hilarious drunken brutes, the smell of stale whisky, and the bleat of evil-odored goats, startled from their slumbers by a ribald chorus. There would be a firewood train through, near the morning, that was all, and away by the engine shed a cleaner whistled merrily at his work. There were to be races in the afternoon, more drinking, more swearing, and a few loose women from the camp, to help in the inferno. The engineer buried his gray head in the pillow and groaned.

She had urged him to come to her for a day, and yesterday he had wired that business prevented him. He had not told her he was ill. He would shake off the fever, go to her for the holidays, he had told himself hopefully, yesterday. But to-night he did not think of this. To-night he did not believe he would ever see her again.

"You will die all alone." This had been the unspoken dread of his manhood, a certainty which, curiously enough, had dogged him in many desolate night-watches, for we all have, hid away somewhere, our special foreboding; and this strong man, standing like a forest giant, self-contained, perfectly alone, until he met her and succumbed, had his own particular fear.

She had been a good wife to him, and he loved her, but his work took him constantly from her. It was hard for her, too, but he wanted her to be comfortable —and now.

And now, not any more would she stand on the railway platform of the town, under the flaring red and yellow posters that advertised a local beer or an American soap, waiting for him with her eyes on the empty, shining curve of rail. Not any more would she lean from the carriage window, drawing back a moment in startled pride. He had been so long alone, it seemed incredible that this bright girl, his—his wife—to be kissed or scolded, or neglected, as he will, as though he could ever will anything to hurt her. And now —he was going to die here—alone—with no long, slim hand nestling into his—no soft cheek against his own seamed one, alone.

There was nothing to reproach her with —it was entirely by his wish that she was not with him to-night. He stretched out his big, shaking arms, and something like a sob came from his deep chest. If she could only come suddenly through the open door, through which he could catch a glimpse of gum boughs, black against the star-threaded sky, and the peaked stacks of the timber, and one kerosene lamp flaring dangerously away in a lengthsman's tent. If she could only annihilate space, and come tripping in, in her lemon tinted gown, with her high heels clattering on the roughly boarded floor, and the flower in her hair nodding—nodding, to be crushed against his breast!

But no. She sat on a vine-curtained veranda by the sea, and watched the players through the French lights, sipping some soft drink from a glass in which the ice clinked deliciously, and laughed at the pretty speeches some vacant, joyed and harmless youngster made to her, and thought kindly of him, of her big, rugged man "out back."

The engineer dozed, wandering in sleep through the horrible, haunted country of the fever land. He started and muttered in that hag-ridden sleep.

The whistle of the firewood train swinging round the bend awakened him. He felt weak and done. Death, bone-white and ever hungry, leered in at the little paneless window. The candle had left a greasy monument along the side of the ginger-beer bottle it had been stuck into. The dawn was reddening in the East, and the birds chattered their morn-greetings. About the shanty all was silent, with a drink-heavy silence. People passed with the dawn sometimes, the engineer remembered. Men who were over fifty, and who had worked their hearts too hard, were weak with the dawning.

He heard the brakes jar at the siding. Heard the train grate out again, and puff away into the lovely, limpid morning, the only endurable hour of the day out West in mid-summer. He closed his eyes. Death was near, he thought, and he did not care—only he longed for some cool, dark spot underground, where the coming molten day could not find him,

where he could feel and fear no more, where there were no races, and no vile-mouthed men, or screaming, wanton women, unsexed by the hardness of their hopeless lives.

Swish, through the dew-wet grasses!

Swish—a woman's skirts brushing the overturned candle box that served for a step to the little wood and canvas hut.

Swish! the shurr of silk—the tap of high heels.

"Darling! I came just as I was, straight from the party, with only a mackintosh over my frock. One of the men heard you were ill from the guard on the down train. Oh, you bad thing, not to have wired the truth! I don't think I shall ever forgive you! I am going to take you back with me, to-night. I've settled it all with the department! The inspector is coming back by special from up the line to-night, and we are going to have a carriage reserved on his train. Oh, I can manage the inspector. I don't smile for nothing, except at you, you big goose. Don't worry! You have nothing to do but lie still and let me wait on you, until we can carry you over to the train. It's no use looking square-jawed and obstinate, not a bit—I've come to stay this time."

He opened his eyes and saw her in her lemon tinted frock with her firm, creamy neck bare under her cloak, and the pointed toes of her satin slippers peeping like golden flowers from under the crisping flounces of her gown, saw the fading blossom she had forgotten to remove from her hair, crushed down under her straw hat—and another sob shook his big chest. Still he believed her a phantom from that torture land he had been journeying in.

"I had simply to tear to catch the train and squeeze into the guard's van, with some greasy men, but they were all kind and none drunk."

She knelt beside him and slipped her hand under his head, and he felt her cheek, wet against his own.

Then the engineer realized that he was not going to die, alone, after all; and in fact, and in this he proved to be perfectly correct, he felt that funny, jerky old heart of his had a good many full years of life in it yet.

ON AND OFF

BY HARRY COWELL

We two are off on our honeymoon
 In our heavier-than-air,
But with hearts more light, we are out of sight,
 And the deep blue devils dare;
Which way to go we do not know
 Nor a continental care—
We two alone on our honeymoon
 In our heavier-than-air.

We two are off on our honeymoon
 In our heavier-than-air;
While far below the houses go
 Back, back in a panic scare.
Like one possessed, each wedding guest
 Doth stare and stare and stare,
As much as to say: "On their honeymoon
 Those two are off!"

BOB OF THE NURSE CORPS

BY MONROE WOOLLEY

RAND THOUGHT a Florida swamp was a devil of a place in which to encamp an army. Not so much as boss even of himself, much less of an army corps, Rand judiciously kept his thoughts to himself. Spreading them would do little good. On the other hand, it might get him in the "mill" —another name for the guard house— which was a much more objectionable place than a rancid palmetto slough. The "mill," with its additional terrors, was itself in the geographical center of the big bog.

Following his first survey of the site, Rand really did not have much time to waste in idle thoughts. The Southern sun was sinking low. If he and the others were to have shelter for their heads that night, action bordering on the automatic must be quickly had. Together he and the comrades of his squad fell to chopping tent pegs, not that the Government was short of the commodity, but rather because it was unable to get tent pegs, as it was other things, just where they were wanted at the proper time. The pitch on the trees the soldiers attacked with a vengeance was so adhesive that the hands clung to it with a grim persistence. "If we stick to each other as well as this blasted stuff does to us, we shall soon be molded into an octagon-shaped mass of uniformed humanity," pessimistically exclaimed the corporal, as he directed the tent pitching. Rand and the others promptly swore a hearty allegiance, but not without a growl at the mosquitoes, the mud and a smell that made the odorless excavator seem gentle.

Private Rand, had he known it, was not long to be doomed to the swamp. A worse fate stared him in the face. Congress, having failed to call for a hospital corps when asking for volunteers, it now became necessary in the maelstrom of the rush from the North southward to organize a body for the care of the sick and wounded. The order providing for the organization said that clean-cut men of intelligent appearance were wanted for the work. Somehow, in some strange way, the company commander, an honest, horny-fisted brick-layer in civil life, made Private Rand, a bank cashier, his first choice. If the act was accepted as an honor, Rand in no way showed it. It was bad enough to rustle for one's self, without being compelled to give the "first insult to the injured," to the sick, the halt and the blind in a ramshackle, make-shift sort of a hospital. That was a woman's work anyway! Every one rebelled at the obnoxious detail. Each was profuse in lauding the other's fitness for the assignment. Rand revolted like a rhino, but the brick-laying captain stuck stubbornly to his decision that the cashier private was the only "clean-cut, intelligent appearing" guardian of his country in the entire command.

Measles and typhoid had already put in an aggressive appearance. As the lesser of two evils and lacking the bravado spirit of the sensational high diver or bridge-jumper, Private Rand, in the end, chose the measles—with a little mumps thrown in. With measles, fate might hold fame for him. A man's stomach ofttimes comes before all else in considering certain matters. In the State camps most stomachs were amply and richly taken care of by generous donations from sweetheart, sister or mother. But now the bill of fare was conspicuous by the absence of everything save substantial old "Government straight." Bacon and hard tack, with coffee utterly ashamed to own its name, let alone the brand, the same being highly flavored with pine knots at that, failed to combine to cause a man to choose a typhoid ward where nothing save limpid liquids found their way about. Full diet was the fare

of the measles men, and it had its attractions more, perhaps, for the attendants than it had for the sick fellows. The component parts of the straight ration, masticated into a sodden mass and sent on their circuitous journey through the intestines of ailing soldiers, unlike the horseshoe nail diet of the ostrich, fail in their office.

The isolation hospital for measles and mumps was rigged up in an old farm house standing back in the woods a safe distance from the effects of drills and sham battles. In the yard some years before a prize-fight of international prominence had been pulled off. This was about the only interesting thing about the deserted place. It appealed only to the sporting element. Rand and some of the sick men found few charms in the simple story. Rand's time may have been too much taken up with cleaning spit cups and moving acrimonious patients to certain spots in the well-ventilated, splintered floor alleged by those lying upon it to be softer. There were no beds and little bedding. Rubber ponchos, be it known, spread upon bare floors as mattresses, are famous for flattening flesh to a pan-cake consistency. There being no sheets or downy comforters and very few army blankets, the patients and the attendants were constantly at war. The strife may have been good experience for the coming struggle in the islands of the Caribbean. In the day time the sick men said they were too hot. Obeying orders, the attendants strove to prevent colds by keeping them covered. At night, the sickest man thought he should have all the available blankets to protect him from the floor. Others, more powerful physically, thought differently. So they whined and kicked and growled, fumed, fussed and fought. Ordinary men would have been driven to distraction in a single day, but Rand's captain went on record to testify that the private was something more than ordinary. One strapping fellow, a dealer in "sightless swine" at home (otherwise a "blind pig") wishing to drown his multitudinous woes, drank the contents of all the medicine bottles, believing they contained percentages of alcohol. As the doctor came but once a day, the patients naturally failed in their doses, very little to their displeasure. Rand assured himself there was not much harm in this intemperate act, since the patients came in at a much greater rate than they went out. Advertised in this way, the medicine would not have made a howling success upon the markets as a patent medicine cure-all. To cap the climax of all this trouble and annoyance, the reputation a measles ward had in some mysterious way acquired as a good-feeding institution, was all a horrible nightmare, a culinary myth. Complain as they would, Rand and his associates simply could not induce the doctor to get an outfit to permit them to do their own cooking. They were constantly met with the argument that the measles would soon be stamped out, and the pest-house closed. That news for a time buoyed up some of the more depressed ones. But Rand and the tipler had no faith in the curative properties or the intoxicating qualities of the treatment. Rand was already pining for activity, a move into Cuba, or a transfer to the typhoid ward, and the liquids for diversion, anything. Wading in a swamp, languishing in a guard house, or chopping pitchy tent pegs was preferable to this. For three weeks he tried daily to get a pass to visit his comrades from home. That was out of the question. There was too much danger in permitting a man to roam at large fresh from a pest-house. Rand felt as though he were a leper or a man with the seven-year itch. The meals, carried or hauled in a big camp kettle from the main hospital two miles away, were getting unbearably repulsive. The attendants lost their appetites as fast as the sick men. Boiled potatoes, hard tack, cold canned tomatoes and dish-water coffee got to be aggravating sights. Bread and wholesome water would have been a relish. To flash this fare upon Rand was something similar to waving a red flag at a bull. "I might just as well get the measles myself as to be penned up this way," he mused seriously. If ever a man prayed it is surmised he offered up fervent strains as long as a Sunday sermon to get the measles. In trying to remember whether or not measles or mumps were among his childhood maladies, the big fellow got to thinking of home. The next thing he knew he was desperately homesick. That was the king bee of miserable afflictions. He found he could

not eat at all, nor could he sleep. He could not do a thing save sit and bemoan his sad fate. Once or twice he devoutly wished he had failed in the physical examination. How he envied those who did not fail. Again he cursed his brick-tossing captain for looking upon him as a "clean-cut, intelligent man." How nice it would have been had destiny made him an artful layer of burnt clay instead of a shuffler of bank notes and currency of the realm. As to his appearance, he inwardly hoped he would turn into a scare-crow or a rare specimen of prehistoric man. Anything to get back where there was life, activity, man's work, association with other things besides sputum cups, medicine thieves, and growling, unappreciative patients. Several times he trembled in fear of insanity.

It was in the very midst of these dire things that Rand worked out his salvation. Another week might have ended disastrously. His continued appeals to the surgeon at last got him a change. He was sent to the main hospital as transportation clerk, an occupation certainly more in line with his training. Soldiers were dying so rapidly of typhoid and malaria that the ambulances could no longer haul the sick to the trains, nor the dead to the graves. The swamp was tallying its score. A siding was put in by the railroad to the hospital wards. Daily, at night, whole sections of Pullman cars were shunted in upon the spurs to haul the sick north to recuperate or die. The administration tent where Rand held forth with pen and transportation blank formed the hub of the wards which radiated, spoke-fashion, from it. Gratified at his change in duties, he had long since given up his prayerful solicitations to contract the measles. Now he was enthusiastic in his work, glad that he was where he was, and he wouldn't trade places with an army of "physical failures"—the stay-at-homes—for a farm.

Having been promoted to the grade of steward, a mount was assigned him. Each day he went for a ride out along the banks of the Saint Johns, or through the tropical suburbs of quaint old Jacksonville. It was great recreation after the term in the pest-house. Like the horse he rode, he sniffed the balmy air, and was glad indeed that he was living. But those prayers, made in less encouraging times, were just bound to be answered, to bear fruit, luscious fruit, too. The smoke from the pine knots mingled with the grub was gradually getting in its work. Rand's liver began to fail him. No, not exactly fail him, either. It simply made its presence known, as any one, unaccustomed to neglect and hard usage, quite naturally would. Malaria also groped around for a hold upon his system. At an unsuspecting moment it took hold. Not firmly, but with a soft, gentle grip that added strength with time. Try as he would, he couldn't shake it loose. Quinine he took by the fist-full, getting to eat it. Finally there were times, plenty of them, when he wished he could issue himself a request for a Pullman home. But to do that, one must have a sick furlough. Without the furlough the thing of writing out a request was much like drawing a check on a defunct bank. Sick furloughs and typhoid were synonymous.

Also there was another reason besides the dislike of a siege of sickness that kept Rand from trying to be sent home. It lay in the form of a sunny little lady, daintily arrayed in the cap and apron of a trained nurse. Isabelle Roberts, familiarly known as Bob, was the camp favorite. It was said that many a stalwart soldier frequently feigned illness for no other purpose than to come beneath her seductive care. Bob and Chesley Rand became great friends. The soldier found himself doing many small favors for the little nurse. Why, he knew not. With others, fretting as he was on the verge of an illness, he was most of the time cross and crabbed. Yet Bob had but to ask and Rand would have set fire to the entire garrison, his own quarters included. One thing Rand especially noticed was that Bob increased her demands for favors as time wore on. She got to be a regular daily visitor at Rand's desk. Like the brewer, they grew thick. Doctor Amabale, the Cuban in charge of Bob's ward, noted these visits. At length Rand wondered why he invariably came with a scowl and an ominous look, ordering Bob away from his presence to some trivial task in the ward. On such occasions, Bob, ever bubbling over with mirth in this awful rendezvous of disease and death, did not seem to much mind the officious doctor's orders. "I'll see you

again," she habitually shouted at Rand in leaving, a challenge that made the Cuban irritable.

"You may get me for a patient some time soon," the soldier confided to his Red Cross friend one day. His temples were throbbing; he could no longer eat, and the fever was daily becoming more persistent. His fine complexion, as delicate as a girl's, was fast getting a lemon-yellow.

"Jaundice is running a race with the malaria," Bob observed, with anxiety, as she took Rand's wrist, professionally. "I said I would get you some day," she reminded him, laughingly, as though it were funny.

"Is it a laughing matter, Bob?" Rand asked in an injured tone.

She cajoled him for his peevishness.

"You know perfectly well that I didn't mean to make fun or to ridicule," she added. "I'm only glad of an opportunity to fix you up. Maybe I can send you home. Mine's the malaria ward, you know."

Rand tried to smile as he nodded his head in the negative. "Not if Amabale has to recommend it," he significantly said.

"What's Amabale got to do with it, anyway?" Bob defiantly demanded, knowing secretly at the same time that the ward surgeon had a great deal to do with matters of the kind. Nevertheless, she disliked to acknowledge it.

"I can handle that swarthy-faced Cubano. You just trust to Isabelle and the malaria and the Pullman people."

Next day Rand was so ill he could not leave his tent. His temperature kept rising perceptibly. At three it was almost bubbling over. A tent mate, coming in at that hour heard the sick man mumble something about a jealous medico, a fellow by the name of Bob, and a trip north. From the trend of the babble one might have suspected the rambling mind to belong to an official of the Pullman Company. The soldier laid a hand on his friend's forehead. In point of warmth it felt like the flesh of a hard-ridden horse, except that the skin was dry and tightly drawn. Straightway the frightened corps man went for the emergency litter squad. Typhoid, the leading attraction, was the first thing to enter the man's mind. Shortly afterward, Rand, half-unconscious, felt himself being carried somewhere under a musty-smelling blanket. He was, he thought, too ill to care where he was going. Yet, somehow, he had a vague hope that it would be to the malaria ward. That was the most popular place of the whole institution. Then, too, malaria was so much easier than the other thing. He wondered if the litter squad had sense enough to properly diagnose his case. Now he felt his feet rise slightly heavenward, denoting, as the sound made by the men's feet indicated, that they were mounting the steps of a ward. He roused himself sufficiently to peep out from beneath the blanket. He felt a trifle relieved when he saw it was Bob's ward. Down the aisle between the ends of the white beds holding their wasted, emaciated prey they carried him. Rand wondered how it felt to be carried to the dead house by the litter squad. Never having been carried there alive, as had one poor unfortunate, he could not find the answer. Now and then a groan of pain or a maniacal yell from a delirious patient disturbed the quietude. But for these, Rand might have imagined himself in a casket being carried down a passage at the foot of rows of graves in the form of narrow, white bunks. Once he wondered how anything so merry as Bob could come from such dismal depths. As the squad lowered the litter, preparatory to stripping him for a suit of pajamas, a blood-curdling scream, followed by a blowing and spitting, and a puffing and chattering of teeth, rent the air. Rand was startled almost into a chill. But he subsided when he saw what the trouble was. Not more than ten feet away, a poor, unfortunate with a temperature of 104 was being dipped, stark naked, into a bath-tub filled nearly to overflowing with ice and water. Neither Rand nor any one else censured the fellow for his vocal exhibitions as a result of this heroic treatment. Every one unanimously agreed that a man under these conditions had a right to yell, and to do it out loud at that. If a dose of this kind was essential to a trip North, Rand thought the nearer he remained to the equator and a normal temperature the better.

With Bob beaming over him, wringing her fat little hands in imitation of a fawning Hebrew pawnbroker, as she murmured

in imitation Yiddish that she had him now. Rand felt terribly embarrassed. Not knowing what else to do, he insisted that he wasn't sick—that she should let him go. He tried to make his duties an excuse to get away, saying he thought that he had picked up enough of a knowledge of medicine to care for himself. However, Bob would not listen. It might be alright to be one's own doctor, but to be one's own nurse to boot was too much. Bob's mania or hobby was to get a trip north for persons who needed it. Doing this, she was of more service than all the medicine and nursing in the world. The nation, being rich, could stand the expense, and the railroads needed the money. Hitherto all she need do was to hint to her obliging surgeon whom she wanted sent out. Amabale, smiling his best smile, did the rest. He did the thing for Bob; rarely, if ever, for the sick soldier. Disabled men of the line did not bother the doctor when Bob was around; likewise Bob did not bother the doctor much when there were no sick soldiers to be sent home.

"A Cuban contract surgeon is good only to sign sick furloughs, anyway," the little nurse often said.

To-day on his first trip, Amabale chided Rand for shamming, saying a big, strapping fellow, such as he, couldn't be ill. Rand felt like he should like to get up and floor the foreigner. Bob, defiant and determined in behalf of her countryman, gently pulled down a lower lid.

"Look at that eye," she commanded. The white of the ball, as was the skin of the face, was a lemon-yellow.

"Look at his tongue and feel his pulse. It's the swamp and the exposure."

Amabale, as though obeying superior force, followed the nurse's directions.

"Yes, he has a bit of fever and a bad liver," he reluctantly acknowledged in his broken lingo. "He will be all right in a day or two." Then, with a professional pose, he wrote out a prescription—a calomel treatment with a milk diet. "Start a temperature chart for him," he ordered, as he started away, frowning fiercely.

"He will explode when I tell him you must go north on furlough," Bob gleefully cried. "But I'll fetch him 'round."

After what had just passed, Rand did not for a moment doubt but that Bob would do just as she claimed. "I believe you could fetch most any one around," the soldier suggested. "You are doing fine on me."

A week later, Bob walked in for her afternoon tour of duty, all smiles. Rand's curiosity was aroused. He could scarcely wait until she came to him.

"He didn't complain a bit," she started out with enthusiasm, as she sat upon the side of the bed. "Said you could go as soon as you were able to travel. He even so much as suggested that he sign the application for your furlough then and there. Seemed awfully anxious to get rid of you, and I think I know why. Don't you?"

If Rand knew he was backward about saying so. Yet it isn't recorded that he knew. Still, in reply, his handsome face turned crimson, blanching out the yellow momentarily. He reached for the girl's hand while she drew the bed-screen up closer. Bob did not object when the hand was squeezed firmly.

"He thinks he can separate us by sending you away," she pouted. "I'm not ashamed to say it if you are, Chesley Rand."

At this, Rand exerted such increased pressure on the plump hand that the fingers on either side of the ring finger suffered a painful dent as they came in contact with the hard, irresistible metal of a ring. He reached to embrace her, but Bob remonstrated, saying such an act was unprofessional, un-nurselike. Besides, some one might be looking. That was the main thing. However, she did contrive to kiss the big volunteer just before he clambered into his Pullman berth on the night of his departure for home.

Typhoid, malaria and yellow-jack killed many struggling patients in those troublous days of an unnecessary war. So did the trip north in many cases end in serious, if not fatal relapses. Rand was no exception to the relapse rule. Apparently he was getting more out of those pest-house prayers than he bargained for. No sooner did he arrive home than he underwent a varied series of chills and fever. That annoying glandular viscus, commonly known as the liver, also got seriously out of repair again and refused to get fixed. It would not permit him to do justice to any of the

tempting dishes his mother or the obliging maid-of-all-work carried to him. Unaccustomed to so much illness and the attendant confinement, he chafed and fretted fearfully under the strain. Times were numerous when he longed to get back South. The South held more attractions for him than all creation in spite of swamps, pest-houses and "Government straight." Daily he implored his mother to get the family physician to say he was well enough to set off again. Motherlike, she once consented. But the doctor was obdurate. It was easy for him to refuse such a request. And Rand, a little later on, was heartily glad of the prohibition. It was when the mailman ushered in a bird of ill-omen in the form of an announcement of the wedding of Isabelle Roberts to Don Senor Enrique Amabale, M. D. That shocking, unexpected news put the patient into a grave retrospective state. To Rand, after that, it did not so much matter just when he rallied or got well. He refused entirely to be in a hurry to mend. Giving up almost wholly, he paid strict attention to being desperately sick. The South, a few moments ago a heaven, was now a mockery. A cashier's window seemed less and less repulsive. Sickness, once a bore, all at once was transformed into an amusement.

Meanwhile a little nurse, with a brassard on her arm, and famed throughout a big canvas hospital covering acres of ground, for her beauty and jovial disposition, was fast acquiring a reputation as a confirmed grouch. Her associates marveled at the sudden change. Dr. Amabale thought Bob was on the verge of illness; her fellows were equally as sure that she was overworked. None seemed to surmise that it was because of the absence of certain letters from the North. It seemed a hard fate to almost break one's neck to do things for a sick man, and then not get so much as a paltry letter of thanks. That was rank ingratitude. Rand in the flesh did not seem that kind of an ingrate. The silence was getting unbearably on her nerves when she heard through a sick soldier from the cashier's home that Rand had fallen ill upon arrival. That news made Bob woefully sorry and penitent for her hard accusations. After all it wasn't right to think so abominably of Rand. Yet she eased her conscience by charging that he could not be too sick to dictate a short note, or to have some one else compose and write one.

Amabale, to his surprise, found her much herself again that evening. It made him very hopeful, an antidote he, as does most of humanity, had largely lived upon lately. When Bob consented to ride with him to corps headquarters and home again, he was in the seventh heaven. He felt he was playing a winning hand, owing, he supposed, to a despicable ruse he had resorted to not long since. Yet, on the way back, when conversation ebbed low, he was puzzled to know what the purport of Bob's conference with the chief surgeon had been. Bob, sober and thoughtful, did not volunteer to tell, so he refrained from asking. He was content to be permitted to ride by her side. Before long, she would be his for keeps, he averred, losing himself in a sea of meditative bliss.

Rand, far to the northward, where snow was now flying, tired or tumbling and tossing on a tortuous bed, at last sufficiently pulled himself together to sit up. By this time he was honorably discharged the service on the family physician's certificate of disability. Since the South no longer held any charms for him and the peace protocol made his services to the nation unnecessary, he was agreeable to his widowed mother's solicitations that he remain at home. On the morrow he was promised he should drive out. Somehow, now, his mother seemed extraordinarily attentive, especially since that hateful day when the announcement came to dip him deep in despondency. He must have talked a great deal in his deliriums, too, to have let the story out. In a week he was to take up his old duties as cashier of the town bank. Work is a fine tonic for worry, just as it is a help to old age. Conjecturing idly along this line, he started visibly when the door bell rang. His mother answered the summons. Rand listened intently, fearing it was a final visit from the doctor. Somehow he simply detested the sight of a doctor. Indistinctly, too indistinctly to distinguish it, he heard the voice of a woman. His mother talked to the visitor for quite a while, it seemed. Presently he heard a light, quick step that sounded familiar coming up the staircase.

There was a gentle tap at his half-open door. In response to his invitation to enter, Bob stepped hurriedly into the room. Rand was so astounded he could not speak. His big gray eyes opened wide in awe. He even neglected the formality of introducing his mother, who now came in. Mrs. Rand was much surprised, if not a trifle shocked, when the little lady walked straight up to the convalescent and kissed him on both cheeks. That act brought the whole story to the mother like a revelation. She hastily left the room, chuckling to herself.

"I went to see the chief surgeon for a furlough as soon as I heard you were ill. Why didn't you write, boy, so I could come sooner to care for you?" Bob earnestly remonstrated.

In reply, Rand reached beneath his pillow and extended an envelope bearing evidence of much handling. It contained the wedding announcement.

"That's why, Bob. Could you blame me?"

Unfolding the printed form, Bob's big brown eyes flashed with amazement. Afterward she whistled a cute exclamation.

"It's a dirty, mean, contemptible Cuban trick," she shrieked, her eyes snapping fire. Then she jumped upon the crumpled paper and stamped it madly with her small foot.

"Well, as long as it's untrue, Bob, it might be well for you to go down in the library and write out your application for discharge," calmly added Rand, with the light of a new life in his happy face.

A NIGHT IN THE ROCKIES

BY O. E. McGILLICUDDY

The Western torches flicker low,
And with declining beauty flare;
In crimson tints the embers glow
And quell their former garish glare.

One moment gleams the fleeting fire,
And then to ashes cold and gray,
The sunset embers fade, expire—
And eventide has passed away.

From out the Eastern gloom are sent
Faint splashes of a far-off light
Till fiery glows the firmament
Against the chasmy realms of night.

Into the West these gleams advance,
With shiny points mark off the gloam;
Till glimmer o'er the full expanse
Star-candles on a kindled dome.

Then o'er the dim horizon line
The bold moon peeps with beaming face,
In homage now the star-hosts shine
More softly, with a modest grace.

So till the nightly watch is spent
These spangling lights abide and burn;
And, making darkness eloquent,
Await the exiled sun's return.

THE BUNGLER

BY JAMES M. SPENCER

OLD TOM sat on the bunk and watched the other divide their outfit.

"Bill," he quavered, moistening his dry lips; then again: "Bill!"

Bill did not turn his head, but went on with his packing. He lashed on a roll of blankets, a pick and some drills, and headed the pack-burros down the trail. Then straightening his broad young shoulders, he faced the old man.

"Now, then," he said, "now we're splittin' fer good, I'm goin' to put it to yu straight. Yu claim yu found that float here in this gulch. Mebbe yu did; an' agin, mebbe yu didn't. I'm just a-tellin' yu that yer no prospector. Yer a pure bungler. You've botched things from the start. Us two is quits fer keeps."

Bill turned down the trail, and the old man stumbled to a log where he sat till man and burro were swallowed up by the pines. He worked hard on the gulch that day, but he could not rid himself of that parting thrust. To be called a bungler—and by Bill—— He bulked predominant in the eyes of the old man, did Bill, young, strapping Bill.

A week passed. The old fellow's interest in his prospecting fagged. He could not keep his mind to the gulch, and often he straightened up from his pick and stood looking off down the trail.

"Yes," he would mutter, "yes, he called me a bungler, Bill did."

Then came a day when he did not turn up the gulch as was his wont. He shouldered his pick and wandered up Elk Creek, his steps aimless, no purpose in view other than ridding himself of the old camping spot. On his way back that afternoon he paused at the mouth of a wild-looking, stony gulch. He sat down on a boulder, strangely absorbed in the rough profile of the cliffs above. The next day he was back again. As he picked his way up the rough bed of the gulch, he talked brokenly to himself.

"No, this ain't the gulch—course it ain't—not this one. I know where I found that float—found it just where I told Bill I did. I ain't no bungler."

And that night, when he turned back toward camp, he held out with the same words, "No, this here ain't the gulch."

Yet the following morning found him again there with his pick. A strange fascination drew him back from day to day, to assure himself again at sundown that this was not the gulch.

And then one day he stumbled onto the lead—a foot of gold-bearing quartz jutting from the side of the gulch. Flashed through his mind the fabulous assay from the bit of float he had picked up the summer before, and the old man trembled a bit as he drove his pick into the ledge.

The sun was slipping behind the ridge and its level bars set up a soft glow on the yellow metal in his hand. He held it close up to his eyes, shading it with his hand. He moistened it with his tongue and thrust it out at arm's length. Still the yellow glow. There could be no doubt. With a great surge his harbored feelings burst forth.

"Eh?" he clamored, shaking the specimen in the face of the setting sun. "Bungler, eh? Bungler, d' yu say? Yes, Bill," he apostrophized, "yu was shore right—a pure bungler. Ol' Tom, the bungler. Bungled hisself into a cool million, by a bunglesome stroke of the pick!"

He wrote out a location stake and placed it above his discovery. Then he sat down and straightway forgot the ledge. Dusk was coming on when he rose stiffly to his feet and looked at the blotch of white quartz at his side. A heavy indifference had settled over him, and there was a troubled look on his face.

"Guess it's cause I'm gettin' old," he

speculated. "Now, if I'd stumbled onto a lay like that when I was a young buck and full o' ginger like Bill——"

He stood for a moment gnawing reflectively at his withered wisp of a beard. "Blamed if I don't do it!" he announced loudly to the solitude about him; then pulled the location stake from its mound of stones and tossed it from him.

Nearly a week passed, and the two came back up the trail together. They unpacked their burros, Bill kindled a fire, and they ate their supper together as they had done a hundred times before under the big balsam. Then twilight, their evening pipes around the camp-fire; the ember-glow came on; a grey film over the ashes, and they turned in for the night.

"No, Bill," the old man remonstrated the next morning, "yu go on alone. I'll stay behind an' move camp. As I was just tellin' yu, it's the second gulch to yer right up Elk Creek. About a hundred yards above the burnt stump is where I found my float last summer. An' I'm dead sure I ain't a-bunglin' this time, neither, Bill."

The old man watched him till he had passed from sight over the ridge.

"Doggies!" he ejaculated happily. "Wouldn't I like to see his eyes bug outen his head when he stumbles onto the lay?"

With a zest he had not shown in many days, the old fellow went on with his task of breaking camp. He topped the pack with the tent, lashed it on, and headed the burros over the ridge.

Where the trail turns and buckles back toward the creek, he heard the swish of brush above him. It was Bill. He turned down the steep slope, an avalanche of loose wash clattering at his heels. His face was flushed, his hat gone, but in his hand he still carried that which sent the nerves of the old prospector tingling.

It was a large moment, but the old fellow held himself nobly aloof from the swirl that had caught up Bill.

"Well, Bill," he drawled, with a fine show of nonchalance, "I ain't such a worse bungler, after all, am I?"

Bill brushed him aside and reached for the axe which dangled from one of the packs.

"Get a prod on yu with them jacks!" he said. "If we hustle, mebbe we can get our stakes on the extension this truck comes from." He flaunted the specimen under the old man's nose, and the latter drew up with a jerk.

"Get our stakes—on *what?*" he rapped out, his voice gone tense.

"The extension!" Bill flung at him as he turned up the trail with the axe. "Jack Herman from over Piney way has got his stakes on the lay this comes from."

That night, as the two ate supper in the new camp, Bill paused reflectively between bites.

"Say!" he proffered with sudden enlightenment, "I ain't kickin' on that extension we got our stakes on, but I was just a-thinkin'—now if you'd just gone on up and looked around a little, when yu found the right gulch, 'stead of hikin' off down the trail after me——"

"Yes," admitted the old man, a flood of color creeping up behind his ears, "if I'd only gone up the gulch a ways——"

Before the stars had dimmed in the sky the next morning, the two rolled out of their bunk. Bill threw together a hasty meal, and they gulped it down and sat waiting for the pale film of the morning twilight. All that day and the next they scoured every foot of the claim they had staked, probing the loose wash with their picks, their eyes keen, straining for a glimpse of white quartz. They came upon no lead, no float, nothing but the gray waste of slide-rock which hemmed them round. The third day their spirits palled. Tiring of the tame pursuit, they dropped the gulch to where Jack was at work.

The old man's eyes fell on a heap of rich specimens sorted to one side. He picked up one of them, and the muscles along his jaw grew suddenly taut. His strained breath whistling between his teeth turned Bill about with a start. He saw the bit of rich metal in the other's hand, and the line of fire flashing across his eyes.

"Gosh, Tom!" he probed unconsciously, "if yu an' me could only stumble onto some dope like that!"

"Yes, if we only could!"

The glamour, the golden mist thrown about Jack and his operations drew Bill back to the spot from day to day. But the old man came no more. He took to long rambles up the creek, aimless excursions which took him everywhere, nowhere. A

gnawing fever was at work in his face, and when night came on he sat withdrawn in the shadows beyond the camp-fire, a heavy glumness upon him.

At their breakfast one morning the two saw Jack drive his pack-burros up the side of the gulch toward his claim. With an abrupt show of interest, the old man set down his coffee and came to his feet. He stood for a moment with his eyes on the burros, then turned on Bill.

"Bill," he choked hoarsely, "blamed if this hain't gone fur enough! He don't get outen this gulch with that ore. Not on yer life! It's not his'n!"

"Not his'n?" said Bill. "What yu drivin' at?"

But the old man had snatched up his hat and turned up the side of the gulch. Bill followed, panting to keep at his heels.

Jack was lashing on the third sack of ore. "She's pinched out on me, fellers," he began. "Mighty snug pocket, though, fur 's she went. I've——"

The words withered on his lips. He dropped his pack-ropes and reached for a drill. Bill, struggling for his wind, came up just then and laid a hand on the old man's shoulders. He shook himself loose, but Bill grabbed him again, now by the collar. Twisting and sawing, gasping under the tightening hold, he turned on Bill with scathing fury.

"Leggo! Yu blamed rat!" he snarled. "Leggo! or I'll brain yu."

The furious spurt of the old man's energy was soon spent. His heated cries wavered, lapsed into a gurgling mumble. His breath faltered, sobbed in and out in fitful gasps, and he crumpled to the ground, Bill astride of his chest.

"It's not his'n!" he insisted, with rattling intonation. "Not his'n! It's not his'n!"

Then he lay back quite motionless, and a heavy film came between him and Bill. But the weight was still on his chest, and he thought he could hear Bill's voice, hollow and deadened, coming to him from far off.

"Guess he must 've gone dippy, Jack. You hustle with yer packin' and pull yer freight. I'll hang on to him till yer gone."

The old man sat up and stared at the dust on his shirt, the rent in his trousers. He shook a bit of rock from his ear and reached for his hat. Then his eye fell on Bill lounging to one side.

"Gone, has he, Bill?"

"Well, yes."

He caught the anxious look in Bill's eyes, and set him at rest. "Oh, yu needn't worry, Bill; I ain't goin' to make no more breaks. My dippy spell is over now."

A few mornings later the two parted. This time it was the old man who turned down the mountain-side.

"No, Bill," he said, "I'm done with the trail. I'm gettin' too old fer the game. Good luck to yu, Bill!"

A little way down the trail he hesitated a moment, then came back to the tent.

"I—I just wanted to tell yu, Bill," he explained through the flush of his confusion, "that you was right when yu claimed I'd bungled things from the start. I—I'm a bungler, just a natural bungler, like yu said I was, Bill."

Then he was gone.

Bill hung on at the gulch for a month, prospecting every foot of its stony bed, the hills and the cliffs above. He came upon no lead, no pocket. But one day he found a bleached slab of pine protruding from a clump of brush just below Jack's abandoned hole. It was a location stake. The penciled lines had faded, but he laboriously spelled out the words at the head of the stake: "The Billy Boy Lode."

And, at the bottom of the stake, in a scrawl that was familiar, he made out his own name, his and that of the old man.



IF

BY WILLARD HOWE

IF I ONLY had your knowledge of minerals and ores, Farnum, I could probably add another million to my present wealth," said Randolph, as he stood with his friend on the rough mountain side reported to contain an exceptionally rich mine.

"And if I had some business ability, I could pay some of my debts, which are creeping up higher and higher each year," carelessly returned Farnum. "What's the use of fancy education, if you don't know how to put it to a practical use. Here I stand, with an extravagant education, an acknowledged assay expert by scientists, with soft hands, delicate tastes, a repulse for work, a love of luxury, and turned upon the world by a once indulgent parent with the words: 'I have given you an education and a profession; now go shift for yourself. I had to do it at a younger age and with scarcely the rudiments of an education.' It is unjust!" he ended with emphasis and a hard expression, as he kicked a piece of rock. Almost unconsciously his experienced eye recognized great riches for the uncovered mine.

"And here I stand," complained his companion, "the only heir to land and millions and commanded to develop this mine, when I have not the remotest idea how to begin, and never saw a piece of rough ore in all my days. 'It's the best way to make a man of you,' said father."

The two men sauntered off with hard thoughts of their parents and fate. They were unaware of a dejected figure that stood nearby—a figure that just before their appearance had sighed, "If I only had the opportunity I could make good. Other men are given a chance, but nothing comes to me. With every incentive—a trusting sweetheart, energy for a whole generation, and faith in success—I must see others throw away opportunities that I cannot have."

The despondent creature was Ernest Warren, who had somehow been the dupe of so many seemingly prosperous enterprizes. He knew more about mining and its machinery than any other man in Nevada, but he was forever coming out of the small end of the horn. Either the speculation proved worthless or the operators cheated him out of his pay, leaving him to begin again with nothing. With all his discouragements, Warren still held a tight hold on his energy and hope. "Every man has his chance to rise," he would say in his despondent moments, "and mine will come, too; but when?"

Unwillingly, Warren had overheard the conversation of the two men, and now a new hope seized him. "If only——" But no, it could not be. He looked at the spotless, exquisite apparel of the sons of culture and wealth, and then at his own khaki suit besmeared with mud and grease. They would not even countenance him, he felt assured, yet something made him follow the men to another pile of rock. On the road below stood their large touring car, and at the base of the mountain lay a mining camp, whose animation made it appear like some miniature puppet show at that distance.

Warren had come very close to the men when Randolph asked his companion: "Do you think it is worth it?"

"Most certainly," was the reply. "It is rich. I should say. Of course there is always a risk, but I would make a firm prediction that you would not be a loser."

"If I only knew some one who would do right by me, I would pay him well," complained Randolph. "This camp below here is a pack of thieves and robbers."

"If," began his friend, but before he could finish, Ernest Warren had, with some embarrassment, offered his services.

To Randolph it seemed like an answer to his wish, but a glance at the shabby

clothing caused a repulsive feeling in both men, and they laughed cynically at the miserable creature.

"That sounds very pretty," sneered Farnum, "but how are we to know of your abilities?"

"You have heard of The Silver Thread, The Golden Curl and The Maiden mines, haven't you?" he began with excitement.

"Oh, yes," assented Randolph.

"Well," he went on, "I was the engineer for them all, and I would like to show you how rich the inside of this mountain is. There is a legend, gentlemen, the Indians tell that this particular mountain was the treasury of some ancient tribe, and the Great Spirit threw these rocks upon it because the tribe got too avaricious."

Noting Warren's earnest tone, Farnum said, "You seem to believe the Indian tale."

"I do," returned the engineer. "There is more truth than guess in the Indian legends of the rich and worthless mines, only the scientific man won't believe it beforehand."

"If you engineered the mines you mentioned," said Randolph, "you should not be looking for a job now."

"Doing your own work right does not make the rest of the world honest," he answered bitterly.

"Well, give me your name and address and you will hear from me in a few days," concluded the millionaire, and the two men turned towards the auto.

"Same old story of the worthless," muttered Farnum.

"But I like his face," insisted Randolph —"and I believe he is the man I want."

"That's a failing of yours, Randolph, to like people's faces," laughed his companion. "We had best see what the mining companies say of him."

Ernest Warren felt hopeful as he viewed the backs of the two men. At last his chance had come. Dorothy would be his and they would have a pretty little home of their own. The future was painted in roseate colors.

A week later a letter came from Randolph, stating that upon inquiry none of the mining companies Warren had mentioned were acquainted with him, and that the owner would have to seek elsewhere for an engineer.

"Liars!" muttered Warren. "Not content with cheating me out of my pay, they are now blackmailing me and boycotting me. Well, they shall not succeed. I'll outwit them somehow. If only—" He stopped suddenly, remembering that he was helpless and penniless.

Contrary to the usual course of events when a man's honor and profession are assailed, Warren experienced no despair. Instead, a fighting spirit was aroused within him, prompted by hope and success. After a thoughtful hour upon the very spot where he had spoken to the two men, the engineer made his decision. He boldly proposed that he borrow $10,000 from the millionaire, and he would open up the mine for him, provided that the owner would purchase all necessary implements and machinery. "I feel so certain of the truth of the Indian legend that I want to prove it to you," he wrote in conclusion. "I have no security to offer for the loan but myself. Therefore, if I fail my life is yours; if I succeed, my services have paid the debt."

"That sounds like grit!" declared Randolph, after reading the letter. Something of the gambling spirit asserted itself and made the millionaire enjoy taking the risk. A duly prepared contract was forwarded to Ernest Warren, before the owner of the mine consulted Farnum. When later he informed his friend what he had done, the assayer called him a fool.

"Perhaps I am," slowly assented Randolph, "but there is that Indian tale, and I believe the man will make good."

His companion looked up disgustedly from his cigar and said nothing. "And you are going to help me out, Farnum," went on the millionaire.

"Not I!" announced his friend with emphasis.

"Oh, but you must. Why, I have told Warren to send the ore specimens to you for examination."

Randolph hesitated just a moment to note the astonished expression on the face of the man before him. Then he proceeded hurriedly to prevent interruption. "I will fix up a laboratory for you and give you a decent salary, and——"

"*I* work for a salary!" broke in Farnum. "Why, that's ridiculous! I might

consent to give you the benefit of my knowledge, but for a salary? Never!"

"I know it sounds very commonplace, but I won't have any man work for me for nothing."

"That's all nonsense," remonstrated Farnum. "Besides, I——"

"You know you will enjoy being again in the laboratory," interrupted Randolph, "and finding out what is inside of that mine; now, won't you?"

"Oh, yes; that's all very true. But suppose I have to go to a reception or the opera and have some stuff boiling on the lamp or some separations that have to be made at 9:30, when I'm enjoying the theatre. What will we do then?"

"Don't let the laboratory interfere with your social engagements at all. I would not expect that. Of course, you can have an assistant if you want one."

"I hate assistants!" expostulated Farnum. "They are always in the way!"

"Just as you like," returned the millionaire.

"Still, I believe the whole thing is preposterous," announced the assayer, "and you had best drop it before you begin."

"But I have begun already, and I won't drop it. It is going to be a big thing. I know it."

"No salary for me, mind you," ordered Farnum. "I won't have it."

"You will have to; but if *you* don't want it, you can turn it over to your creditors. They'll take it."

The two men laughed good-naturedly as they sauntered down the street to the club. The matter was settled, and no time was lost in getting things in operation —both at the mine and in the laboratory. Farnum found real pleasure in fitting up his laboratory, while every cheque the millionaire signed for this enterprise was dancing with gold and silver and gems. When the first bag of ore was received, the two men knocked their heads together in the laboratory to see the streaks and specks of metal.

"It's gold!" cried Farnum. "And if it is this good at the surface, what must it be further down?"

This was the first incentive either man had ever had to accomplish something. As more specimens were received the ore was found to be richer. Later, gems of rare purity began to come. The enthusiasm of the millionaire and the assayer rose higher and higher. Farnum became so engrossed in the analyses and testing that he forgot afternoon teas, got late for theatre parties, and found bridge stupid. He even began to give Winifred second place, and she began to pout under the neglect. At last Farnum suggested, with some temerity that she come to the laboratory and watch him work. The invitation was not received with much relish, and at first the odors of chemicals were very offensive, while the numerous appliances and the minuteness of the details seemed to be all unnecessary. It did not take long, however, for Winifred to become interested, too, and later she made herself so useful that Farnum found that he could not very well get along without her help.

"I thought you hated assistants," retorted Randolph one evening, as he noted Winifred handling the assayer beakers and tubes.

"There are exceptions," returned Farnum, looking at the girl tenderly.

"And I understood, Miss Wilson, that you hated odors and mud and rocks and laboratories," went on the millionaire, watching how carefully the girl was weighing some material.

"It all depends upon who the professor is," she answered, as the color deepened in her cheeks.

"Do you know this stuff is as rich as Croesus," cried Farnum, viewing a piece of ore. "I think we had better go out there next week and see how the land lays."

"Not yet," returned Randolph. "Warren said he would send for me at the end of the year. He has made good so far, and I will trust him further."

"But I am wild to get a look at the real thing," insisted the assayer with increasing enthusiasm.

"So am I," agreed the millionaire.

"I think it would be glorious to see a real mine that contains all these riches," added Winifred with delight.

"We will go there on our wedding trip," whispered Farnum to her.

These words were meant only for Miss Wilson, but Randolph heard them, also, and they caused a little sadness at his

heart, for he saw no such bright wedding trip in store for him.

A few days after this conversation, Farnum acknowledged to Randolph that Winifred was quite delighted that he was working. "She said she believed every man ought to have some employment. I did not know she would take it so sensibly, and she even made no objection when I told her you insisted upon giving me a salary. Really, it has come in very handy for my debts. They are all paid now, and I have started on a clean page. Father is awfully pleased, too. And we are going to get married—Winifred and I—just as soon as I know when we can look at the mine, for that is to be our wedding trip. Indeed, Winifred is quite interested in it all," he ended in good spirits.

"So I have noticed," returned Randolph, and involuntarily a sigh escaped.

"What's the matter, old man? The mine is all right," hurriedly informed his companion, with concern.

"The mine does not bother me," he assured him.

As if Farnum suspected what did bother the millionaire, he said cheerfully: "Why can't you take a wedding trip at the same time? That would be jolly!"

"No," he replied dejectedly. "I can give other people wedding trips, but I can't have one myself."

"That's nonsense, man. With your money and social position you can have anything."

"That's just the trouble. The money is in the way. Of all the young ladies of wealth I know, there is not one I would want for a wife. They are too artificial. I've got the money and I would willingly give it to some one in return for honesty and love. That's what I want, Farnum. This is a time when riches are a curse rather than a blessing.

"But don't you love some girl?" questioned Farnum.

"To be frank with you, I do; but I dare not say so, because she is not a millionaire and I am. You know what a howl father would make."

"I have no doubt of it, but it is your affair and not your father's. He has not got to marry the girl."

"I know, but I would want him to receive her. I could not stand for her being snubbed, and she would die under such treatment."

"Now is your chance," cautioned Farnum. "Don't let it slip and be miserable all the rest of your days, and make the girl miserable, too. Look at me, absolutely *working for a salary* that I know I don't earn."

"Yes, you do," interrupted Randolph.

"Who would have believed it?" went on Farnum. "Wonders will never cease! Take my advice and marry the girl, if she is the right sort."

"I will think on it," concluded Randolph in despondent tones.

Out in Nevada, Ernest Warren was working with an energy that threatened prostration. The barren mountain side had blossomed into a mining camp, with people, shacks, excitement and noise. Dorothy's mother, Mrs. White, had opened a hotel—as the homely structure was designated with dignity—and she was doing a flourishing business.

"Indeed, you are working yourself to death, Ernest," complained Dorothy. "If you don't stop, I won't ever have a wedding day."

"Just one week more, dear," he answered tenderly. "I must show the man who gave me a chance that I could make good. It has been a glorious battle, dear, with you and wealth and a name to gain."

Then they gave themselves over to the sweet forgetfulness of cares, when love's young dream made light their hearts and labors.

The following Thursday was a gala day in "If" camp—as the millionaire's mine had been jocosely titled after the conditional terms of the contract of development became known. When the big auto car ceased its puffing at the White Hotel, Warren was surprised to find two ladies in the party. He was still more surprised when he discovered that one was Mrs. Farnum and the other Mrs. Randolph.

"I fear the ladies will find poor accommodations," apologized the engineer. "But they shall have the best."

"They wanted to rough it," said Randolph, helping them out of the car.

"It has been perfectly glorious!" exclaimed both of the women at the same time. Later, when Dorothy was showing

them to their rooms they confided to her that they had just been married and were on their wedding trip.

"I am sorry we have nothing bride-like to offer you," returned the proprietor's daughter in disappointment.

They assured her that everything was charming and so different from anything they had yet experienced.

The trip down the mine was taken the next day. Even the brides accompanied the party, their indulgent husbands seeing that objections were useless. Dorothy, too, was permitted to take her first peep into the dark caverns that had made her lover a mere shadow of his former robust self. Randolph was thoroughly satisfied, while Farnum could scarcely believe that so much wealth could be centered in one spot. The old Indian legend was surely true.

Late in the afternoon the millionaire and the engineer sat on the hotel porch discussing the mine.

"I must congratulate you upon your success, Warren," said Randolph at last. "You have earned the loan. There is indeed no failure in the enterprise."

"I am glad to hear you say that," returned the engineer. "I thank you for your trust, but I was sure I would succeed."

Then the millionaire asked Warren to continue the supervision of the mine, offering him a comfortable salary. To this he consented.

"From the looks of things," began Randolph, a smile lurking in the corner of his mouth, "I believe there is to be a wedding soon, isn't there?"

"Yes," assented the man. "We were just waiting until after you came."

"Then I want to provide the wedding trip. Here's a cheque to go somewhere. You need a change, and I am sure the young lady will enjoy it, too. Wedding trips have become my specialty," and he laughed amusedly, though the engineer did not fully understand the full significance of his remark until he had had a conversation with Dorothy later.

Just then, Farnum came upon the porch with the two young ladies, quite full of dust. They had had a most delicious walk over broken rocks, among mesquite bushes and thorny cactus.

"If you had not made that gritty propotition to me, Warren," announced Randolph, "we would not be here now."

"And if the mine had not proved rich, my life would not at this moment be my own," returned the engineer.

"And if——" began Farnum, but he was interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. White. Taking up the last word, she announced hospitably: "If you all don't come to dinner, everything will be cold."

Whereupon the assemblage entered the hotel—all but Warren. He waited for the girlish figure coming up the walk, for he wanted to tell her the good news and ask her where the wedding tour should be.

WRITTEN BY THE SEA

BY SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

The waves come,
 The waves flow,
The sands crumble,
 Yield and go;
The steadfast cliff
 Heeds not the sea;
So certain is
 My love for thee.

THE COURTNEY DIAMONDS

BY RENICE RADCLIFFE

DR. BURK sat in his private office reading an account of the Courtney diamond robbery when the telephone bell rang and he received a hurry call: "Come immediately—man supposed to be dying—in violent convulsions—bring a powerful anaesthetic."

The street and number of a cheap lodging house were given, and the rather jerky message ended.

It was but the work of a few minutes for the doctor to order his carriage, thrust a bottle of chloroform into his medicine case and start in answer to the summons.

His destination lay in a distant part of the city, but he had no difficulty in locating the place, and arrived in less time than half an hour. He noticed as he reached the door that a policeman stood upon the corner near the house, another officer stood a little farther down the block, and just opposite, upon the other side of the street a well-known detective was standing. He was puzzled somewhat, but he rang the bell and was admitted at once by a man in shirt sleeves, who hurried him into the house and closed the door.

The detective crossed the street and spoke to the doctor's coachman.

"Who is Dr. Burk's patient in there?" he nodded toward the closed door.

"A chap with fits," was the answer. "The doctor is going to chloroform him. Listen to them!"

Evidently there was a struggle going on inside. The muffled sounds seemed to come from an upper room at the front of the house. The contest seemed fierce and strong, but it was soon over apparently, as the shuffling noise ceased.

The door was flung open, and the man who had admitted Dr. Burk rushed to the side of the waiting vehicle.

"The doctor wants you right away," he said to the coachman in an excited tone. "He wants you to help us to control the patient enough to administer the drugs."

The coachman obeyed immediately. Securing the horse, he followed the man inside the house, while the detective recrossed the street and joined the two policemen who stood opposite.

There was another struggle in progress in the patient's room. The curtains were drawn, but they were muslin and the occupants could be plainly discerned moving about in the well-lighted room. The bulky forms surged and swayed back and forth as men would appear in a mortal combat. But it was over at last, and the watchers in the street could see two forms bending over an apparently subdued third.

"Do you think that we have made a mistake?" one of the officers asked.

"No," answered the detective in a low voice; "the diamonds as well as the thief are in that house. This is done to throw us off, as they are perfectly aware of our presence here, also the two policemen watching this house from the alley at the rear. The landlady, Mrs. Gates, has only two boarders, the man who stole the Courtney diamonds and his tool, that fellow who ran out to the carriage. Mrs. Gates has given me full permission to enter her house and make the arrests at any time, which I intend to do just as soon as the doctor leaves. Ah, there comes Dr. Burk and his servant now," as the door opened and two men came out. Their overcoat collars were well turned up, and each man's hat was pulled down to his ears.

The detective hastened over to the carriage and touched his hat respectfully. "Doctor," he said, "is your patient in that house very sick?"

"Very sick," was the gruff reply.

"Can I be permitted to see him?"

But the doctor did not hear the question or was too ill-tempered to answer, for without replying, he sprang into the vehicle beside the driver, who lashed the horse into a gallop.

"I have known Dr. Burk for a number

of years," he said to the officers, "but have never seen him act that surly before."

"His patient has put him out of sorts," was the reply. "Suppose we secure our men now." The three men entered the hallway. The gas was burning brightly in the landing above, and they mounted the stairs without delay. Mrs. Gates had given them instructions, and they proceeded directly to the suspected man's room, which was the same that they had been watching from the street.

The door yielded to their touch, and the next moment they stepped inside and bent over a bed in the center of the room, and there, with the covers tucked snugly about them and a dampened sponge to each mouth, lay Dr. Burk and his coachman, but the thief and his accomplice were gone, and so was the magnificent collection of the Courtney diamonds.

* * * *

A few blocks away a woman was walking about the floor of a tenement house. She carried a sick baby upon her arm, and was talking to a neighbor who had stepped in for a moment.

"Yes, Mrs. Murphy," she said, "we are in hard luck; you know that my husband lost his place at the Courtneys on account of the diamonds being stolen. He is as innocent as this child in my arms, but no one will believe it. The butler saw a man stop and speak to my husband the day before the house was robbed, and he went and told Mr. Courtney. Frank said the man came into the garden where he was working, and talked to him for a few minutes only. The stranger turned out to be the robber, as several of the servants caught sight of him that night as he left the house. My husband has worried himself sick, and now I have two sick and no money to buy medicine with, with eight children to provide food for. If I could only send for Dr. Burk I would be so glad."

She paused by the open window as she spoke, and a joyful exclamation escaped her.

"There is Dr. Burk now!"

Mrs. Murphy ran to the window, and seeing her husband, a policeman, in the street below, she called to him:

"Jimmy, stop Dr. Burk's team and tell him to come up right away to see Mrs. Brady's baby."

The burly policeman dashed after the carriage, and finding that the driver disregarded his shouts to stop, he sprang to the horse's head and seized the bridle.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded one of the men in the team.

"Mrs. Brady wants you to come and see her baby, if ye are Dr. Burk. Sure, I'm not running afther ye for the pleasure of your acquaintance."

The man addressed as Dr. Burk picked a satchel up and stepped to the ground. He followed the policeman without a word to the door the officer politely pointed out to him, and entered.

"I'll jist step in a minute to see Brady an' kape an eye upon that foine docther. I am not liking the look of him at all," said Murphy.

He stepped into the next room where Brady was, and the two could plainly see and hear all that transpired in the room beyond.

There was a start of surprise upon Brady's face as the doctor entered. He rose to his feet and beckoned to Murphy. There was a whispered conversation between the two men and they both entered the adjoining room together as the doctor was about to leave.

"This is not Dr. Burk," explained Mrs. Brady, "but he has taken charge of his practice for a few days."

"And without the doctor's consent, I fancy," said Murphy. The doctor pretended that he did not hear, and opened the door.

"Not so fast!" The officer was beside him at once. "Let's look at your drugs in this medicine case," he said.

"Stand back!" was the answer, as he drew a pistol from his pocket and covered the officer. The next moment the pistol was struck from his hand by Brady, and a pair of steel bracelets was snapped upon the doctor's wrists.

"We will take a look at the drugs now," said Murphy, opening the medicine case. He opened his eyes wide with wonder at the dazzling sight of sparkling gems.

"Send for an officer to take charge of this," he said, "while I look after my man. Sure it was a neat little capture, and the reward is all yer own, Brady. A snug sum of two thousand, my man."

THE DISCARDS

BY LOIS BAIN

OLD SAM carefully closed the cabin door, and peered around him in the dim light of the dying fire.

"You here, Jack?" he asked.

"Yes, Sam," came from a shadowy bulk near the window that unfolded itself into the semblance of a man and came forward to meet the newcomer. "Wait till I strike a light," he added in a soft, drawling voice. "Did you get the papers and magazines for me?"

"I got one of every kind they had in town," replied Sam. "They ought to last you for a few days."

Jack laughed as he untied the roll of papers. In the flickering light his eyes—the deep, warm eyes of a dreamer, shone eager with anticipation.

"They told me at the store that they were going to begin work on the road along here in a day or so," announced Sam as he began puttering about the cook stove.

"That so?" asked Jack, reflectively, and he forgot the papers and fell into a brown study.

"That road has menaced my seclusion for a long time," he mused aloud.

"Never you mind," said Sam, who was always on the alert to catch the slightest sound from Jack; "you don't need to let any of those fresh city guys come around here in their automobiles pestering you. As long as I'm around I'll send them about their business in short order, and you can bet on that."

Sam had long known that a mystery hung about this man, "Jack the Recluse." the neighbors called him. Rumors of various kinds reached his ears, and he was made the object of all sorts of questions in regard to Jack, but he always maintained a stolid indifference and pretended to know even less than he really did. Jack had taken him in, a poor old broken-down prospector, gnarled and crippled with rheumatism and decrepit with age, and had given him not only food and shelter, but a companionship and trustfulness such as Sam had never known. What if the neighbors did say he was a counterfeiter, an escaped convict, or even a murderer in hiding? To Sam he was a paragon of learning and manly virtue, and he loved and trusted him with dog-like devotion. For ten years Sam had formed the only link between Jack and civilization. Together they eked a living out of the little garden on the bank of the river. Jack did the greater part of the work, and Sam carried the fruit and vegetables to a little mining town five miles away.

"I got three dollars for the garden sass at the store to-day," announced Sam, as he deposited the money on the table.

"Well, you know where it is when you need any; just help yourself," said Jack, as he placed the money inside the clock. Sam grinned sheepishly. There had been a time when every cent he could lay his hands on went for drink, but not for worlds would he have touched that money. With his trust and kindness, Jack had bound him to himself, body and soul.

After supper was over, the dishes cleared away, and the chores done, he came in and took his place beside Jack in front of the fire. "How you feeling to-night?" he asked anxiously.

"Not so very good, Sam. My arms have had that dumb feeling all day to-day again. I wonder if it can be some kind of paralysis coming on me." Sam rose and got down a bottle from the shelf.

"Let me rub it with this liniment. Last time you said you thought it did them good." Jack smiled indulgently, as he bared his arm, and let Jack rub on the burning liquid.

"You ain't reading much this evening,"

commented Sam.

"No, Sam, this road business has set me thinking. I suppose you have often wondered why I lived out here like this?"

Sam was startled. In all the ten years of his life with Jack, never before had he heard him make any allusion to his past.

"Yes, sir—no, sir," he stammered in his confusion. "I don't care. I know they say all sorts of things around here, but I never took no stock in any of it." Sam was anxious to make Jack feel that he, at least, was loyal to him, whatever his crime.

"It was all on account of a woman, Sam."

Sam sniffed. His knowledge of women was exceedingly slight, and his opinion of the sex anything but flattering.

"Women is the root and branch of all evil," he announced with the air of knowledge and finality of one who knows. Clearly the matter was beyond the dispute of any sensible person.

"She was my wife," continued Jack, smiling at the interruption. "I was the superintendent of a mill down near the mouth of this very river, many miles from here. She was the daughter of one of the owners. I made up my mind the day I first saw her that she was the girl I was going to marry. She seemed to care for me, too, in those days. Her father didn't like it much, but Barbara always had her way, and so we were married. We got along all right for about a year, and then a new man came to town to take charge of the office. He was handsome and dashing and seemed to take a notion to Barbara from the start. At first she didn't seem to pay much attention to him, but I saw after awhile that she liked to talk to him and liked to have him around. Things got pretty bad. It was eating my heart out, but I didn't say anything to her for fear it would only make matters worse. Then I heard they were planning to run away together. At first all I could think of was killing them both, but I thought it all out and found that I loved her too much for that—that poor little Barbara must be happy at any cost, and if I could not make her happy, I would not stand in her way. Happiness is the best thing in the world, Sam. There is more religion in simple happiness than all the creeds in the universe. I came to the conclusion that it was for me to do away with myself, somehow, and leave her free to marry him. That was the only thing that would save her from worse. I took a boat and went out on the river one wild night. I had thought over all the different ways, and concluded that that would cause her the least trouble. My overturned boat would be found in the morning and that would be all. I had the courage to tip the boat over, but someway I couldn't drown—it just wasn't to be. I was washed up on a little sand-bar near the shore, and waded out. Somehow I couldn't try it again. I knew they would find the overturned boat and think that my body had been swept out to sea. It wasn't right, Sam, but some way, I just couldn't try it again. I cut through the country and came up here, and I've got a little out of life, for I always have the memory of the days when Barbara and I were happy. Sometimes I think I did right, Sam, and sometimes I think I may be doing her the greatest wrong in the world. I haven't heard of her since—I couldn't bear to know."

Sam rubbed the arm, and there was a hint of tears in his watery old eyes. He was full of resentment at that woman for spoiling a life as good as Jack's. How could a woman not care for him!—and yet, that was the way of women—vampires, all of them. He tried to think of something to say—something that would comfort the man he worshipped, but he could think of nothing but maledictions against his wife, and so both were silent, gazing into the fire.

* * * *

Soon the road through the gap was completed and became a very popular route for tourists going by automobile from Juniper to Canon City, and Jack, though at first in a constant state of suspense, became accustomed to the huge machines speeding past his very door, and found much amusement in sitting by the window watching them.

One afternoon, sitting alone in the gathering dusk—Sam had gone to town and would not be home until late—Jack was thrown into a panic at the sight of a woman and little girl coming up the path toward the house. When they

knocked, he was still undecided as to whether he would let them in or keep still and make them think that there was no one at home. The temptation was too strong, however—it had been ten years since Jack had talked to a woman, and then, too, they might be in want. With the impulse strong upon him, he threw open the door and stood face to face with his wife. He shrank back into the gloom of the doorway, but there was no recognition on her face, and he soon recovered himself. Of course she would not know him, thinking him dead, and with those ragged clothes, and with such a growth of shaggy hair all over his face.

"Could you give my little girl a cup of hot milk?" asked the lady sweetly. "Our machine has broken down, and it will take the men some time to fix it. The little girl is so tired and cold."

"Come in," said Jack, in a voice strangely unlike his own. "We're all out of oil," he murmured apologetically. He was afraid of the light, afraid, too, that this dream might fade, "but I guess you can manage to see by the firelight."

"Yes," returned the woman, "it seems so cozy just as it is." She tossed aside her rich fur coat and seated herself in Jack's chair. She was a handsome, middle-aged woman, but with much of the charm and sweetness of her girlhood still clinging about her.

With fingers that trembled, Jack heated the milk for the little girl, who had seated herself demurely in a chair opposite her mother.

"I'm sorry I haven't got a bite of cake or something like that to offer you," said he. "Won't you have some milk, too," he asked, half-timidly, as he held the glass toward his wife.

"Yes," she said, "I think it would rest me, too."

Jack seated himself on a box in the shadows and watched her gloatingly as she sipped the milk.

"I hate to hear that river," cried the woman, turning toward him suddenly.

"It does make quite a noise by here," he admitted; "but I am used to it—I don't even hear it any more. But why should you hate to hear it?" he asked, after a pause, during which he had turned her words over and over in his mind.

"It stole my husband from me," she answered sadly.

"Is that so?" said Jack, with a catch in his voice. The conversation was taking a turn that alarmed him. "I knew a man that was drowned in the river, too, down near the mouth," he ventured, unable to resist the temptation to draw her on.

"Did you? What was his name?"

"James McDonald," he said, watching her closely.

"James McDonald," she cried, "that was my husband. Did you know him?"

"He was a friend of mine."

The little girl put down her cup and came over to where he was sitting.

"Did you know my papa?" she asked, looking up at him with serious eyes that he saw were like his own.

Her papa! For an instant Jack did not take in the full import of the words. He put his arm around her and drew her close.

"Is this Jim McDonald's child?" he demanded of his wife.

The woman nodded. A mist was in her eyes.

"What's her name?" he asked in a tense whisper.

"Nancy!" Nancy was his mother's name.

In an ecstacy of tenderness he hugged the child close to him. "Tell me about papa," she pleaded, her head pillowed against his ragged jumper.

"Nancy," broke in her mother, seeing that the man was confused, "you must not bother this man after he has been so kind to us. I have always taught her to love her father," she explained. "I could not do otherwise, loving him so myself."

Jack trembled with the intensity of his feelings. Had his sacrifice, then, been vain? Had Barbara not won the happiness he had sought for her at such a cost? Had these withered, fruitless years been for nothing, and most of all, did Barbara love him still? He longed to tell her all, to confess everything, but he looked at the marks of luxury and refinement so evident on her and on the child, and glanced around his bare, crude little home, and refrained. Could he ask her to come back to this? Could he take away the advantages and comforts of life from his child? He was an old man, now, almost penniless,

and his chance in the world was gone. Then, too, he thought of the scandal and talk the affair would create and probably cling to them all the rest of their lives. No, he would not tell her. Besides, she had formed other ties. At the thought his heart grew cold within him. Had he wronged this woman that he loved better than anything on earth—was he wronging her now?

"You—you married again?" he asked, after a long pause.

"Yes," she answered.

"Tom LeRoy?"

"No," she answered quickly. "Why did you ask that?"

"Heard something to the effect once," replied Jack.

"Did—did James tell you—did he think anything like that," she cried breathlessly.

"I can't just remember where I heard it."

"Oh, if James ever thought anything like that!" she cried. "My foolishness has hung over my head all these years. I was pleased and flattered to see how jealous I was making him—but I never cared for any one but him—I can never forget."

"Your husband," asked Jack, "hasn't he helped you forget?"

"My husband; yes, he is good to us. We have everything we want—but what we want most."

"But we must go," she added, rising. "It has seemed good to talk to some one who knew Jim. I would like to stay longer, but my husband would be impatient if he had to wait for us." The little girl came, and putting her arms about his neck, kissed him good-by. "I love you," she said, "because you knew my papa." He turned quickly back into the room so that they might not see his blinding tears. Twice he started to call her back, then he staggered to the fire and sank reeling into the chair she had just vacated. He had let them go unknowing—but he must tell her, he must let her be the judge, that was the only reparation in his power.

Three hours afterwards, Sam, returning from town, found him still in his chair. Something unusual in his quietness alarmed Sam, and he spoke to him. He shook him, and Jack opened his eyes and looked at him beseechingly. Then Sam knew that the fear that had haunted him so long had come true—Jack was hopelessly paralyzed.

For days, Sam tended him with the gentle patience of a woman. Jack recovered so that he could sit by the window once more, but he never spoke again. He would sit for hours with a look of dumb agony in his eyes. At last he made it known to Sam that he wished pencil and paper. After that, for a long time, every day he would make pathetic efforts to use his useless hands. Then he would give it up, and the tears would course down his withered cheeks. Sam knew that there was something on his mind, that he wanted to write a letter, but he knew no way to help him. He never knew what the shock had been that brought on the stroke, never knew of his wife's visit or the agony that Jack was suffering every hour of the day.

When at last the end came, and the long, silent anguish was over, Sam found among his things a paper leaving everything to him, but aside from that, there was nothing to give the slightest clue to his identity or to that of his people.

Just "Jack the Recluse" was written on the headboard where they buried him in the little graveyard overlooking the river—with only Sam to mourn.



PARDS

BY ESTELLA BENSON

THE COLONEL'S paper dropped by a scant inch, but enough so that he could glance over its top.

Irene's head was still bent over her book. In her green dress she made him think of freshly unfolded ferns in a shaded nook by the side of a rock. When she stirred it was as if a passing breeze had stopped to caress them with a soft touch.

Tony, raking on the lawn from underneath his downcast lids, cast long and sympathetic gleams of light from his dark eyes, but Tony when he loved a maid poured out his soul in the burning language of his native land. The big fellow on the porch sat helpless, stricken dumb, fluctuating between his desire to lay his heart at the feet of this calm, self-contained young woman and his unconquerable fear lest some manifestation of his feeling betray his carefully guarded secret.

The Colonel, distinctly the outcome of his big, forceful, out-door life, was not habitually vacillating. As a poor boy, he had wrestled with crude nature, pitted his brains against others, and had won out. He had promised himself to be a power in his community and had made good. Wealthy, distinguished above his fellows, when the necessity for struggle no longer existed, he found himself solitary. He determined on a holiday. As his battlefield had been the broad, new, unworked portions of his own land, he turned to the Old World as affording the greatest contrast and entertainment.

It was in Paris that Irene floated out of space into the line of his vision. Since then, life had been measured by the length of time between her appearances.

He nursed the slender relationship between himself and her Lady Mother till it assumed gigantic proportions. He followed the two ladies over Europe, making himself indispensable as courier, guide, and, on occasion, porter.

Irene's frank acceptance of cousinhood charmed him in Paris; through Germany the delightful comradeship it afforded was intoxicating; in the Alps it was now winsome, now tantalizing. By the time they reached Rome it had become a detested barrier. Under the level gaze of her gray eyes his nascent loverlike demonstrations slunk back abashed.

"Cousin, damn it, damn it!" he would exclaim after a particularly trying season when beyond the reach of feminine ears.

The Colonel was an honorable man, a man of his word, and he had an innate feeling that he was bound to stand by the pact of kinship he had established. Had she failed to keep it by but the flicker of her dark lashes, he would have realized his opportunity. The slightest bit of coquetry would have released him and put him on a footing with other men. He would have become at once a suitor.

He writhed helplessly in his bondage, all the while conscious that his schemes and maneuvres were of no avail, that he was being out-flanked, out-generaled; that if he disposed his forces in open conflict he would be completely routed. A man of energy and decision he became a man of straw in all that concerned Irene. The slightest breath of her displeasure would have bowled him over.

Finally he persuaded the two ladies to return to America and pass a winter in California. In the place of his simple bachelor housekeeping, he set up an elaborate establishment for their entertainment. At the present moment between his studies of the stock market he was working out a new plan of attack. He pulled at his mustache, ran his fingers through his hair, cleared his throat, cast a furtive glance at the bowed head and fell back on the stock market with precipitate haste.

"Whoa!" piped a thin voice.

Irene looked up. The Colonel dropped his paper and gazed at her unguardedly.

"Whoa!" in a rising note of command.

Between the two lines of acacias appeared the head, then in slow succession the rest of a long-legged, long-bodied horse and a high-hung, far-reaching vehicle, on the seat of which was perched a slip of a girl.

"Whoa!" an explosive, final effort of authority.

As if worked by an automatic spring, when the animal reached the gate, he stopped short. The girl leaned forward, and with punctilious care arranged the reins around the dashboard; then selecting a milk-can from a number at her feet, climbed down over the wheel and came up the graveled driveway, one hand extended to balance the heavy weight in the other. Her faded gown, evidently designed for some one much larger, came almost to the ground, and gave to her plump little body the appearance of being years older than the face beneath the flapping brim of the weather-stained man's hat.

"Hello, Mary! Go round!" saluted the Colonel, as she neared the porch.

Instantly eyes, lips, the dimples of her round face flashed him a greeting. A sudden shyness swept this brightness away when she saw he was not alone. She dropped her head and slipped under the arching leaves of a large palm in the direction of the kitchen.

"Mary-go-round?" Irene turned in interrogation towards the Colonel.

"Yes, Mary by her sponsors in baptism; the rest of her cognomen acquired by her own efforts, she being the most methodical and altogether dependable milk distributor on the Coast."

"But, Cousin Tom, the horse: he does not look very dependable," she laughed, pointing to the animal whose every joint seemed about to unhinge and let his body to the ground.

"Old Charlie! Humph! Why, that horse has a pedigree as long as your own, though you do go back to a Revolutionary great-grandfather and an exceedingly great Mayflower grandmother. Jim Nichols brought him here from the East; thought he'd got something that would step along faster than anything in the West. He spent a lot of money on him, and he did go like the wind. I used to watch him when Jim would let him out for a little spurt along the street here. He didn't take anybody's dust, not that season. Then all at once the creature went lame; wasn't worth six bits. Jim sold him for a song to Mary-go-round's grandmother, and the old German woman has doctored him up someway till he can jog around with her milk cart, but the moment he'd strike out into a trot he'd be hobbling on three legs again."

Just at that moment the sleepy animal they were considering showed signs of awakening. He lifted his head, shot forward his ears and turned towards the house two great, expectant eyes. As Mary stepped from beneath the wide-spreading palm, he greeted her with a welcome whinny.

"Mary!" called Irene, and held out a hand of invitation.

Mary stopped; her brisk business air fell away. "Fraulein," she whispered, and came a step nearer, her worshiping eyes fixed on Irene's face.

"Aren't you a very little girl to go round?" Irene asked.

"Ah! the grossmutter. Her back; it so bad; she go no more."

"But aren't you afraid sometimes?"

"Fraid!" Mary shook her head in violent protest. "Fraid! Why, there's Charlie; Charlie un me's. Why, we's jus' pards."

"Pards?"

"Yes. Pards is jus' like one person. They—they—they loves each other."

"Not so bad, Mary," commented the Colonel, smoothing his paper out over his knee. "Not altogether a legal definition, but a good, working one."

"Cousin Tom," called the voice of the Lady Mother.

The Colonel with a reluctant look behind him went into the house.

"I think," said Irene slowly, taking a plump brown hand between her two pink palms, "I think it must be lovely having Charlie for a pard." Into the depths of her smiling eyes came a purposeful seriousness. "Come," she exclaimed, springing to her feet and hurrying Mary down the steps. Come, let's make believe I'm a pard, too."

The Colonel returned from his conference in time to see her climbing to the high seat of the milk cart. Surely this was the most incomprehensible as well as adorable of young women.

Mary flapped the reins; Charlie swung his tail to scare off possible disturbers of his peace; Mary flapped again. Charlie rolled one of his big brown eyes around for a cursory glance behind him; communicated to each of his four legs his intention to start. With mechanical deliberation, first one and then another responded; the wheels began to revolve and the wagon moved down the street, but so slowly that not an empty can jangled uncomfortably with its neighbor.

Along the dusty road he plodded, past the houses half-hid by semi-tropical foliage, out where the olive trees made soft patches of light among more vivid greens. Here where the orchards came down around the city and took it lovingly in their embrace, he halted. Life was very pleasant here these spring days. Why hurry it? He bent his head and began comfortably cropping the grass by the roadside.

Irene, gazing off through the hazy air at the purple line which shut in the valley, felt the awakening touch of a soft caress.

"Ah, little pard," she cried, "see, the fairies are nodding to us over there. We will go and play with them."

There is no time limit when with the fairies. Years slipped back. She stood with Mary on the further brink of maidenhood. Joy in the wide expanse of field and sky thrilled her. Sunbeams filtered through the misty clouds laid on her soft, electric fingers. No insistent personality hedged her about, threatened to make her captive, impelled her to flight. She was free, free as the breath of morning air that kissed her cheek.

Into the rippling laughter, ecstatic rills of sound, song notes, the murmur of girlish voices, broke the chug-chug of an automobile.

"Irene, Irene," admonished the Lady Mother's voice, "have you forgotten our trip to Los Gatos? You have kept us waiting half the morning."

The Colonel came wading towards them, the grass tops brushing his knees.

"Ah, you children of the light! You must pardon us—me. It was impossible * * * We prosaic, mundane creatures * * * You * * * Ah! * * * You look like a picture of spring," he exclaimed, taking the armful of flame-colored poppies from her.

"Oh, Cousin Tom, I ought to look like a picture of Contrition."

Z-z-zip! Whiz-z-z! Bur-r-r—and a whirring of wheels.

"Auf wiedersehn, little pard." A white hand fluttered a farewell.

Mary stood alone, looking at the line of dust at the head of which was the rapidly disappearing monster.

Girlhood has its home in the land of the mirage. What may be, what has been; never the present. The golden light of yesterday still enveloped Mary when the next morning she drove out of the gateway of the ranch.

Very still lay the Santa Clara Valley, so still it might have been part of her dreams. The encircling black line of mountains shut in the wide, level plain. Above the dull, gray sky hung in monotonous arch. In the distance the shadowy outlines of tall buildings marked the place of the sleeping city.

Suddenly, to Mary's half-conscious eyes the towers and spires seemed to tip. Far away great trees swayed. Now they moved more wildly, sweeping the ground with their branches. It was as if a tempest tossed them, a tempest in dreamland, for not a breath reached her. The leaves on the nearby trees hung motionless. Not a blade of grass stirred. She felt in an unearthly calm. The long road stretched out before her with the hush of night upon its scattered houses.

A rising sense of danger struck her with chilling force. The half-uttered cry died on her lips. Wide-eyed, motionless, she watched the earth undergoing weird changes, moving towards her in long, flowing waves. As they advanced, they caught at the trees in their course, bowed them back and forth, rocked the ranch houses like ships tossed on an angry sea. The monstrous things came nearer, nearer, seized upon her. The whole world tipped and whirled.

Charlie snorted, reeled and plunged wildly. She slipped from the seat and clung desperately to the dashboard. The

earthquake with its unthinkable might held her in its grip. Then through her benumbing feeling of helplessness came a realization that the violence of the motion had subsided. She lifted her head; the breath of relief died on her lips. Another moving wave of earth was coming. The horror was to endure forever. Again the earth rose and fell in mighty swells. She closed her eyes and braced herself on the floor of the wagon. As rapidly as it had come it was over. She started up as from a cramping nightmare, and looked out on a solid, settled plain.

Charlie, dark with sweat and shaking with terror, was staggering helplessly about the road. Milk cans and broken eggs covered the ground around her. The next instant Charlie gave a bound; she snatched at the reins.

"There, Charlie; good Charlie," she soothed and coaxed.

Her familiar voice penetrated his bewildered senses. Love triumphed over fear. Noblesse oblige: was he not of royal blood. His furious plunging came down to a steady gait, but the training of other years and the habit of his daily life, were confused in his frenzied brain. His jaw tightened on the bit; the reins stretched back straight and taut.

Houses, trees, the landscape, rushed past Mary. The city opened before her. Into it she dashed at a breakneck speed. Back and forth through the cross streets over the old course she flew; around sharp corners she spun on two wheels, a solitary milkcan thumping against the sides of the wagon box, and every bolt and spoke rattling its protest.

Now a wheel grazed along a curb, now a hub barked a tree trunk, and now she was back on the broad street that led into the straight country road. With wilder impetus the excited horse dashed forward. His long body sank, his head stretched level, his legs swept out in far-reaching strides, and his hoofs hit the ground in steady, rhythmic beats.

On the lawn in front of the large white house stood a hushed, agitated group watching the smoke roll up from the flames that were eating into the heart of the stricken city. The awed silence was broken by the rush of Charlie's pounding feet.

"Oh, oh!" cried Irene, "there's Mary-go-round. Charlie is running away with her. She'll be killed! she'll be killed!"

"That horse is not running; he's trotting. See him go; see him go!" The Colonel ran excitedly down the graveled walk.

"Oh, Cousin Tom, she'll be killed. Mary will be killed." Irene was at his elbow. "Get out the auto. We must go after her."

To each there came a vision of the old wagon overthrown and dragging, and Mary dead or dying by the roadside.

With nervous haste the big machine was made ready. Like an arrow from the bow it shot down the long road, but it did not overtake Mary till she was swinging into the ranch gateway, escaping by some marvelous chance the posts.

"Ach, Himmel, Himmel!" The grandmother hobbled towards them. "What can a poor woman do! Look here; look here!" She turned from the bricks of the fallen chimney to the porch torn away from the house. "See there!" She held out her shaking cane towards the line of cowsheds, a mass of useless, broken timbers. "I long time make them. It costs too much; it costs too much. Ach, such troubles! It takes a long time, long time to get moneys."

The Colonel, with Irene at his side, followed her about in speechless sympathy. Suddenly he wheeled and crossed the yard to where Charlie stood patiently waiting to be unharnessed. He ran his hand down his wet flank, opened his mouth, lifted his feet. Over one of these he paused, examining it critically.

"All right?" he asked of the grandmother.

"Yes, yes; it makes no more troubles."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mrs. Schmidt—I'll buy Charlie. I'll give you money enough to put your chimney back and your porch in place and set that windmill up again all right, and make you better stables than you ever had before. Yes, and leave you money in the bank."

"You do all that? Charlie brings money to do that?" Her dim eyes shone. "Ach, you goot man! I no more tired. I young like a girl." She seized his hand and pressed it to her lips. "My words they no come."

With a passionate gesture, Mary threw her arm over Charlie's neck and buried her face in his mane. A sob, a quivering note of woe, wavered out on the still air.

"Das Kind, she weep for the horse." The grandmother's voice trembled. "Ach, it hurts, it hurts here." She laid her hand on her breast. Her head shook. "Ich kann nicht; Ich kann nicht," she broke forth vehemently, turning to the Colonel. "Das Kind, es liebt. I'm strong; I work like a man; I put them all back," pointing to the ruined sheds. "I no eat; I no drink, but the horse, him I keep."

"Cousin Tom!"

The Colonel's face flushed. He moved to one side in obedience to the slight touch on his arm.

"Can't something be done?" Irene's swimming eyes were raised to his. "Can't you arrange it? Why, you and Mary could both own the horse, couldn't you—a sort of partnership?"

"How's that, Mary? Supposing we're pards, and own Charlie together; how would that suit you?"

There was a deliberating pause. "Be you an' the Fraulein goin' to be pards?" came in tentative, half-smothered voice from out Charlie's mane.

An inspiration sent a sudden courage coursing through the Colonel's blood. His moment had arrived. With possessory grasp his hand closed over Irene's fingers. His eyes met her frank, cousinly gaze with masterful force, beat it down, drove it to cover.

"Cousin Tom——"

"I'll have no more Cousin Toms," he broke in savagely. "It annoys me when you call me Cousin Tom. Tom—just Tom or nothing."

"T-T-Tom!"

A wild impulse to shout, fling wide his arms, to seize Irene and whirl her away, raced tumultuously through his brain. Mary's tear-wet eyes peering at him over her elbow sobered him. He nodded gravely.

"Yes, Mary," he assured her. "It's all right. The Fraulein and I are pards, pards for life."

"AND A WOFUL WINTER WAITS IN THE PLACE OF SPRING"

BY SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

Spring overleans the earth with her wings of light,
 And the earth gives flower-lips to the kiss of Spring,
And the breath of the kiss has gone abroad, to make bright
 The hearts of maidens and men, that they leap and sing—
 To me, alas! light songs are a bitter thing,
And the leaping days are lost in a lingering night,
 And a woful winter waits in the place of Spring!

Flowers are fair, and what is so fair as a face
 Fresh with the fragrant fulness of laughing life?
But I 'mid the vernal revels rebellious pace,
 Holding with all things happy a hateful strife;
 Mine ears are stung by the rumors of gladness rife,
And one lost joy I will find not in any place,
 And one dead love I cannot recall to life.

A FRONTIER EXPERIENCE

BY CHARLES H. SCHMITZ

SATURDAY NIGHT, and yet he had not made his appearance! What could be the matter? What could possibly delay him such a long time?"

These were the questions asked among the boys at camp when Otto did not put in his appearance that night. Otto had been sent Wednesday morning to Durango —twenty-five miles from the camp—to procure provisions for the camp, and also bring the mail, which was then received only every two weeks. The team with which he had started was a spirited span of sorrels, well known in camp on account of their endurance. The wagon was an ordinary, but substantial one, such as are usually used to accompany a cowboy camping outfit. So it seemed rather improbable that he had met with the misfortune of a breakdown, even though it was a rough mountain road that he had to traverse. Even though he had had a breakdown, one of the sorrels was broken to ride, and he could have ridden the one while he led the other. He should have been home Friday, and his non-appearance seemed a mystery, as well as a cause for worrying.

What could be done? How were we to ascertain the cause of his tardiness for such a great length of time?

To add to the difficulty of the situation, it began to snow. A snow-storm in the latter part of November in the mountains of Southwestern Colorado usually meant that winter had set in. Oftentimes it snowed three feet before stopping. This necessitated our tending to the cattle, gathering them in from the mountains, separating them into different lots, and feeding them.

Cattle are oftentimes driven south by snow-storms. Nature has endowed them with the instinct of knowing when a storm is approaching, and they drift south where the snow falls less deeply and the winters are more open.

Horses, on the contrary, seem to lose all common sense when a snow storm approaches, and usually climb the mountains to the summits and stay there, eating what brush and shrubbery they find. When the snow is too deep for them to find feed, they bunch up and chew off each other's tails and manes, and finally die of starvation.

This was the situation with which my brother and I had to cope. That night, as we sat by the fire drying our clothes and thawing out, we discussed the question of Otto's absence pro and con until we finally agreed upon the following plan: We would gather all the cattle and horses from the range the following day, and one of us would start that night and ride to Durango and find what occurred to Otto to cause all this delay and anxiety, while the other would remain and look after the cattle, which was an enormous undertaking for one person.

We groomed and fed our horses exceptionally well that night, in order that they would be able to endure the terrible strain the following day of driving obstinate cattle through the deep snow. We then laid down for a short night's rest, because we had a lot of work to do before starting. And that demanded our arising very early.

Daylight found us next morning ready to start on our hard day's ride. Both of us had the best saddle horses in camp, which were to be replaced at noon by fresh ones, when we each came in with our respective gatherings of cattle and horses which were to be placed in the corrals.

We rode continually all day, and in the evening had gathered in the neighborhood of two hundred. It was strenuous work, riding in a rough, mountainous country in a blinding snow storm all day without even taking time to eat a lunch. Quite a

few cattle were missing yet, so we had to again start out in the snow on the search the next day.

When we sat down to supper and got warm in the evening, my brother and I had quite a discussion as to who should stay at home the next day and who should go on the search for Otto. Both of us wanted to go, but that was out of the question—that we could both go; we decided the case in an impartial way: namely, by tossing a coin. "Heads you win, tails you do not." I had to stay.

Mounted upon a good, strong horse, my brother started out on his long journey, through a foot and a half of snow. The ride would naturally be a long and disagreeable one to Durango, under such circumstances.

II.

I staid up until a very late hour that night, expecting our absent friend to appear at any moment. I played solitaire, read and amused myself with music to while away the time. No one appeared, so I finally went to bed.

All night it snowed steadily, and when I awoke next morning the snow had reached a depth of two and a half feet. It had ceased snowing, yet a haze prevailed which screened the sun. No one had yet appeared. No news of any kind was available. The nearest telephone or telegraph station was fifteen miles from camp. I was nearly beside myself with anxiety about our friend.

My work done around camp, I again started in pursuit of the remainder of the missing cattle, hoping to have them all gathered by the time my brother again returned.

While riding over the mountains that morning, I noticed a horse some miles away on a high mountain, apparently alone. Knowing, however, that all of our horses had been gathered, and that this animal was just outside the pasture fence, I paid no further attention to it.

I had excellent success that morning, and by ten o'clock had all the cattle gathered and corraled. I at once proceeded to divide the cattle into their places; that is, separate cows with small calves; yearlings and steers all into different lots, in order to make feeding easier.

Having my work all completed outside, I set to work getting supper, and drying my clothes, which were soaking wet, owing to an accident which I had met with that morning.

While riding down a steep incline pursuing a wild steer, I failed to observe until too late that I had ridden directly on a shale rock, which, being flat and smooth, in addition to being wet, made it a regular trap for a horse to fall on, which my horse at once proceeded to do. As my horse slid down the rock and tried to regain its feet, it would fall, first on one side, and then on the other. Being unable to extricate myself from the saddle, I received the full benefit of the fall. Covered from head to foot with snow, I became drenching wet when the snow melted. However, I sustained no serious injuries, beyond a few scratches and bruises.

Just as I was about to sit down to eat supper, I heard footsteps approaching on the trodden path. I immediately ran out to see who it could be. "Was it an hallucination under which I was laboring?" "Was it a ghost?" "A shadow?" "Or what was it?"

Hat gone, clothes torn, hair disheveled and bloody, face as white as the snowy surroundings, trembling like an aspen leaf—thus appeared this object before me.

It was Otto. I rushed to his assistance and almost dragged him bodily into the house. He appeared to be perfectly helpless, so I at once discarded his wet clothes, and replaced them with dry ones and sat him in a chair near the fire in order that his nearly frozen limbs (as I surmised they must be), might thaw out.

I spoke to him. He did not answer. His face wore a blank expression. He was unconscious of any one's presence, or of his surroundings. He appeared to be in a dazed, half-unconscious condition. His eyes were sunken deep into their sockets, and his face was horribly drawn. He was altogether a heartrending object to behold.

Shortly after he was brought into the house, he gave a terrible groan and sank to the floor, limp and apparently lifeless. I applied what stimulants were available and laid him upon a couch. He laid in this unconscious state for hours, without showing any signs of reviving.

III.

When my brother started for Durango it was pitch dark, and he had to travel through an unbroken road for five miles before he came to the main road, which had also been traveled, but little since the storm.

Heedless of everything, he wielded his way through the storm and snow, and arrived at Durango early in the morning. He immediately made inquiries at the livery stable as to whether Otto had left, or if he had, at what time. He was informed by the stable boss that Otto had left Friday morning, and should have arrived at home that day early in the afternoon.

Although Otto was not a drinking man, my brother inquired as to whether he showed any signs of intoxication upon leaving the stables, but was informed that he was in perfectly normal condition when he left the stables. There being no stopping places along the road, made the possibility of his having become intoxicated vanish.

After feeding the horses and refreshing himself, my brother started on his homeward trip. He made many inquiries along the road as to whether Otto had been seen. At the last house before reaching home (about ten miles from home) he was told that Otto was seen passing at about one o'clock Friday afternoon. Thinking that Otto must have had a runaway somewhere between there and home, my brother made careful observations along the road, thinking that some signs of the wagon might be found. Finally he came to a deep arroyo, and to his perfect astonishment there lay Otto's wagon at the bottom of it. He dismounted and made careful investigations as to the condition of affairs; the wagon was overturned and badly damaged; here and there laid, or rather hung, pieces of the broken harness on the brush. The provisions were all gone; evidently some person passed shortly after the accident occurred and took what he could find.

On account of the depth of the recent snow, it was impossible to track the horses, who had evidently crossed the mountains in order to get home the shortest way. A more thorough search of the immediate vicinity failed to bring more definite clews to rest upon the matter of the accident. Thinking Otto must have escaped injury, my brother started home, hoping to find him safe at camp upon his return. In this he was not mistaken, for Otto had indeed returned home, but oh, in what a deplorable condition.

IV.

When Otto regained consciousness, shortly after my brother's return, he looked about in a bewildered, perplexed way, and asked where he was. On being told that he was at home, he seemed greatly astounded. After he had somewhat regained his composure and collected his wits together he proceded with his story, which was as follows:

"I started from Durango early Friday morning, thinking I could get back on Pine River in the early part of the afternoon in order that I might assist you boys that day in gathering the stock, as the weather indicated an impending snowstorm. The load I had was quite heavy, but the horses were rested and ambitious. At twelve o'clock I reached the divide which is ten miles from home. Ten miles down-grade with a good team I considered a two hours' drive. At that rate I should have reached home at two o'clock.

As I was driving down the grade I noticed some cattle along the side of a hill. Thinking some of our cattle might have got out of our pasture and strayed here, I decided to notice them carefully. In doing this I neglected my team, which was not keeping to the road. Suddenly I felt the wagon tip over. This was the last thing I remembered. From that time on, I have only a hazy recollection of what transpired.

"How long I lay unconscious in this arroyo, into which I had fallen I do not know. I have a hazy recollection of crawling out of the arroyo, and wading through the snow among the mountains, utterly lost and bewildered. At times I was conscious of nothing that occurred, yet I wandered aimlessly through the woods, onward and onward. Instinct must have told me that if I stopped in the snow to rest I would perish. Everything seemed unfamiliar. I could think of nothing. I had forgotten my name, where I was from, or where I was going.

"Instinctively I must have wandered toward home, for the next thing I recollect is that I was in a deserted house (which is about five miles from camp) before a blazing fire. I have not the faintest idea how I came there, or how the fire was started. I was stricken with terrible pangs of hunger, and was nearly dying of thirst. I remember taking my hat, which I had fortunately not lost, filling it with snow and holding it over the fire to melt. Naturally, the fire burned my hat, and let out the snow, which soon extinguished the flame. At this I was terribly frightened and rushed out of the house like a madman. I ploughed through the snow as fast as I could. I imagined that I was being pursued by some horrible monster. After I had run for some time, I saw in the distance before me an object which appeared to me to be a cave. I hastened toward it in my mad flight, thinking that there I would be safe. As I neared this haven of refuge, as I thought it to be, I was approached by some person. I made an endeavor to retreat. I was seized and dragged into the place. Being so fatigued I could offer little or no resistance. Here I was put before a fire, as I imagined, to be roasted alive. At the thought of so horrible a death, I fainted. From that time on, everything is a blank to me. I have no idea how I came here. I can now scarcely believe that I am safe at home with you boys."

After we had listened to Otto's story, which seemed more like a nightmare to us than a reality, we concluded that he must be seriously hurt, and one of us immediately went to our nearest neighbor for assistance and also to summon a physician.

After the doctor came and had the patient taken care of, I started in pursuit of the team.

It occurred to my mind that the horse I had seen the day previous might have been one of the team. I rode to the spot where I had seen it, and sure enough it was one of the sorrels. Her harness had become entangled in the brush, and in her efforts to free herself, she had bound herself more firmly. The animal was nearly starved. All that she had had to eat was snow. This, in a very meagre way, served as water. I released and brought her home with difficulty. The other horse was never found alive. The skeleton was found, together with remnants of the harness a year or so later.

Otto had sustained quite a serious fracture of the skull, and had to be taken to the hospital for treatment. After remaining at the hospital for a few weeks, he fully recovered from his injuries, but he never could forget his terrible experience on the frontier.

THE VANDAL

BY HARRY COWELL

There's an egg in the nightingale's nest;
In the nightingale's egg there's a song;
In the song are The Isles of the Blest,
Love, the dreams that to lovers belong.

* * * *

To the nightingale's nest came a boy,
Slew the song, stole my next year's delight,
Left my lovers but shells of their joy—
Dreams voiced in the tender spring night.

SHALL WE USE FIRE AS AN AID TO FORESTRY

BY H. W. FAIRBANKS, Ph. D.

WITH EACH successive year, the problem of the proper protection of our forests becomes of greater importance. This is not because fires, on the average, are more numerous or that their destruction is worse, but, rather, because the prodigal and criminal waste to which the forests have been subjected ever since the country was settled is beginning to bear its legitimate fruit. According to the best experts, the end of our forest resources, with its accompanying evils of flood and erosion, is already in sight. Even now these things are seriously affecting portions of our country.

As long as the forests were believed to be inexhaustible, neither fires nor the wasteful methods of the lumbermen attracted any attention. From time immemorial the lumbermen have gone into the forest and cut what they wanted, taking no thought as to the future demands. Fire has frequently followed the cutting of timber and given the finishing touches to the destruction of the forests. Carelessness as to the starting of fires has existed everywhere throughout our country, and vast areas have been swept clean. We are now awakening to the fact that the forests are essentially public property, although unfortunately the larger part of them have passed from Government control into private hands. The general prosperity of all the citizens of the United States is affected by the treatment of the forest areas, and as far as the public at large is concerned, laws should be passed regulating the cutting of the forests in private holdings. You and I are affected, and we should have the right to say that the forests should not be despoiled in the interests of any man or set of men. We should and can control the fires which do so much damage each year, and we should see to it that the lumbermen make only a legitimate use of the forest. Such a use must have regard to the rights of the whole people, both now and in the future.

As the matter of fire protection stands at present there is neither unity of action among the individual owners of forest lands, nor any definite co-operation on the part of most of them with the U. S. Forest Service.

As a result of the particularly disastrous fires in portions of the West the past summer, all sorts of ridiculous ideas on forest protection have found their way into print. Many of these have been accompanied by direct attacks upon the methods of the U. S. Forest Service. The critics fail to take into account the magnitude of the problems involved as well as the fact that even the best system is bound to fail at times if deficient in men and facilities on account of lack of funds.

Among the recent recrudescences of old and exploded notions is that of regularly burning over the surface to protect the forests, as the Indians are said to have done previous to the coming of the whites. This idea is presented in an article by Mr. George L. Hoxie, which appeared in Sunset Magazine for August of 1910. The author advocates the use of fire as a *"practical"* means of forest protection as distinguished from the *"theoretical"* method which he asserts is practiced by the U. S. Forest Service.

Mr. Hoxie's argument is interesting, and to those not thoroughly familiar with the facts in the case, may seem quite plausible and a simple way of disposing of a very perplexing question, but as we shall see later, it will not stand analysis. The conclusion reached by him that the use of fire is the only means of preserving the



Burned area many miles in extent southeast of Mt. Shasta.
Forest replaced by chaparral south of Mt. Shasta.

forests is fraught with such dangerous consequences should it spread and be generally accepted, that it needs a thorough examination which shall show up its fallacious argument and the incorrectness of many of its statements.

The writer of the present article takes up this discussion as an independent student, being neither a lumberman nor in the employ of any Forestry organization. The conclusions presented have been reached after many years of close observation of the forestry conditions in the mountains of California made while carrying on geographical investigations. If the views here expressed support the Forest Service, it is purely because the writer's experience has led him to believe that the work of this organization is based upon fundamentally right principles.

In Mr. Hoxie's article the statement is repeatedly made that fire is the only means by which the forest can be protected; that the Indians used this method systematically at regular intervals, with the result that the forest floor was kept fairly clean and the standing timber made safe. He further says that the methods of the National Forest Service are purely theoretical, and will result in leaving the forests in such a condition that their destruction will be inevitable.

The question which Mr. Hoxie raises is an extremely important one, and cannot be settled off-hand. It is hardly reasonable for any one to begin an investigation of this kind by a wholesale condemnation of the methods of the only organized effort which has been seriously made to protect the forests. If long years of study and experiment in a given subject count for anything at all, we should give more attention to such results than to hasty generalizations based on the assumed benefits from such destructive methods as the use of fire.

It is the general testimony of early travelers and explorers, as far back as we have any records, that in late autumn and fall forest fires were so wide-spread that the Indians set many fires purposely, and that others were started by accident, but that they systematically burned over the forest areas for any purpose whatever is unbelievable. That they so did is a pure assumption unsupported by any evidence whatever, and contrary to all that we know of Indian life and character. The Indian had little use for the forests, and we can readily understand how he might prefer to have the slopes open in order to facilitate his chase of game in preference to their being covered by either chaparral or trees. As a matter of fact, we are justified in asserting that whatever the Indian had in mind in setting fires it was *not* the protection of the forest.

We can now go a step farther and affirm that at the time of the coming of the whites certain portions of the forests of California instead of being in an excellent condition as a result of the "practical" forestry of the noble red man were in process of extermination. This statement applies with particular force to the lower portion of the main forest belt, where it blends into the chaparral and grass-covered slopes of the foothills, and to extensive areas in Northern California. The numerous fires, sometimes set by lightning as well as by Indians, were surely but steadily narrowing the forest area. Fires were of so frequent occurrence that few seedlings had a chance to grow to any size. The chaparral was kept down, and only the large trees remained upon a fairly open forest floor. What was the ultimate and unavoidable result of such conditions? It was nothing else than the final disappearance of the forest through the natural process of death and decay. Since the early mining days these fires have been less frequent, and now we see the lower mountain slopes and foothills at altitudes between 2,000 and 5,000 feet growing up, wherever possible to a literal thicket of young trees.

The most superficial observer traveling through the vast forest areas of Northern California is struck by the frequency of large chaparral areas (using the term chaparral in a broad sense for low shrubs and brush) entirely free from trees or containing only scattered groups here and there, while surrounding them on all sides are the mature forests. Such areas are common all over the region between Plumas County and Mt. Shasta. The soil and other biological conditions are the same in these areas of chaparral as in the surrounding forests, and we can come to no other conclusion than that they were also once covered with trees. The pres-

ence here and there of a partly burned stub indicates plainly the cause of the destruction of the trees. The complete absence of decaying trunks and other debris of trees, make it reasonable to assume that many fires have swept this region, and that those which gave rise to these burned tracts occurred long before the arrival of the whites and during the supremacy of the Indian. This is the beautiful balance of Nature which our fire-loving friends delight to dwell upon, and to which they urge us to return.

There can be no better demonstration of the complete falsity of Mr. Hoxie's position than the existence of these chaparral areas of hundreds of thousands of acres in extent right in the midst of the primitive forest. No worse fires have ever been known in California, even as a result of the present "theoretic" methods of the Forestry Service, than those which gave rise to those vast, barren areas southeast of Mt. Shasta.

The farther statement of Mr. Hoxie that "It is a mistaken idea that fire in California climbs green trees and destroys them" is disproved by every such occurrence described in the above paragraph. The effect of what must have been a top fire is shown in Figure 4, a scene on the road between Oroville and Quincy. In a small fire which occurred in Mariposa County the past summer, and with but little wind blowing, the flames went to the top of green trees 100 feet high and completely enveloped them.

We have the very best evidence from the whole foothill belt of the Sierra Nevadas, extending over a distance of 400 miles, that before the coming of the whites the forests were retreating under the continued attacks of fire. This is borne out both by the appearance of the present forest, and by the testimony of the early miners, who assert that the forests were open and devoid of young growth. Now, wherever in the lower forest belt protection from fire and other destructive agencies has existed for some years we find a dense growth of young trees, embracing yellow pine, cedar, fir and sugar pine. The age of the oldest trees in this growth is not greater than



Burned area with patches of forest, near Mt. Shasta.

fifty years, and it is as a rule clearly distinguished from the older growth of mature trees. We see also that in many places the young growth is enlarging the forest area and creeping down the more protected slopes to a lower elevation than there are any indications of having been trees of the same kind forty years ago. That the increase in the number of oaks, scrub pine and chaparral in the middle foothills below the main pine belt, together with the young forest growth, has greatly changed the appearance of the western slope of the Sierra Nevadas is the testimony of every old mountaineer. The only possible cause which we can assign for this change is the fewer number of fires in recent years. The burning which Mr. Hoxie and others would carry out, even though done at a season when the fires could be controlled, would tend to bring back the conditions existing in early days which, as we have seen, were slowly but surely destroying the forests. This I would term *destructive forestry,* and is anything but "practical."

We may discuss the effect of fires under three heads, namely:

1. Effect on the forest itself.
2. Effect on the humus and soil.
3. Effect on the run-off.

1. We have already seen that the effect of frequent fires, no matter under what conditions they may occur, is to kill the young growth and make it impossible for the forest to perpetuate itself. If, as the trees mature and die, there were none coming on to take their places, the forest would finally be succeeded by chaparral, or grass and weeds. This is illustrated in the extensive areas in Northern California already referred to, and in the whole foothill belt of the Sierras. If we have in mind merely the harvesting of one crop, and this is more than likely Mr. Hoxie's view-point, and the obliteration of the forest this is undoubtedly the correct procedure. But, on the contrary, if we would conserve the forest and make it perpetually productive we are on the wrong track entirely.

2. The effect of fire on the humus and soil is disastrous. Stockmen have usually held the contrary, and for years have been accustomed to set fires at pleasure through the mountains and foothills. It is only recently that this work has been stopped, although the damage which they have been doing is in places, particularly in Southern California, greater than that wrought by the Indians. Centuries will be needed to overcome the effects of the denudation which the stockmen have caused in the San Gabriel range.

It has been the theory of the stockmen that fires keep down the brush and improve the feed for their cattle. There can be no doubt that fires of sufficiently frequent occurrence tend to keep the surface open and free of low growths, but with the destruction of the brush are associated disastrous consequences. In the foothills, where the coniferous forests give place to oaks, a fire is certain to kill a large proportion of the trees which are so valuable for their crop of acorns, as well as for fuel purposes. Fire, instead of favoring the growth of grass, positively injures it. According to the testimony of close observers the growth of natural grass in a given region in the season following a fire is poorer than it was previously. The organic matter in the humus covering the surface, and from which the plants draw a part of their nourishment is destroyed, and the ground, being left bare, dries out quicker and thus checks the young growth. Repeated fires in any given grazing region will kill out the best grasses and poorer ones will take their places.

The effect of fires on the soil is distinctly shown in certain portions of the Cascade range of Oregon, where there was originally a forest of fir and white pine. The first species to take the ground after a fire is the lodge-pole pine, or tamarack pine, as it is sometimes called in California. After this has existed for many years and the soil has again become of sufficient richness, the original forest trees begin to come back again and eventually displace the lodge-pole pine.

The efforts of the stockmen, through the foothills of the Sierras along the lower edge of the timber belt, to benefit their ranges, results in even worse injury to the earth and the grasses than did the burning due to the Indians. Through the destruction of the surface covering and the tramping of the earth by the cattle, erosion is rapid. Then the cattle eat so much of the grass that seeding is further

interfered with. Fires, then, must lead to a decrease in the fertility of the soil, to rapid erosion of the upper and richer portions, and the consequent introduction of a less valuable and more scrubby plant growth. After a long period of frequent fires, and then a cessation of fires, the surface is bound to become covered with the poorest kinds of brush or chaparral, and years must elapse before valuable timber or grasses again replace the brush.

Mr. Hoxie refers to the claim of the "theorists" that fire destroys the mold and forest carpet, but nowhere in the article does he bring out how he would burn the surface and still preserve the humus. The shrubs which he mentions such as bear clover, squaw carpet, snow brush, manzanita, deer brush, etc., cover but a comparatively small part of the forest floor. Instead of protecting the forest floor from fire, they make that fire when it does come all the fiercer. When decaying vegetation is mingled with these shrubs, they will burn, and burn with a vengeance. All open areas in the forest where these low shrubs occur, unless we except the bear clover, are due in the first place to fire. In these areas, the humus has been burned, and the soil made poorer.

Fire, then, upon either grass land, in chaparral, or on the forest floor, is not beneficial in any way, but is an absolutely dead loss. Nature is slowly working upon the inorganic elements of the rocks and turning them into such shape that plants can thrive. Ages are required for the accumulation of the lowly-formed organic compounds before the more highly structured forms can thrive. By burning, we reduce these back to gases and inorganic mineral compounds, and the work has all to be done over again.



A fire-swept mountain side, now covered with chaparral, between Oroville and Quincy.

We cannot keep the foothills and lower mountain slopes free from chaparral by burning it without making the country practically worthless. Wherever the rainfall is sufficient and the slopes are not too steep, trees will eventually replace the chaparral if we protect the surface and allow the enrichment of the soil to go on unbroken.



Chaparral areas once forested, north of Mt. Lassen.

3. Effect of Fires on the Run-off.—The three phases of the conservation problem which we, in California, have especial need to look out for, are the forests, the water, and the soil. There is, moreover, a direct and close relation existing between all three of these. Over the greater part of the State better crops can be grown with irrigation than without, and over large areas irrigation is absolutely essential. The problem of a water supply, then, is an extremely important one.

Owing to the peculiar climatic conditions of the State, it is absolutely essential that as large a proportion as possible of the winter storm waters be held in the mountains to supply the streams through the long, dry summers. Anything which we may do toward hastening the run-off through disturbing the balance of Nature is bound to be productive of the most serious results. From this standpoint every individual in the State is interested in problems affecting the run-off, and thus indirectly in forestry and forest fires.

Every one who knows anything about the mountains knows that the humus, leaves and decaying plant stems which mark all forested areas which have been undisturbed, act like a sponge in taking up and holding the rainwater and the water from the melting snows. The amount of water which a rotting log will take up is surprising. A surface deeply covered with decaying pine needles will shed scarcely any surface water except during severe and prolonged storms. The water thus held back by the forest cover slowly sinks into the ground and aids in supplying the springs on which the chief part of the summer water supply depends.

Where the humus is destroyed by fire the surface is left nearly or quite bare. The water runs off more rapidly, making the floods more severe and the streams lower in the summer. The results of this condition are apparent to the most superficial observer upon the slopes of every desert in the Western United States. The surface is gullied, the soil carried away and the bare rocks, on which little or nothing will grow, are left baking in the sun. Experiments carried out by the Reclamation Service in Southern California where the surface has been left bare by lumbering, give most remarkable results.

We may admit that this accumulation of decaying vegetation on the ground

makes the danger of fire much greater than it otherwise would be; however, the rational method would be not to destroy this valuable cover, but to keep fires from it. That this can be done has been shown in many places where a proper patrol and watchfulness exist.

We have already seen what inroads the "natural" or "practical" method which has so often been asserted was used by the Indians, had begun to make at the time of the coming of the whites. If this policy were followed out at the present time, the results would be even worse. During the Indian regime the surface was not disturbed. Grass grew luxuriantly, and there was no stock to eat it into the ground and destroy the very roots, as has been done over wide areas in the mountains and foothills since the settlement of the country. No one who has been in the mountains has failed to notice the erosion and gullying of the surface which has been going on rapidly in recent years. Systematic burning of the surface at stated intervals would greatly add to the destructive effects of this erosion.

Now, what does Mr. Hoxie mean by stating that the Forest Service is "theoretical?" He evidently means that it is theoretical because it does not follow this old and exploded idea that fire is the salvation of the forest. We have seen what is lost by fire and how suicidal it would be to continue to practice such destructive methods. Now let us see if there are not other less wasteful methods of dealing with this problem.

The Government has undertaken a vast and much needed work in the establishment of the National Forests. The people as a whole do not yet recognize the importance of these forests nor the necessity for their care. If they did, they would see that their representatives in Congress voted the funds necessary for their protection and proper administration.

We need more and better-paid forest rangers, for the best men cannot be retained with the mere pittance now given them. Trails and roads need to be opened up through the forests, and telephone lines established, that the fires may be more quickly gotten at. There is no doubt whatever that fires can be controlled if we go at the matter promptly and in earnest.

In many places fire lines can be made



Chaparral area in foreground once occupied by forest, near Mt. Lassen

either sufficient to stop fires, or from which back-firing can be resorted to. The National Forests are so extensive that a system of cleaning up the ground can hardly be undertaken, but in the case of private holdings this is entirely feasible and practicable.

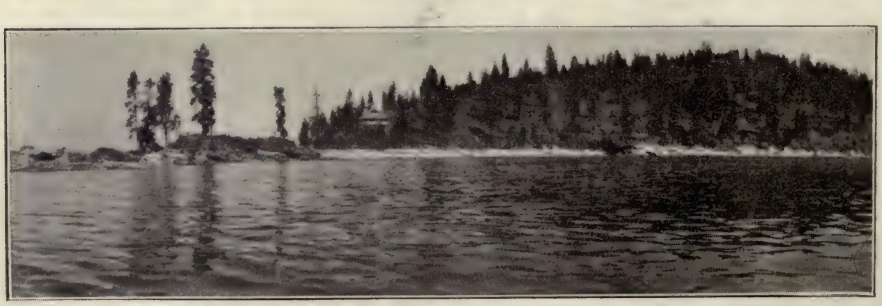
During the dangerous summer period, the patrol should be augmented. The State should pass and enforce more strict laws relating to the setting of fires, and undertake a rational control of the cutting on private lands. As we have already said, the owner of a given forest is not the only one concerned in its management. Every person living within the watershed of the streams which drain it has an inalienable right to say that the mountain slopes shall not be made a desert and the water turned from them in floods into the valleys. The cutting and burning of the debris in all forests should be so regulated as to bring the greatest good to the greatest number. The soil, the water and the young growth must be cared for, and only rational laws backed by an enlightened public sentiment can be relied on for this, since the individual or the corporation is usually strictly selfish in this matter.

A campaign of education should be undertaken, showing people the needlessness of fires and the loss which they entail, as well as the importance of co-operation with both the State and Government Forest Service, instead of standing off and attempting to discredit all rational effort.

Mr. Hoxie makes light of the well-known fact that it is necessary to leave seed trees in order that a logged area may be reforested. From his standpoint, it would make no difference whether or not a new forest came up at all. Where the destruction is complete, as is the case if fire is allowed to run through the tree debris so carelessly left by most lumbermen, the reproduction is slow. The large burned areas in Northern California, to which reference has already been made, are showing new growth only around the edges adjoining the unburned forest. Near Grass Valley there are areas of second growth which have been cut off so clean that there is absolutely no reproduction. Certain logged areas in the San Bernardino range show very little tendency to reproduction.

The recommendation, in the article that we have been criticising, that the care of the National Forests be given over to the War Department would, if carried out, result in inestimable confusion and loss. From my own observation of the work of the military in the Yosemite National Park, I can say that as foresters soldiers are practical failures. The men are, as a rule, entirely unfitted by training and experience for this work, and besides, they have no sympathy for the forest or the living things occupying it. The forest rangers, on the contrary, are as a rule in sympathy with their work, and in order to get into the service must have some knowledge and love for it.

Our forestry problem is one that we must face and face squarely. If we shirk the duty which plainly devolves upon us, our descendants will rise up and curse us for the spoilation of the heritage which we bequeath them. Theories as to what the Indians used to do will not answer. We must set ourselves with thought and intelligence to the work, bearing in mind the intimate relation and interdependence between all the forces of nature, and the needs, not so much of the few who have money invested in timber, but of the people as a whole, for they are all concerned.



THE POET AND THE OWL

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

The poet came to his harpsichord
A pain of the night to ease—
When lo, it seemed that his fingers dreamed
Such tender rhapsodies
That a murmuring leaf in her autumn grief,
Blown in on the midnight breeze,
And a silver beam of the moon agleam
Had fallen on the keys!

The poet sat at his harpsichord,
And his song was of Paradise;
While an owl as gray as a rainy day
Looked down into his eyes,
And vigil kept while the whole world slept,
And the song that never dies
From the mad unrest of the poet's breast
Went up to the waiting skies.

The poet sat at his harpsichord;
The owl it perched above
And wondered what the mighty thought
His soul was dreaming of;
For it never occurred to the worried bird
That the soul can only move
The infinite heart of human art
In the brief eclipse of love.

The poet bent to his harpsichord,
And he sang: "This cloud of woe
Will bubble up from the golden cup
Of love, as white as snow;
And the fires that burn in the golden urn
The world will never know—
Till it sees the light, made plain and bright
From the dark of the hills below!"

The poet fell at his harpsichord—
His heart had broken well;
And the gray owl caught the dying thought
From his fingers where it fell.
The note and word that it saw and heard
What they meant it could not tell,
But in foolish play it stored them away
In the throat of a singing shell.

The poet lay at his harpsichord,
A woman at his side,
While a song as sweet as the rose at his feet
Was whispered far and wide.
"Can his heart be dead?" they softly said,
"Where love could so abide?"
The woman stirred, and wept her word:
"'Twas that of which he died!"

SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

BY ALLEN HENRY WRIGHT

Member American Historical Association and National Geographic Society

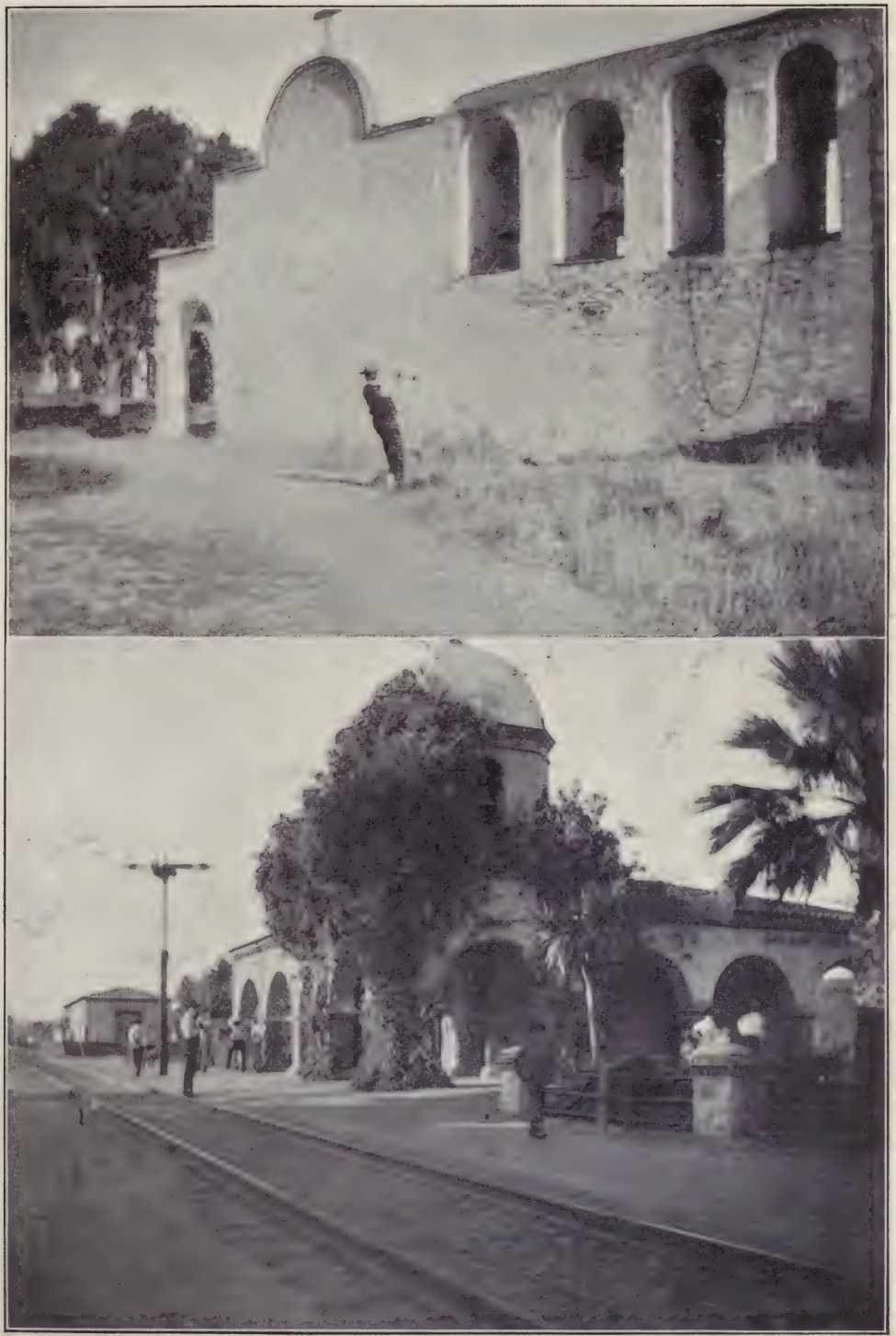
IT WAS ON ONE of those early autumnal days, of the kind that come only in Southern California, that I dropped off the train at a little old town on the Santa Fe, with a friend, for the express purpose of spending a day or two in the immediate vicinity of one of the oldest Mission ruins in the State.

The trainman had announced before we reached the station that the next stop was to be Capistrano. Thus does the habit of shortening the historic names still prevail among the employees of the railroad, even though, at the urgent suggestion of the Landmarks Club, and others interested in the preservation of the old designations, the officials have restored to the station its full title of San Juan Capistrano. The front of the little station, appropriately built in the Mission style, with its miniature belfry and ivy-grown towers, shows where the large letters spelling just "Capistrano" have been painted out and the longer name outlined in the same space.

It so happened that we were the only passengers to leave the north-bound train on its way from San Diego to Los Angeles, and so we were the subjects of idle gossip among the Spanish and Mexicans who were standing or sitting in the shade of the trees near the railroad track. The only signs of activity in the whole hamlet, as we passed up its one or two streets, were a warehouse in course of construction and an old adobe building which was receiving a new roof. It was noticed that white men had charge of the improvements, even though the population of San Juan Capistrano is practically ninety per cent of Spanish or Mexican extraction.

As we approached the main street from the thoroughfare which leads up from the depot, the majestic ruins of the old Mission, established in 1776, loomed before us, set well back from a fence which surrounds the property. The tallest walls are those of the original stone church, completed in 1806, which toppled down during an earthquake on December 8, 1812. This catastrophe came during the progress of the celebration of the feast of La Purisima, when the structure was well filled, and as a result of the temblor some two score of worshipers fell as victims, many being killed outright. The church was never rebuilt, but the statues and images which had occupied the niches about its walls, and which escaped destruction in the disaster, were removed and can now be seen in the little chapel which occupies a portion of the adobe part of the Mission structure. Some of the mural decorations are still to be seen on the walls of the sanctuary, even after the passage of so many years. In design they remind one of some of the decorations to be found on walls in ancient buildings in Mexico. As for just what they stand is often the subject of discussion by those who study them.

The stone walls of the old church stand at one side of the Mission property, and running from them towards the other side of the large quadrilateral are the arches from which hang four of the old bells. Next is a long, low series of rooms of one story, built of adobe, the first being the chapel, adjoining which are the sacristy and other adjuncts. Then come rooms which are now occupied by a young priest who has oversight of the property. In one of these rooms are many of the old records of the Mission, written out in much detail and with a display of scholastic attainments which marked the padres who labored so patiently with the aboriginal inhabitants of the locality. These books include not only the baptismal, marriage

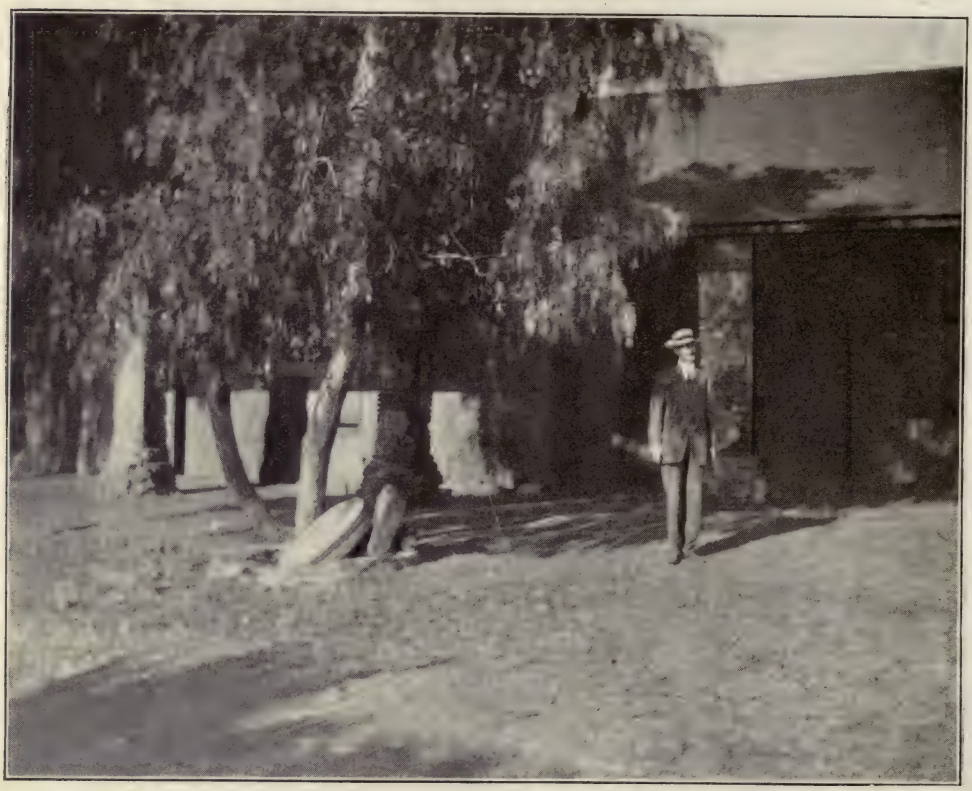


and death records, but learned treatises on various subjects, from language to astronomy. Heavy rawhide covers on some of the volumes have served to preserve their contents in almost perfect condition, while some others show the effects of much handling. From one or two some vandal has abstracted pages bearing the signature of the revered Junipero Serra, the founder of the chain of Missions which stretched at one time from San Diego to Monterey.

In the court or yard which fronts this adobe structure are some of the graceful pepper trees which are so much admired by visitors to Southern California. Beneath one of them can still be seen some of the old mill stones once used by the habitues of the Mission in its palmy days.

From the front court opens an archway, guarded by a gate, through which one can pass into the large enclosure which was once completely surrounded by adobe walls and which then served as a garden in which were grown vegetables and flowers for use in the Mission. To-day it is overgrown with weeds, which stand undisturbed until some knight of the road comes along who is willing to cut and burn them in return for the privilege of spending a few days beneath the ancient roof-tree, in some of the rooms which now have no special use in the economy of the church.

Far-famed is the long corridor, with its numerous arches, which runs along one end and down a part of one side of the old garden close, and which, in the days long gone, extended around for its full bounds. Many an artist has come to San Juan Capistrano and bade his brush do justice to the scene, only to find it disobedient in his hand. Many a poet has sat within the shadows cast by the broken arches, with the westering sun throwing its fare-well beams on the tiled roofs, over which the ivy and vine seek to find a way, and has tried to put in words what his inmost



Old mill stones beneath the pepper tree at San Juan Capistrano.



Photo by Patterson

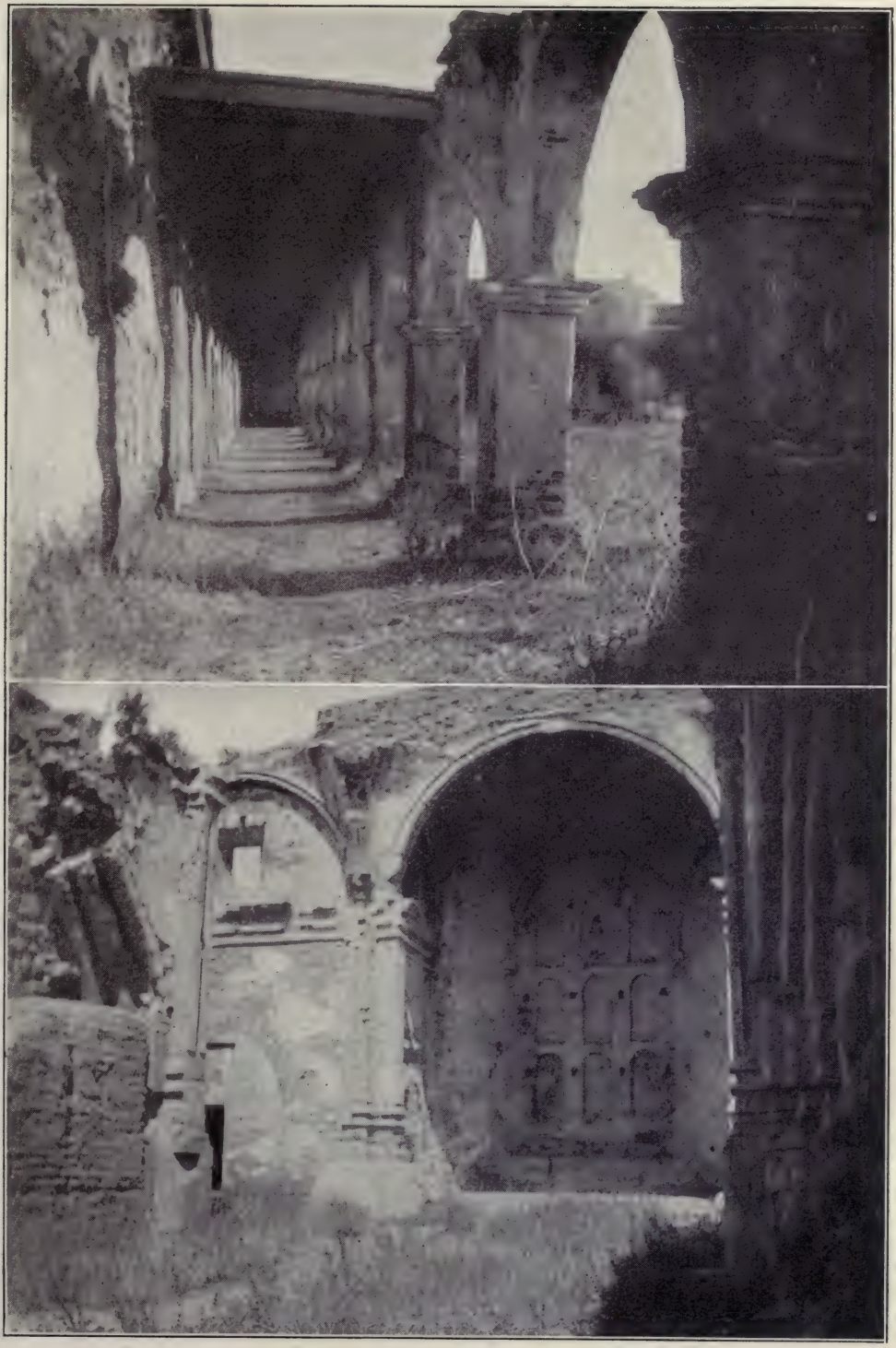
soul has felt, but only to find his pen unresponsive. To even the most casual visitor, with neither appreciation of art or poetry, there comes a mystic something which makes him feel that it is well to be within the sacred precincts.

But to pass from the garden, long untilled, and its falling archways, one can go through a crumbling doorway, and so on into the burying-place of many of those who labored or were labored with in the times of activity at the Mission. Some of the erstwhile occupants of the graves in this enclosure have been removed to more modern places of interment, but there still remain several unmarked mounds and a single wooden cross, resting against the walls of adobe that stand on one side. Leading from the burying-ground is a pathway which takes one to the rooms in the rear of the original church, and so on out into one of the transepts. On the old whitened walls of sanctuary, transepts and nave, appear the written names of those who seek to have others know that they have been there. No place seems too sacred to be thus desecrated.

Though there is much that is delightful and interesting in a visit to the old Mission in the daytime, the fullest pleasure comes when one can have the privilege of visiting it by the full moon, as it casts its silvery light among the ruined arches. Then one can sit meditatively on some bit of wall and conjure up scenes of the past, when the Mission was peopled by long-robed padres, surrounded by their dark-skinned neophytes. Perchance one may dream as he sits there in the quiet of the night, with no sound to disturb, save the occasional cry of a coyote on the near-by hills or the answering bark of some village dog, and seem to be once more in the midst of the activity of the old days, with all they meant of danger and privation to those who blazed the way for the civiliza-



The lone wooden cross in the burial enclosure at San Juan Capistrano.



In the shadow of the ruined archway at San Juan Capistrano.
Nave and sanctuary of the ruined stone church at San Juan Capistrano.

tion of the present. The presence of the young priest of to-day, with his narrative of the old Mission, given in a most interesting way, will add much to the pleasure of the occasion. But like all pleasures, even the moonlight reverie must come to an end, and at last one departs, though reluctantly, for his bed, clean and comfortable, at the one hotel which the hamlet boasts.

The morrow is Sunday, and even before the transient visitor has risen from his pillow, he can hear the jangling notes which come from the old bells at the Mission. Inquiry later develops the fact that the bells are either cracked or were poorly cast. The first ringing of them is for the early mass, at which the young priest officiates. Two hours later is held another mass, the celebrant this time being the priest who is in charge of the parish, but who lives several miles distant on a large ranch. It is interesting to sit in the shelter of the wide portico and watch the attendants at the service as they come through the turnstile and up the path to the little chapel. Here will be some young woman dressed in the heighth of fashion, who may be a guest at some ranch home, and next may come a Spanish mother, with her dark mantilla over her raven hair and with a cluster of dark-skinned progeny at her heels. By far the larger portion of those who come to worship are descendants of the Latin races, and, in fact, the Roman Catholic mission is the only religious influence which is at work in the community. It is said that once some Protestant denomination established a small church outside the town, but did not succeed in its work, and to-day the structure which was built is pointed out on the main street as the scene of dances and other lines of amusement.

It was the Roman Catholic Church which first held sway at San Juan Capistrano, and it is the same church to-day that counts as its parishioners the entire population, practically, of the little burg and its environs. In no other place in the United States, possibly, can there be found a locality in which there has been such a small influx of other religious denominations as in this interesting old town, still dreaming of its past and seemingly caring but little about its material future.

LA ALBADA

BY JULIA TAFT BAYNE

Oh, wake, my love! I watch through lonely night.
A wind of morning runs before the dawn;
The flower's scent floats upward from the lawn;
Oh, wake. my love, and make the morning bright!

At thy closed casement ling'ring still, I stay;
My hope, the wind that runs before the dawn,
My love, the flower's scent from dewy lawn,
Oh, wake, my love, and light the coming day!

HUNTING BIG GAME IN PLACER COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

BY E. M. STETSON

IT HAS ALWAYS been the custom of five of us, men friends in Los Angeles, to take a vacation in the deer season, and hunt big game in Northern California. By preference we have generally gone into Placer and El Dorado Counties; not because game is more plentiful or easily taken there, but because of the magnificent surroundings of scenery. There is nowhere else in the world more magnificent combinations of rock-ribbed mountains, pine-tufted chains of mountains, and verdure-clad mountains; more picturesque arrangements of river scenery than are found along the American River.

We generally start before the season really begins, so as to give us a chance to loaf and look around, and discover something new in the places that we have been over before; or to go just a little beyond the old places and discover something new. We never lose anything by so doing, for there is, seemingly, no end to the beauties of the spot. There is a new charm for every trip, another to be added to the choicest recreation places that we have ever been able to find.

When we get into Auburn on the train we have a friend and guide who meets us and takes us out about five miles to his place. Here we are gentlemen of the city no longer; our traveling clothes are doffed for the beloved hunting toggery, and with leggings, straps, caps, belts and spurs, we are outfitted from top to toe in khaki and leather, and ready for the fray. Here we are supplied with those true mountain horses, bred to the high altitudes, horses



Getting out into the open ready for big game.



It was a joyful procession that brought in the first deer.

that never slip, and never seem to tire; horses that seem to know when game is near, and will stop at the slightest pull to the rein, with head erect, with almost bated breath, waiting expectantly for the first sound of the approaching game.

On making the start for the high places and big game, this year we traveled for quite a space along the American River bed. Here we found a large number of fish, dead. The guide told us that there had been a thunder storm, and that the lightning had electrocuted them. We were inclined to think that it might have



At the old log house near the reservation.

been the heavy stones rolling along at such tremendous speed with the force of the cloud-burst and its accompanying volume of water, or the mud in the water that had filled the gills of the fish and suffocated them, rather than the electricity.

Towards the upper end of the valley where we were making to get into communication with an old log house, near the reservation where we had been used to camp, we saw an unusually large bear eating the dead fish. He was having a feast. A little further off we discovered another. We halted. The prospect was inviting, but imminent. We took advice of the guide, and surrounded the biggest one, and made his great coat a covering for our tent floor. He was a "buster," and had been living high for several months, judging by the bear grease we fried out of his body.

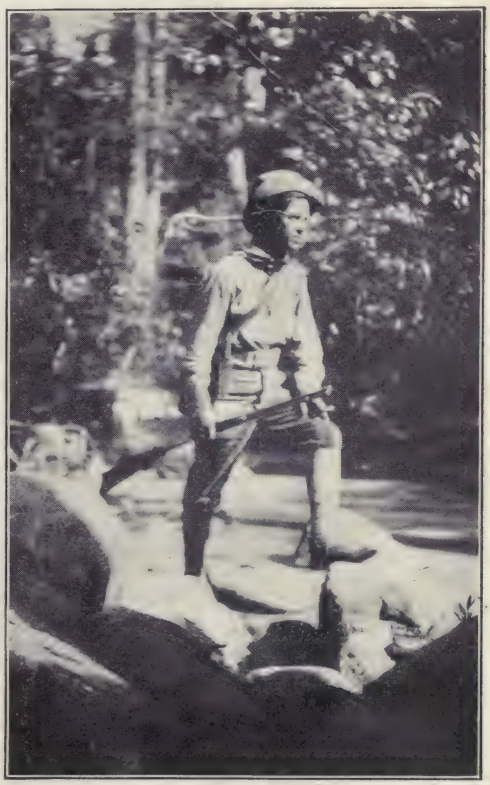
The others disappeared as soon as we began shooting, and we saw no more of them in that vicinity during our stay, though the fish disappeared readily. The bear or other animals taking the fish must have come down in the night time, or when we were further up on the mountains. We stayed long enough in the fish ing places, however, to get several good messes of small trout, those not caught in the midstream during the thunder storm; and to hear the customary fishermen tell each other how many fish they caught "and threw away" before leaving the river for the mountain.

Getting out into the open places on the high mountains, the air is filled with sweetness and fragrance from the pine trees, their sides oozing with the rich, fragrant pine gum, and the burrs bursting with nuts falling all over the ground; and we drank in all that our senses could hold of scenes, scents and sounds. We never can cease to recall these now with grateful acknowledgments of what the mountain accorded us on our vacation.

Arriving in camp, making all things ready, and feeding everything and everyone, we began turning over plans for the campaign. The best hunter, generally, goes out by himself and takes time to look the ground over alone. He may not be the oldest or the most experienced member of the party, but he generally wants to know where he wants to go and what to go after. He does not like the idea of rushing off pell-mell with a lot of others, though numbers often help in rushing up a gulley, but generally a lone huntsman will bring in his share of the game, if he counts every care that he may in the study of surroundings.

Such a one started early in the morning, alone, before the others were awake, sought the high places, the lookouts of the male deer, and had one ready for transportation before the coffee had started to simmer on the camp-fire below. Such a joyful procession as that was that brought in the first deer. The first always looks bigger and tastes better than all others. It is turned over and over with reverence and affection, and the meat and hide dressed with greatest care.

We killed quite a number before the vacation time was over this year, though not so many as on previous trips. Deer in California are not so plentiful as they used to be. The laws for closing the sea-



The lone hunter seeking deer.

son against killing them have been none too quick in application. A few years more and there would have been no more. Even now, they are not mating and reproducing as fast as they would, if the time were shortened. This will have to be done, and hunters limit their vacations to more scenery and fewer deer if the sport is to be long continued in the State of California.

WHY THE JAPANESE WOMAN IS PRE-EMINENTLY MOTHER

BY GRACE HELEN BAILEY

IF THE EUGENIC SOCIETY would draw substantial data for a betterment of posterity, let it turn to the civilization of Japan. Modified as it is to-day, formed as it was heretofore, shaped by customs and traditions flowing from Chinese, Buddhistic and Aryan sources, there is no soil richer from which to grow the flower of a race at once strong and beautiful, sturdy and dominant, rooting deep into ancient foundations that give to a nation the fitness for survival.

Take our present-day society with its complexities, its hysterical and neurasthenic tendencies. To what is it due?

To the existing conditions which produce the modern woman, the child-bearer, the mother of the man of to-day. Our women in the present state suffer by comparison with many of the less progressive old world nations.

The strength of the Japanese as a people springs from the home. Cleanliness and discipline, these are the two great national characteristics. They are both acquired and enforced in the family life, with its rigid, unrelenting habits and modes of living. Here the little brown mother, always subordinate and yet recognized as an indispensable factor, rears her young in the calm, unbroken, unemotional life, undisturbed by the vagaries of suffragette or the incubus of the real or fancied co-respondent. The bond which unites family life in Japan is that of religion, not of affection. Like the ancient Greek and Roman households, filial piety and obedience are the two rules which guide and direct the lives of the young in the land of the Rising Sun.

The foreigner sees the little brown woman as a toy to amuse his idle hours, while dallying in the glow of the cherry blossom. But he, the dilettante pleasuring, is a poor observer of her worth as a nation builder.

The advanced woman of to-day regards the Japanese sister as a remnant of the feudal system and barbarism, yet there is no denying the fact that as a co-worker in family life she is a success.

While Russia spawns its futile millions, Japan, the doll-house of the world, conserves its energies in the little brown helpmate, quietly, silently, smilingly tending the paper domicile, guarding, bringing up in stoical endurance the future soldiers of the race.

The uncrying children of Japan! This has become a proverb, and to what is it due? To the healthiness, to the perfect cleanliness of the diminutive amber mother.

Sir Edwin Arnold, Pierre Loti, these exquisite artists of the pen, give us pictures of sunsets and inland seas and dream geishas, but in war time—well, we can get sufficient if not reliable data from Russia for this moral of the story.

A YOUNG MAN'S WILL

BY E. M. DUNLOP

There is rest for who will by the flocks on the hill,
 There is peace in the sunshine's ray,
But there lives no rest in a young man's breast
 Till he sail o'er the world away.

He—
A voice calls to me from the restless sea,
 And speaks in the dashing spray,
And sings of the seas, in the swift-rushing breeze
 Till I sail o'er the world away!

She—
But here are flowers for the laughing hours,
 And the fruit hangs ripe on the tree,
And the vine's fresh trail hangs over the rail,
 And I pray thee abide with me.

Come rest in this vale where we see no sail,
 Where the song of the lark is free,
And the note of the thrush from each budding bush
 Tells of rapture to you and me."

So she led him away through the pastures gay,
 And a silken knot tied she,
To hide from his eyes the gay sunrise
 Where the ships rocked on the sea.

And she shielded him fast from the tempest's blast
 That no sound of the surf alway
Should tempt from the charm of her circling arm
 With the sound of the dashing spray.

But he gazed from afar o'er the harbor bar
 Where the good ship swung in the bay,
And he turned with a sigh, saying: "Love, good-bye!
 For I must be up and away."

"For my fancies lie where the sea meets sky
 On the far horizon's rim,
And I must away ere the close of day
 To sail o'er the ocean's brim."

Train the rose as you please, or the vine or the trees,
 And fetter the flocks on the hill,
But restrain not the seas, nor the swift-rushing breeze,
 They are free—as a Young Man's Will.

A MODEL MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT

THE PRODUCTS of the Royal Worcester Corset Company, of Worcester, Mass., are too well and too favorably known to call for much more than passing praise at this time, for the factory, founded in 1861 by David H. Fanning, has added year by year to the popularity its admirable corsets won right at the start. Every woman who has worn a Royal Worcester is thankful that it was brought to her notice, and once a wearer of this corset, always a wearer of it.

The Royal Worcester Manufactory is a model establishment. It is not only of great size, to meet the demands made upon it, but admirably equipped with all the modern appliances for the production of the best, as well as the comfort of its employees.

The main building, which covers two sides of an entire block, has recently been enlarged by a four story addition on the north wing, increasing by half the capacity of the plant. The working conditions of the factory are ideal, the equipment complete, and lighting, heating and sanitary features are perfect.

The executive offices and private suites for the offices of the corporation are on the first floor, their handsome finish and furnishings being in keeping with the gigantic scope and interests of the establishment.

Besides the actual designing, cutting and making of corsets, all the advertising, printing and box-making of the firm is done on the premises, each department a large one in itself. Electricity is the motive power for all machinery, eliminating the unhealthiness of dust and the dangers from belting.

The ventilation is by the blower system, which continually infuses fresh air into the workrooms by means of huge fans in the basement, where the outside air enters direct on the heating apparatus.

Special precaution against fire is afforded by an automatic sprinkler and alarm system throughout the structure, while wide, double stairways of heavy steel construction at either end of the building, and large and substantial fire escapes are conveniently placed for quick exit. In the basement is a white tiled dining hall for the employees, the recesses of which are studded with palms and potted plants in variety.

There you will find a library, also, for the use of the employees, containing all the magazines and periodicals of the day. A hospital room on the second floor, fully equipped, ministers to the needs of the workingmen and women. If, on examination, any employee shows signs of tuberculosis, he or she is sent away to a sanitarium until cured at the expense of the company.

Summed up, everything which makes for the comfort of employees and the successful operation of the business, is amply provided.

As a result of Mr. Fanning's broad, aggressive policy, and strict business integrity, the Royal Worcester Corset Company has been for years established as one of the great industrial institutions of the world. Nearly two million dollars has been expended in advertising its products in magazines, newspapers, booklets and other mediums, which has resulted in making the three trade-marks, "Royal Worcester," "Bon Ton" and "Adjusto" internationally famous. Every pair of corsets that leaves the factory is the final result of painstaking care, from designing to shipping room, of skilled labor, the best materials (all fabric is put to the severest kind of test to prove its strength), and the most modern and exacting details of designing, cutting and making. In short, no expense or labor is spared to make the industry the worthy expression of a high commercial ideal.



Factory, lawn and employees of Royal Worcester Corset Co., Worcester, Mass. 50th anniversary. Souvenir photo taken Sept., 1910.

THE VENGEANCE OF HOP SING

BY NORMAN H. PITMAN

Hop Sing was a Chinaman, worthy of fame,
Of virtuous habits and praiseworthy name.
Were it not for these facts, be it said in advance,
There would be no excuse for this tragic romance.

One morning he woke with a tongue in his toe,
Which, being transcribed in a language you know,
Means *ache in the head.* There was nothing to do
But bathe it with water poured on from his shoe.
That this was quite proper you'll soon understand,
As *shoe* in Chinese is the word for a *hand.*

But, enough of his troubles! We must not digress.
His toe-tongue departing, he started to dress.
After smoothing his locks and arranging his queue,
He drew on a gown of the palest sky blue,
For out in Cathay where the months are called *moons,*
The men don the frocks, and their wives, pantaloons.
All hail to the nation where every man gets
His dues, and the women are all suffragettes.

He now took his breakfast, perched up on his bed,
Which was built in his room, out of brick, be it said,
And ate with much noise from a savory dish
His favorite dainty, a fresh-curried fish.

After flirting his chopsticks at galloping pace,
His next undertaking was washing his face,
For the well-bred Celestial his toilet completes
By cleansing his visage just *after* he eats.

His ablutions over, our epicure rare
Shouted loudly for a lackey to saddle his mare;
"But first rub her down, neck, shoulder, and thigh,
Or I'll play you a tune with my fist in your eye.
Curried rice, fowl and fish are delicious to eat,
But a well-curried horse is a still greater treat."

He mounted his steed. "'Tis a glorious day.
Tell my friends, if they call, I have gone out to play."
Dear reader, frown not, nor speak out your disgust;
He didn't play bridge, didn't b'long to a trust,
And the lesser devices for gaming, I ween,
Were unknown to this man of integrity clean.
In the idiom quaint of that far Eastern clime,
To *go out to play* means to *have a good time.*

With heels in the stirrups, instead of his toes,
Through the wide-open portal he pompously goes.
Nor to left nor to right does he venture a bow,
But with small silken fan keeps the sun from his brow,
While his roan, trotting on at a dignified rate,
Departs from the town at the East-Northern gate.
Thus far all is well with the haughty Hop Sing,
But alas for the future, and what it will bring!

An American rider now chanced to appear
Just in front of our lordly Chinese cavalier.
The highway, quite narrow, was filled with a throng
Of seething humanity toiling along.
Neither one of the horsemen was anxious to swerve
An inch from the path; each desired to reserve
For himself the entire right of way in the street,
As of course you must see it was surely unmeet
That such gentry should mix with a beggarly crowd
Of vulgar plebeians, unwashed and uncowed.

Yet straightway such feelings were forced to take wing,
For each one, intending to do the fair thing,
Turned out in the manner by custom made trite,
The first to the left and the second to right.
Now, being well versed in his own country's style,
And guiding his steed without malice or guile,
Each knight, satisfied with the effort he'd made,
Deemed the other to blame for the sudden blockade.
Therefore, when their horses rubbed noses, the twain
Glowered rudely, reflecting each other's disdain.

The Yankee, incensed at so boorish a breach
Of good manners, was first to seek solace in speech:
"Why, don't you move on, you uncivil pigtail?
Are you moored to the ground?" Of no earthly avail
Was the question; the other stood dumb,
Until, with a snap of his long-benailed thumb,
He spoke in an accent polite, bowing low:
"I beg your most worshipful reverence to know,
That so worthless a fellow as him you address,
Though the hunter's vocation he does not profess,
Has found time to ride down many species of game.
Lions, tigers, and such have succumbed to his aim,
And yet, when it comes to American swine,
It must be confessed he would fain draw the line."

"What's that?" yelled the other, his voice growing thick,
With a burst of wild anger: "I'll show you a trick!"
But ere the last word issued forth from his throat,
And ere his opponent in anger he smote,
A swift swooping shadow swept low o'er the pair,
With a whirring of wings in the dust-laden air.
A grapnelhook grappled the Chinaman's queue,
And, lifting him up without further ado,
Clean over the Yankee, horse, rider and all,
Set him down with a thump on the high city wall.
'Twas a flying machine that had kidnaped Hop Sing—
The first to be seen in historic Peking.

Full sorely Hop wended his way to the street,
With a heart full of hate at his luckless defeat,
But his body was sorer, we cannot deny,
From the bruises induced by his failure to fly.

Now loudly he cursed the American lout
Who had met him on horseback and failed to turn out.
His eyes sparkled hatred, his heart burned with ire,

"I'll do it!" he shouted—his voice was on fire—
"No one will prevent me, for nobody can!
The most deadly revenge I will take on this man!"

Alas for Hop Sing; that his end we must tell,
Yet he died a brave death and demeaned himself well.
A duel, you ask, pistols, swords, or the like?
Ah, no; 'twas not thus for our hero to strike.
That evening, relentless, he settled the score,
By killing himself at his enemy's door.

ON THE ROOFS OF THE LATIN QUARTER

BY C. G. ADAMS

WHEN THE Italian population of San Francisco threw their strength into the rebuilding of their burned Latin Quarter, they fell to work with a confidence that warmed and encouraged the entire stricken city, and accomplished the restoration with a rapidity amazing. Best of all were the lines on which they worked. They replaced none of those ramshackle tenements and huddling rookeries that in the old days had rendered the sides of Telegraph Hill so picturesque and so unsanitary; but erected instead only neat light and airy modern buildings of small flats.

These Southern lovers of sun and warmth were not, however, to be deprived of yard space by the fact that the new structures covered their entire lots. So, with hardly an exception, their building plans embraced the erection of stairs to the level roofs, where, with floors and railings, hydrants and clothes poles, home-made benches and hammocks, they converted the housetops into sunny, breezy, spacious yards for community use of the crowded tenants below.

Now life has adjusted itself to use and enjoyment of these unique housetops. To-day they are a very city in themselves. The student of humanity could ask no more splendid vantage ground whereon to study the ways of the transplanted Italians and Greeks than is here afforded him in the open.

The superb views of city and hill and mountain, bay and inlet and island, point and shore and waterfront, are of themselves more than worth the climb, even did the life of the foreground hold no interest.

Up here on the populous roofs, flower-boxes fill many an angle, with nasturtiums to trail the railings and parsley and sage in the corners for thrift. Clotheslines flap overhead, comical with undergarments shaped forth in the wind, or gaudy with the vari-colored calicoes and turkey-red flannels the Southern eye loves. Bedding hangs over the rail to air and sun. Here or there a dog sleeps in a warm corner, or a boxful of kittens; while on an occional sky-yard a coopful of chickens defy the new city ordinance aimed at them. Nearby, perhaps, a pet bird sings in its cage.

In warm weather these roofs teem with human life. On fine Sundays they are fairly swarmed with the Latin population at work and rest and recreation.

The little children are to be seen there, laughing and quarreling at their games, or bathing their pets in the sun. There the big girls come to con their lessons, and the big boys to make their nets or whittle their boats. There, too, the mothers sit sewing or preparing vegetables for the pot, or nursing their babies, which they seem to bring forth almost annually. And there the fathers come to sleep in the fresh air or read and discuss the news of their "Voce del Populo."

There, too, on Sunday mornings, come the young women, busy all week at their work in the candy and cracker and paste factories, to write their love letters or wash and dry their masses of dark hair, or work at their finery for the next dance at their favorite Garibaldi or Colombo Hall.

POKER, "POR POCO TIEMPO"

BY FRED A. HUNT

DEVOTEES of the "Great American Game," who have only indulged in its pursuit within the precincts of clubs, or the secluded close to, or in the rear of, saloons, have no conception of the solemn manner wherein poker is played on the frontier. Was played would be a better expression, for now there is no frontier, and with the delimitation of the frontier, its peculiar inhabitants fell into the abyss of oblivion. The infestivity of the game may have been a shadow of the death's head (*memento mori*) at the Roman feasts, for any infraction of fair play, if detected, was customarily avenged by the staccato crack of a derringer or revolver, and the summary stiffening of the culprit. The habitues of the border were good losers, but they wanted the loss to be a fair one; they revolted violently at being denuded of their money by trick and device, and the revulsion was prone to be accompanied by unpleasant consequences to those who set up the illegitimate game. Life was cheap, anyhow, on the civilized outskirts, and perhaps the frequency wherewith it was snuffed out made its retention, either individually or in the other fellow, the more lightly esteemed. Wherefore, the noble game of poker was customarily played on its merits, and the financial usufruct decided by the potency of the hand or the effrontery of the participant.

Shortly after the Civil War, the Rio Grande frontier, opposite Mexico, was inundated by ex-Federal and Confederate soldiers, who made replete to overflowing the already disrespectful population located there. Gambling was incessantly rife, and the capricious click of chips was resonant from early morn till dewy eve, and then, accelerated, from the dewy eve through the bibulous night unto the early morn again. No hamlet was too humble for games of chance, although in the Mexican petty settlements, *monte* obtained the preference over the American national game.

About 110 miles up the tortuous Rio Grande River was the colony whose habitat was known as Rio Grande City—a most pretentious name, but a most unpretentious town—the more popular designation being Ranche Davis, whose eponym was Henry Clay Davis, a primal settler of the burg, who went thither from San Antonio (commonly and endearingly called San Antone) and who remarked, on the occasion of his having to sign an important legal document, that it was the first time that he had been unpleasantly sober in many years, and who impetuously proceeded to atone for his abstinence after the legal proceeding was consummated. As visitors to the town remarked of its population, "They were a queer bunch."

This hamlet was opposite the twin towns of Viejo and Nueva Camargo, which were some six miles from the river bank on the Mexican side; these also were inhabited by a choice and heterogeneous assemblage of primitive and cultivated bandits, whose settlement of a heated argument was with a *cuchillo* (knife) and whose phrenological characteristics were cavities where there should (normally) have been excrescences. A short distance above the Camargos was the town of Mier, where was a most prolific silver mine, and where dwelt Margarita, the heroine who dared to give the Americans water before their dastardly murder by the Mexicans, after their chance selection for death by the drawing of the black beans.

One of the most pretentious houses in the Acadian town of Ranche Davis was built of stone and boasted of a height of two stories. At the termination of the war at Appomattox, the colored regiments that had unexpired terms of service, were stationed along the Texan frontier as a

precautionary measure against any possible foray by the Confederates present in Mexico (the last skirmish of the unpleasantness was at Boca Chico, or White's Ranch, about half-way between Brownsville and Brazos de Santiago, on the Texas side) and also that, as their terms of service elapsed they might be mustered out by the designated officer. Several regiments were thus stationed at Ringgold Barracks, a primitive stockade post about a mile below Rio Grande City, and for the delectation of the retiring warriors (who had quite an amount of back pay coming to them) this two-story house was rented and fitted up as a saloon with a bakery adjunct. In the latter were manufactured pegged dried-apple pies and gingerbread; the pies sold, under an unflagging demand, for fifty cents each; the gingerbread for twenty-five cents a slab, the basis of purchase being American money, which at that time was on a ratio of exchange for silver at *"dos pesos en papel por uno en plata"* (two dollars in paper for one in silver), although at Brownsville sixty-two and a half cents (*cinco reales*) were given for a paper dollar. The upper floor of the house was plainly, but utilizably, arranged for a faro-table-and-poker-room; the tutelary genius of the faro table being Major Duff, who was alleged to have the smallest and most shapely foot in Texas.

To the upper room of the Temple of Chance nightly arrived a select coterie; those who came to play poker usually bringing their silver dollars (Mexican money) in a bandana handkerchief, thus simulating a hardy son of toil carrying his lunch. They were good poker players, and in the slang of that vicinity played their cards "close to their stomach." Many of them were county officials, whose suzerainty was by no means impaired or vitiated because of their habitual indulgence in the national temptation.

Hither one evening came an old soldier who brought with him a large amount of savings, and who proceeded to have a good time in the down-stairs saloon, subsequently drifting up-stairs to the room over which the two-faced Janus presided. Libations there were also frequent, and McDougald (that wasn't his name, but it will do as a *nom-de-jeu*) entered into the poker game where, owing mostly to his inebriate condition, his pile was rapidly depleted. As he dumbly realized that the savings of years were leaving, and that the coveted opportunity of going into business was lost to him, he withdrew from the game, sobered, and the simulation of utter despair. While dime novels and similar literature depict Banjo-Eyed Bill and Lop-Eared Mike as losing thousands at the gaming-table and debonairly walking therefrom chewing a toothpick and humming a merry stanza, reality finds a dank figure lying in a secluded spot with a bullet-hole through a vital portion of his anatomy. Seeing the forlorn destitution of McDougald, one of the proprietors went to him, took him into a back room and asked him the cause of his abject condition. Mac narrated how he had come to Ranche Davis with the idea of establishing himself in a small business that might sustain him in his later years. "But now my chance is gone, and I am too old to re-enlist.'

The acolyte of the Temple of Fortune inquired how much Mac had as a residuum of the financial wreck, and the hapless man replied that about a hundred and fifty dollars represented the flotsam of his previous roll.

"Is that any particular good to you?" inquired the acolyte.

"No," responded the desolate loser, "it would only take me somewhere else, where I should be in as bad a fix as I am here."

"Well," responded the acolyte, "you lay down here and take a snooze—you need it—and I will take your money and see what I can do with it; I guess I can play a better game of poker than you did, or can, and I may be able to build up your pile a little for you."

The hopeless McDougald surrendered his greenbacks and soddenly sank on the bunk. The acolyte sat in the game, and, as he described the seance, luck just piled on him; when he bluffed, he made it stick; when he called, he topped the other fellow or fellows until one by one they dropped out and left him, like Alexander the Great, looking for more chips to annex. None being there, he cashed in the pile of chips and adjourned to the room where the ill-advised Mac lay stentoriously sleeping, and awoke him. Dejected, despondent, but too saturated with the lees of his libations

to be desperate, poor Mac sat on the edge of the primitive bunk and gloomily blinked.

"How much did you have when you started in the game?" asked the Alexandrian victor. Mac told him.

"Suppose I had won quite a little of your lost money. Would you use it well and swear off gambling?"

Mac summoned his grayish matter to the fore, and by all the saints that he could marshal (as well as a few supposititious ones) asserted that he would never gamble again.

"Then down on your marrow-bones," commanded the mentor, "and swear off gambling forevermore."

In the Far West, many strange, bizarre and unconventional *tableaux* have been presented, but perhaps one of the most anomalous was that where the bearded and bleared Mac appeared in the attitude of prayerful supplication, his guardian angel dictating the abjuration, while over the scene a flickering kerosene lamp glimmered its spasms of light and shade. But Mac swore off, and then the acolyte reinvested him with the whole amount he originally had, remarking:

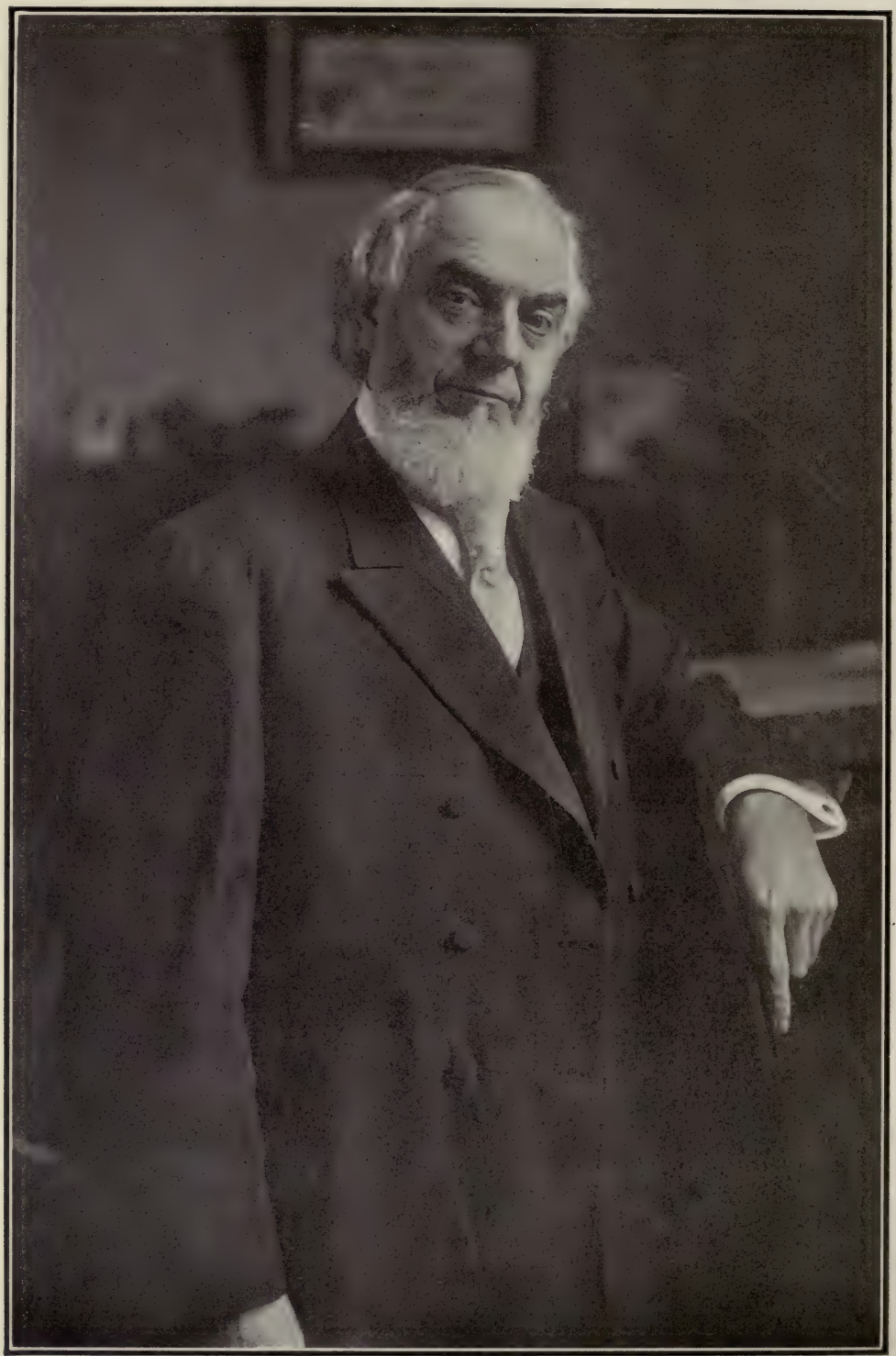
"I have some more than that, but the balance I'll keep for my trouble. You're in pretty good luck, anyhow, after making as big a d——d jackass of yourself as you did."

And as the roll was placed in the hands of the kneeling Mac he gave one look at the wad, and for the first time in many, many years burst into tears; the while he bent his head and renewed the long-forgotten practice he had learned at his mother's knee, of giving thanks for great mercies. "For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground: yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant."

McDougald's resolve, watered by his tears, bore fruit, and his store flourished exceedingly and his abstention from games of chance made him an object of semi-veneration among that hazard-loving community. Mac had his lesson, profited by it, and if he didn't dry up and blow away (it is alleged that people don't die a natural death in that ozone-laden climate), he is still a monument of the acolyte's hierophant act in the little retiring room, and an exemplar of the fact that a disastrous scare is sometimes a most potent factor in hurling a prodigal away from the husks and into the paths of rectitude.

Some people are warped into doing right but others require an earthquake shock to divert them from their beaten path and onto an untrodden trail; and the paths of evil are plentifully besprinkled with glaring, meretricious and seductive blooms while the narrow path appears repellent and barren—because humanity is notoriously and naturally afflicted with moral myopia.





C. T. Russell, Pastor of Brooklyn Tabernacle.

AN INFANT ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD TO BE ELECTROCUTED

PASTOR RUSSELL EXPLAINS

ISAIAH 65:20

THENCEFORTH there shall be no more (death of) an infant of days, nor of an old man who hath not filled his days: for the dying one shall be but a child at a hundred years old—a sinner a hundred years old he shall be accursed"—cut off from life.

These words have long puzzled Bible students. And they still puzzle such as have not recognized that as the present age is devoted to the gathering of a saintly and elect class, the coming age will be for the blessing of the world in general through the elect church. Human conditions, as well as conditions prevailing in the physical earth under Messiah's reign, will be very different from what they are at present. The Scripture under consideration cites us to one of the peculiarities of the new age, the increased length of life. Then every one who will conform to the laws of the Kingdom may live at least a thousand years. And if then he shall stand the tests of Divine requirement he may be granted eternal life. On the other hand, the wilfully rebellious continually needing to be curbed and restrained will be cut off at the close of a hundred years' probation. Even then they will be but as children as compared to the remainder of the race.

Was it not thus in the days of Adam before sin and depravity had reduced the average of human life to its present low ebb? And should it surprise us to find a restoration to this condition in the future? Should we not remember that the coming age is styled the "times of restitution of all things."—Acts 3:19.

It was common in Father Adam's day that a father should have his first child at a hundred years or over. In other words, at about the century mark, childhood ceased and the period of maturity began. With the weakening of the race we have had much experience crowded into few years; yet we all sometimes recognize that if we lived to be a hundred years old all of the past experience would be but a schooling of preparation for future centuries of maturity.

No end of confusion has been created by the intent of well-meaning people to apply these prophecies as the reward of the Church in heaven. Nothing in the Scriptures warrants us in thinking that there will be spiritual, heavenly sheep and oxen, wolves and lions, vines and houses, planting and building. Those who reject the clear Bible teaching respecting a Messianic reign of righteousness cannot understand the Bible at all. Not a single passage of the Old Testament tells of heavenly hopes or promises. Only a few of them teach heavenly things at all, and then indirectly. As for instance in the types of the Old Testament the garments of the High Priest, glorious and beautiful, symbolize, we believe, the heavenly grandeur, honors and glories of Messiah during the period of His reign.

Similarly, God's promise to Abraham declares that His seed, His posterity, should be as the stars of heaven and as the sands of the seashore. Nothing in this statement would necessarily teach a heavenly state or condition. Only by the aid of the New Testament and the Holy Scriptures' illumination can we see that two seeds of Abraham are distinctly referred to, the stars indirectly implying the spiritual seed, while the sands of the seashore refer to Abraham's natural seed. As it is written: "I have constituted Thee a father of many nations like unto God." So the spiritual seed of Abraham is now being developed. With its completion this age

will end, and the natural seed of Abraham will return to special favor and become the leading nation of the world under the guidance and direction of the spiritual and invisible, yet all-powerful Kingdom, of Messiah. The blessing through natural Israel, will gradually extend to every nation, in that the door will be opened by which all nations may come into and become a part of Abraham's seed, and thus into harmony with Messiah's Kingdom. Whosoever refuses this great privilege and blessing of Messiah's Kingdom will be destroyed from amongst the people in the Second Death. Consequently by the close of Messiah's reign of righteousness, not only will all the willing and obedient have been lifted up to perfection of human nature, but they will all, of every nation, have become the seed of Abraham. And the earth, their perpetual inheritance, will have been rescued from the curse and thenceforth forever be the Paradise of God—Eden restored.

Hundred Year Old Children.

Centenarians of the present time are few, and they by no means are like children. Usually they are wrinkled and haggard. We are to remember, however, the Bible record that several of the earlier members of Adam's race lived nine hundred years, or, rather, they were more than nine hundred years in coming fully under the sentence against sinners. "By one man's disobedience sin entered into the world, and death as a result of sin. And thus death passed upon all men, because all are sinners." (Romans 5:12.) Gradually, and especially since the flood, when a great change took place in our cosmogony, human longevity has decreased, while mental, moral and physical ailments have increased. In confirmation of this, and correspondingly in contradiction of the Evolution theory, we find that the ancients were stronger than we mentally as well as physically; for they intermarried brothers with sisters and cousins without injury, whereas to-day the mental weakness of the race is such that one out of every one hundred and fifty adults is in an insane asylum, and the marriage of brothers and sisters is prohibited, and even the marriage of second cousins is disapproved and held responsible for increasing weak-mindedness.

We see, then, that our text describing Messiah's Kingdom merely explains that restitution blessings will recover mankind from the effects of the fall, so that it shall then be as it was in Adam's day—that full human rightness, maturity, will be reached in a century, and that a man dying then would be dying in childhood as compared with the remainder of the race. The further guarantee that none will die even at a hundred years of age, except willful sinners who, refusing to submit themselves to the regulations of Messiah's Kingdom, will then be cut off from life as unworthy of any further favor at the hands of the great Redeemer—Messiah—all of whose dealings will represent Divine Justice, Wisdom, Love and Power.

Man's Years as a Tree's.

The Scriptures tell us that under Messiah's Kingdom the days of a man shall be as the days of a tree. And it is believed that some trees live to be at least a thousand years old. This is God's provision for every man—every member of the human family after He shall have accomplished the work of this Gospel age—the selection of the spiritual seed of Abraham, typified by the priests and Levites, "The Church of the Firstborn whose names are written in heaven."

Messiah's Kingdom is to dominate the earth for a thousand years, with a view to blessing Adam and all of his posterity —with a view to uplifting them from sin and degradation and death. The uplifting influences will begin at once following the great time of trouble with which the Kingdom will be inaugurated. The judgments of the Lord will be abroad in the earth and the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness. None shall longer need to say to his neighbor or his brother, "Know thou the Lord; for all shall know Him, from the least unto the greatest of them," for "the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the whole earth."—Isaiah 11:9.

Whoever, then, by obedience to the laws of the Kingdom will avail himself of the blessed privileges of restitution (Acts 3:19-21) will not only be helped upward out of mental, moral and physical imper-

fection, step by step toward perfection, but so long as he progresses, he may live—clear down to the end of that blessed thousand years. If we had never seen trees; if our own experiences had been with vegetation such as perishes within a year, we might have difficulty in believing some one who would tell us of having seen trees centuries old. Such a statement would seem as unreasonable to us as to tell us that humanity could live for a thousand years or forever.

Have we not indeed seen children old and wrinkled looking, yet only in their 'teens? And have we not seen others cheerful, fresh and comparatively young-looking at sixty and seventy? Let us assure ourselves that every good promise of the Holy Scriptures will surely have fulfillment. Not one jot or tittle of the Divine promise shall fail. It will surely be true then that when Messiah's Kingdom shall have fully taken control of earth's affairs, a person dying at a hundred years of age would be dying in infancy, because, according to the Divine arrangement, obedience on his part would enable him to live to the very close of the Millennium.

All Unrighteousness is Sin.

At the present time, God "winks" at much of the wrong-doing that there is in the world. He does not interfere with it. But of course every transgression carries with it naturally more or less of a depraving influence on the transgressor's mind and body. The conscience is the most tender and the most important element of our human nature. Whoever violates it, whoever injures it, much or little, will proportionately be disadvantaged in the future, and will have all the more difficulty of rising up gradually out of his degradation and weaknesses, even with all the helps that will then be available. Thus will be fulfilled the Scriptural declaration, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap." With all mankind redeemed, there will be nothing whatever of the past chargeable against any on the books of Divine Justice. The great "High Priest" by his better sacrifices, will have made full satisfaction to the demands of Justice, but the weaknesses, mental, moral and physical, resulting from more or less willful and deliberate sin, must still be reckoned on, and thus every idle word and every idle thought, every idle and vicious action of the present time, by making its mark upon the characters of men, is providing for corresponding difficulties on their part in that glorious day of their opportunity.

God proposes that through Messiah's reign He will give an opportunity to human sinners to return to harmony with their Maker. But they must show their desire for harmony with Him by responding to the blessed arrangements He will provide through Messiah's reign. Every effort for righteousness will receive its reward, as promised. The thousand years appointed for the purpose by Divine Wisdom is surely sufficient. The earth and its inhabitants will be grandly perfect beyond our ability to describe or even to fully imagine, since we have never known a sinless Eden nor a sinless human being.

The suggestion of our text is that the great Messiah will not temporize for the entire period of His reign with those who do not show a proper appreciation of opportunities when fully brought in contact with them and clearly understanding the terms of Divine grace. But one hundred years is quite a considerable period of probation, and surely every reasonable mind will concede that so long a delay in meting out the full penalty of sin, Second Death, manifests the extreme limit of reasonable mercy

The Church's Triumph Shorter.

The Church, whose trial is in progress during this Gospel age, receives individually a much shorter period of probation than our text declares will be granted to mankind in the future. God's saintly people are expected to develop character and to approve themselves to God as "overcomers," within a very brief space of life. And not only so, but they are required to "walk by faith and not by sight." They merely have God's Word as respects His Justice and Love and gracious plans, while, in the next age, the world will have the actuality instead of the promise—the world will walk by sight.

"The glory of the Lord shall be revealed

and all flesh shall see it together." (Isaiah 40:5.) The world during Messiah's reign will be privileged to walk in a highway of holiness, from which all the stumbling stones will have been gathered out. But the overcomers of the Church class are required to walk in the narrow way, steep, narrow, rugged and beset with snares of the Adversary. "For we are not ignorant of his snares."—2 Corinthians 2:11.

We are not to forget, however, that these differences between the Church and the world are fully offset by the differences of reward. The overcomers of the Church are to be rewarded with glory, honor, immortality, "the Divine nature," and be joint-heirs in the Kingdom as members of the great Messiah. The world is to have no such change of nature from human to spirit, but is to have the earthly nature restored or perfected in them, if obedient, and to enjoy the earthly Eden. Truly God's ways are equal. "True and righteous are Thy ways, Lord God Almighty! Who shall not come and worship before Thee when Thy righteous dealings are made manifest?"—Revelations 15:4.

Humanity's Final Test.

The Church's test takes place in the present life. And in each member thereof the matter of worthiness or unworthiness of eternal life on the spirit plane for all time is determined at death. Not so with humanity in general. As we have just seen, some may live for only a hundred years, and then be cut off in the Second Death, because found unworthy of further opportunity. Others, by availing themselves of the privileges and rendering obedience to the laws of the Kingdom, may live to the very close of the thousand years, and be found unworthy of eternal life. Still others may so fully appreciate Divine Wisdom, Justice, Love and Power and may become so obedient thereto that God will be pleased to grant them eternal life. Their days, their lives, will be far more than the days of a tree.

The world of mankind, at the conclusion of Messiah's reign of righteousness, will have attained again the perfection originally enjoyed by Father Adam. Like him they will be in Eden, which then will be world-wide. Those perfect human beings will be required to stand a test—to demonstrate, to prove their absolute loyalty to God and His righteous laws, as Adam was tried, tested, proven in Eden. As Adam was promised eternal life if his test proved him loyal to his Maker, so his restored race will have before them the offer of eternal life if they shall manifest their obedience satisfactorily.

Outwardly, of course, the whole world will be obedient throughout the entire thousand years, because the reign of righteousness will be so absolute that every good deed will have a reward, and every evil deed will have a punishment, with matters reduced to such a certainty and with the death of the sinner a hundred years old, the whole world would quickly come to a condition of thorough obedience to the Divine requirements. Thus it is written: "Unto Him (Messiah) every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. To the world itself there would probably appear to be no reason why any further tests of loyalty should be imposed. But God seeketh truth in the inward parts, in the heart as well as in the outward life. When Messiah, having accomplished the object of his reign of righteousness shall deliver over the perfect world from his administration of Mercy to the Father's administration of Justice (1 Cor. 15:25-28) the latter will not grant eternal life to the perfected men, but instead will submit them to a test which will determine fully their heart loyalty or disloyalty. None but those who will stand that great test will be allowed to have eternal life—all others will die the Second Death.

Satan Loosed from Prison.

We are not informed of the particulars of the test that will then be applied to mankind. We merely have the figurative declaration that Satan, sin and everything which Satan represents, will be loosed for a little season at the close of Messiah's reign. (Rev. 20:7-10.) The world full of perfected humanity as the sand of the seashore will all be subjected to the test. But how many or what proportion of the whole will prove loyal and what proportion disloyal we are not informed.

All that we know on the subject, and all that is necessary for us to know is that the

trial will be thorough, and just, and that all found faithful will have eternal life, and that all found unfaithful will be counted as followers of Satan and with him will be destroyed in the Second Death. The test which God will apply will be so searching, so thorough, that although his creatures will still be free moral agents, he is able to guarantee that thenceforth "there shall be no more sighing, no more crying, no more dying, because all the former things of sin and death shall have passed away."

God has glorious prospects, therefore, for the non-elect—prospects in which Justice, Wisdom, Love and Power, fully coordinated, will be abundantly manifested and all the families of the earth be blessed. But if these great blessings for the non-elect are to be esteemed, how much more shall those whose eyes and ears are opened appreciate the length and breadth and heighth and depth of the Love of God and His provision of glory, honor and immortality or his elect Church? To all such I give the Apostle's exhortation, Let us make our calling and election sure, by so running the race of life that we may become worthy to attain the crown of life in joint-heirship with our Redeemer—Messiah in His glorious Kingdom.

The Reward, Life—The Punishment, Death.

Not a word is said about the hundred-year-old-sinner being sent to eternal torment, just as there is not a word said in the Bible to the effect that Adam or his children were condemned to eternal torments. The sentence upon Adam which his race shares by heredity was a death sentence. This just but awful penalty has wrought havoc with our race—sickness, sorrow, pain, dying, death.

God's mercy has provided the redemption of Adam and his race through His Son, Who died, the Just for the unjust. The death of Jesus is the price which will eventually secure the release of Adam and all of his posterity from the death sentence and give to them resurrection privileges provided through Messiah's Kingdom reign.

But every one who has been enlightened and brought to a clear knowledge of God and to the opportunities provided for his salvation from sin and death is more responsible for the manner in which he accepts or refuses "the gift of God, eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." As the willful, intelligent sinner in the Church now is sentenced to the Second Death (Rev. 6:6; 10:28-31), so, our text tells us, it will be with the masses of mankind during the Millennial Age. If they willfully reject reconciliation to God, they will die the Second Death. God has provided a redemption and recovery from the first death, but assures us that the Second Death will be an eternal one.

Electrocution.

Instant death from electric shock will be the method of electrocuting of such willful sinners during the Millennium, and not hanging nor decapitation. Thus it was that in olden times two of Aaron's sons, having violated their relationship with God, and having disobeyed him, were smitten to death. Fire from the Lord smote them—an electric flash. We may be sure that torture will not be needlessly inflicted on such. They will lose everything, but will not be tortured. Stripes or punishments, chastisements, are sometimes used of the Lord, but always in a reformatory manner. "He chasteneth every son whom He receiveth." He chastens none others—none for whom the hope of chastising would accomplish no blessing. Such will be smitten down in the Second Death.

MY STEPMOTHER

BY PAULINE BROWNING DYKES

Author of "The Mormon Girl"

I HAD BEEN absent from home for the greater part of four years, attending an Eastern college, where I had just finished a course in law. My mother had died more than a year previous to my entering the college, and my father still kept up the old home, with the assistance of the old house-keeper, more for its old associations, and his love for home than anything else—for I was the only child. I was now 24 years of age, and as full of the joy of living, and as fond of enjoying myself as the average young man; and my mirror told me that nature had dealt generously with me, bestowing upon me my full share of favors. My father was always kind and considerate with me, and after my mother was gone, we became all in all to each other.

One evening, about a week after my return from college, as I came home rather late, and bounding up two steps at a time, I noticed a light still burning in the library, as I was passing through the hall. I thrust my head in at the door, and glanced in. My father sat with the evening paper across his knee, as if waiting for me. He saw me, and before I could withdraw, he called out: "Come in, my son; I've a little matter I wish to talk over with you."

I stepped in obediently, but rather reluctantly, and wondering what the "little matter" might be, half-fearing a little curtain lecture on some of my short-comings. I stood waiting, with hat in hand.

"Sit down, my son," he said, as he picked up a box of Havanas, and passed it to me, taking one out for himself. I breathed a little easier, took out a cigar, threw my hat on a chair, and made myself comfortable in an easy chair. I lit my cigar from the light father offered, and watched him light his. I sat looking inquiringly at him, but he seemed somewhat nervous and ill-at-ease, and in no hurry to discuss the "little matter." He studied his cigar longer and closer than was necessary, I thought, and I wondered more and more what the "little matter" might be. He looked up through the rings of smoke, and finally he said, as if talking to the ceiling: "My son, I'm going to be married to——"

"Jerusalem! Not to-night, I hope?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, no, but sometime next month." And he grew more talkative and ready to discuss the subject, now that he had "broken the ice."

"To whom did you say? Any one I—"

"No, you have never met her. Her name is Charlotte Ferrar, of this city, but she is not at home at present. She will return in about a week or ten days, then I will take you to see her."

I felt somewhat stunned and not altogether pleased at this bit of news. It had never occurred to me that father would ever get married again; we were so much to each other, and I thought that I would be the one. "You will feel better about it when you have met her; she is just the nicest little lady you ever met, and I know you cannot help loving her when you meet her."

I felt injured and sad, though I could not have told why. Why should father not marry again? He was still comparatively young, and sometime I might do the same thing, and he would be left alone again, and living alone is not the jolliest thing in the world. I would not hurt his feelings for the world, so I arose to go, wishing to be alone to think the matter over, and have it out with myself.

"Wait a moment, Will; there is another matter I wish to speak to you about. I have another letter here about that place at Alameda. I cannot get away at pres-

ent, for Benson is away, and I am very busy, for I want to get away early next month. Suppose you take a run up there and see to it? You are not particularly busy at present, are you?"

"No. I'll go up and see to it for you. Give me the letter. I'm off on the morning train. Good-night."

"Good-night, and thank you, my son," and he took my hand and laid his other hand across my shoulders in his old, loving way.

I was glad, too, for an excuse to be away from father for a few days, or until I could accustom myself to the idea of having to receive a step-mother, and to get control of myself again.

* * * *

I had been at Alameda and San Francisco for about a fortnight, taking in the sights and pleasures of San Francisco, after having transacted the business for father satisfactorily, and concluded to go back to Los Angeles by steamer. We steamed out of the Golden Gate, and I stood leaning on the rail, watching the city as it faded from our view. Soon my attention was caught and held by a pretty, girlish figure, sitting alone and gazing wistfully out upon the expanse of water, while a book lay unnoticed in her lap. A long white veil had been pushed back, and was fluttering and waving gaily in the breeze. She looked lonesome and sad, I thought, and I wondered if she was leaving some loved one behind. I noticed, too, that I was not the only one whose attention was centered upon her, for other young men were gazing with admiration —but she heeded not the admiring glances. I was suddenly filled with resentment at their laughter, light talk and glances, trying to attract her attention; and I wished earnestly for an opportunity to make her acquaintance, that I might protect her, which soon came, and in a most unexpected manner. The breeze suddenly wrested the fluttering veil from its fastenings, and carried it across the deck, and wrapped it securely across my eyes, and around my neck, completely blind-folding me. It was such a soft, flimsy affair that I was afraid of tearing or ruining it, and I struggled in vain to free myself from its soft caresses, while the offending young men giggled and shouted with glee; when a soft voice at my elbow said: "Pardon me; let me extricate you from these fetters," and two small, soft hands crept around my neck, sending a thrill through me at every touch, and soon holding the fractious veil in their possession; and two sparkling eyes smiled merrily into mine.

"Now, let me place the 'fetters' on you, where they belong," I said, taking the veil from the little white hands, and arranging it around her white sailor hat in automobile style, as artistically as any lady could—though not so quickly, perhaps; while the young men looked on enviously. We sat down and were soon deeply interested in each other. We were both surprised to find that the home of each was in Los Angeles. "I shall be so glad to be at home again; I have not been home since the holidays," she said. "And I have been home only about a week, since last September, and have been home only about two months in each year for the last four years; but I am home to stay now," I said.

We sat out on the deck talking until about nine o'clock that evening, and as she arose to go to the cabin: "May I have the pleasure of your company at breakfast in the morning?" I asked.

"I shall be very glad of your company, for I know no one on the boat. I'll meet you at the door of stateroom No. 10. Good-night," and she smiled sweetly as she disappeared down the stairs.

I turned to take a little stroll around the deck, and to think of her, of every word she had said, every smile, every glance. My heart was in a strange commotion. I knew I had met my ideal woman, that she was my choice among all; and I believed that I had made a favorable impression on her. Suddenly I came upon something white, lying near where we had sat. I seized it eagerly, thinking it might be her handkerchief or something she had lost. It was a letter. I held it to the light, then gave a start as I read, "Miss Charlotte Ferrar, Berkeley, California." I gave a prolonged whistle, and exclaimed, "Gee whizz! My stepmother!" The writing was in a bold, manly hand-writing, but it was not my father's. I gazed at it with a strange tumult of feelings, of which disappointment, disapproval and jealousy formed a prominent part; yes,

I was jealous of my own father. What right had he to select this beautiful young girl—this queen among women? I felt that if it had been any other woman on earth but this one, I could have forgiven him, and become reconciled—nay, I could have received her gladly; but this one—to be my step-mother!—— Then I looked again at the writing and grew resentful at her apparent double-dealing with my father. What right had she to correspond with other men now? And had she not led me on and encouraged me, also? How could I go to my father now? Our relations would be more strained than they would have been had I not left for a few days. I wished I had not taken this trip. The friendly, affectionate relations between my father and me could never be resumed. I spent a restless, miserable night, but I went to keep my appointment, and to escort her to breakfast. I kept up appearances as best I could, but I fear I was anything but a pleasant companion. After breakfast I accompanied her up on deck. We sat silently gazing out on the waste of water, and she gave furtive glances toward me from time to time as if trying to fathom the change in me. Finally she said, without looking away from the water: "Some people are like the ocean, do you not think so?"

"In what way, do you think?"

"Well, some are subject to moods, and are changeable as the tides," with a furtive glance at me.

"The ocean is also deep, deceptive and dangerous," I answered, looking boldly at her, but the thrust missed its mark, for she did not look up, but answered quietly: "But the ocean is safest where it is deepest, is it not?"

I was exasperated at her diplomacy, and did not answer, and she continued: "You seem somewhat displeased this morning. Have I offended you in any way?"

"Your name is Miss Charlotte Ferrar?" I paused for an answer, half-expecting, and wishing with all my heart, to hear a denial.

"Yes; how did you know?"

"By this," producing her letter. "You dropped it here last night——"

"Oh, thank you," taking it eagerly and slipping it into the bosom of her dress. "I missed it, and wondered where I had left it. But is that what has displeased you so—to know who I am?"

I frowned a disapproval, and said in rather a stern voice: "My name is Birrett—William Birrett," and I watched her face narrowly, but she only said: "Oh," and bowed slightly, and smiled up at me archly, as if acknowledging an introduction.

"Miss Ferrar, you are a diplomat. You ask if you have offended me. Permit me to ask if you think it becoming in a young lady who is to be married so soon to correspond with other gentlemen, and to—encourage others?"

"To be married soon?" opening her eyes in wonder.

"Yes, I am well acquainted with the man you are going to marry. I have known him all my life. His name is William Birrett."

"Is that so?" and her eyes grew still wider.

"Yes, and it is in his interest, and in the interest of our good name that I speak to you as I do."

"Undoubtedly, you are a very singular young man."

"And you are to be married next month," I said, ignoring her remark.

"Do you think so? I do not understand you."

"Oh, you know well enough what I am alluding to, and I feel that I have a right to speak plainly to you, inasmuch as we are to live under the same roof in the future."

"Mr.—Birrett, are you trying to—propose to me?" she faltered.

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed, and paused helplessly, wringing my hands. Blushes and a look of embarrassment quickly spread over her face. She broke into a musical laugh, and I arose, and walked quickly away, and out of her sight.

I avoided her until dinner was announced, when I stepped up to her, offering my company at dinner. She accepted smilingly. After dinner I escorted her to her door and withdrew. I kept her in sight without her seeing me, for most of the rest of the journey. When we reached our destination, I came gallantly to her side, took her cloak from her, picked up her suitcase, and escorted her from the boat, and saw her comfortably seated in

the train bound for Los Angeles, lifted my hat to her, bidding her "Good-bye," and left the car.

* * * *

One evening, a few days after my return from San Francisco, father and I stepped into the auto for a little spin out to the beach. We had avoided the subject of his approaching marriage since my return, confining ourselves to business. I took the wheel, and as we started off, father said, "My son, I would like to have you meet my—fiancee, and we might call there now, as it is right on our way. She has returned home and would like to see you."

"Please excuse me, father; I'd rather not." I glanced into his face, and it was full of pain and anxiety, and I was glad to keep my eyes riveted on the road before us, for I pitied him.

"My son, you must not feel that way. You do not know how it hurts me," and he laid his hand over my shoulder in his old way.

"But I have met her, father."

"Why, how can that be?"

"I chanced to meet her on my way home and I do not approve of her."

"What! Why, she is the nicest little lady—— What possible objection can you have——"

"Please do not ask me, father; she may be all you say, but I had rather not discuss her."

"And you cannot approve of her?" still trying to solve the problem.

"Not as your wife!"

He looked sharply at me, and sighed. Just at that moment, I saw two ladies directly in our road in front of us. I slowed down, and as they turned their faces toward us, I recognized Miss Ferrar as one of them. The other was a handsome lady, some few years her senior, and not quite as tall as Miss Ferrar. Father recognized them at about the same time that I did, and we both lifted our caps.

"Stop a moment, Will," said father quickly. I obeyed, and he jumped out, and walking up to the ladies, he shook hands cordially with the elder one, bowing slightly to the younger.

"Mr. Birrett, this is my daughter Lottie, of whom you have heard me speak. She has just returned from Berkeley, where she has been attending school," said the elder lady, while I looked from one to the other in consternation for a moment, then jumped out and joined them.

"Mrs. Ferrar, this is my son Will, of whom you have heard so much—Mrs. Charlotte Ferrar," said my father. I took her hand and muttered something about being glad to meet her, which but faintly expressed my pleasure, for I was fairly beside myself with joy. "And this is Miss Lottie Ferrar, who is to be your little sister."

"Not by a——" I muttered to myself, and continued: "Miss Ferrar,"—but I must have looked as I felt—a happy, blundering idiot, for she broke into a merry, silvery peal of laughter as she looked at me, and I was obliged to join in with her. (Her mother had told her of her approaching marriage to Mr. William Birrett the evening she arrived home, and she understood the situation at once.)

"Lottie—for I may call you Lottie now?—can you ever forgive me for my unpardonable rudeness," I began again.

"Well, yes," she answered quickly, "for am I not going to be a good little sister to you?"

"Not for very long, if I can help myself," I answered, and glanced at father, who looked from one to another with a foolish, happy smile, as if searching for the solution of the puzzle, and I thought, "There's a pair of us."

"Let's all take a ride," suggested father, to which we all agreed.

"Wouldn't you like to know who that letter was from?" whispered Lottie, as we spun along the road.

"Well, yes—but it doesn't matter much now," I answered.

"Oh, doesn't it?" she said, archly; then, after a pause, "Well, that letter contained a check for $25 which I won at a contest."

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

An interesting tale of pioneer days is told in "Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast," by one, who, with his parents and three other children, made the trip to California around Cape Horn in 1849. It describes not only the conditions of those days, but the people and the notable men and women who ventured to the new Land of Promise. Bret Harte, Edwin Markham, Noah Brooks, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, Edwin Booth, Garibaldi, "Emperor Norton," and many other notables, are among those whose characters are described.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York. $1.20 net.

Dr. A. Per Lee Pease has produced in book form, under the title "Winter Wanderings," a compendium of a series of articles previously written for the Pittsburg Dispatch, descriptive of his experiences in four consecutive winter trips abroad, during which he visited Abyssinia, Samoa, Java, Japan, the Philippines, Australia, and several South American countries. It is an entertaining volume, very instructive, and gives many glimpses of life and conditions in those countries not found in most books of travel. It is well-illustrated in half-tones, from photographs taken during Dr. Pease' travels.

Cochrane Publishing Company, New York.

An extremely well-written, interesting and valuable book is "Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest," in which Katharine B. Judson has gathered some choice specimens of old Indian legends. It is well illustrated, and gives the origins of many items of Indian folk-lore and customs even now in vogue among the red man.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago and San Francisco.

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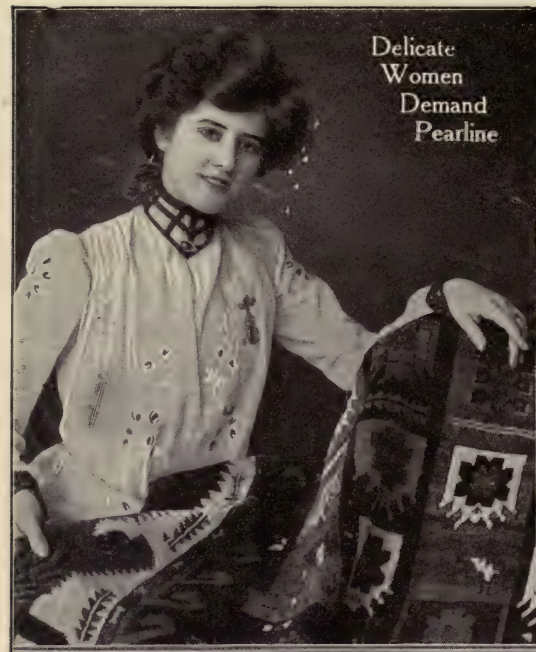


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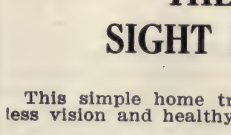
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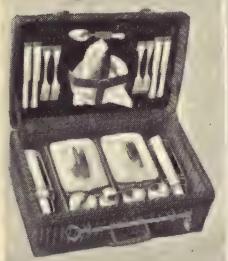


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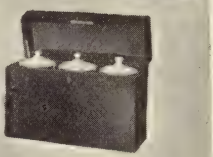
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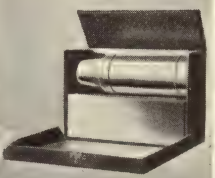
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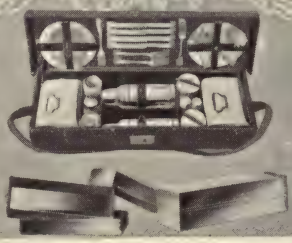


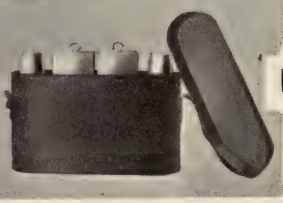












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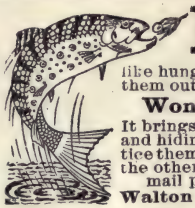
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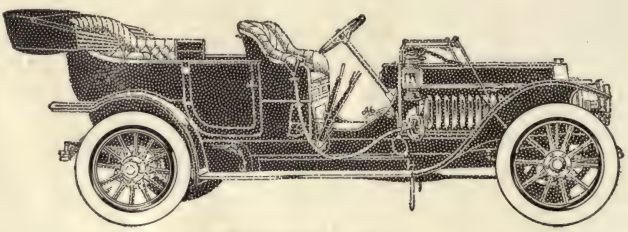
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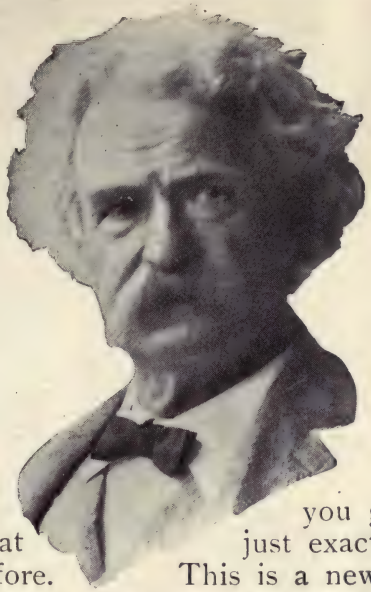
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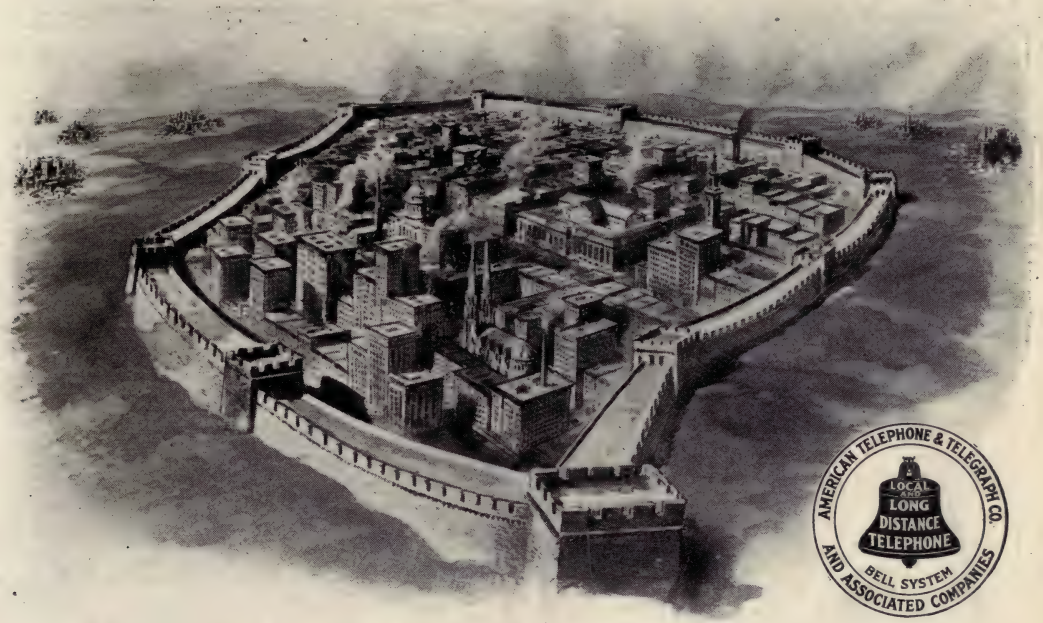
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An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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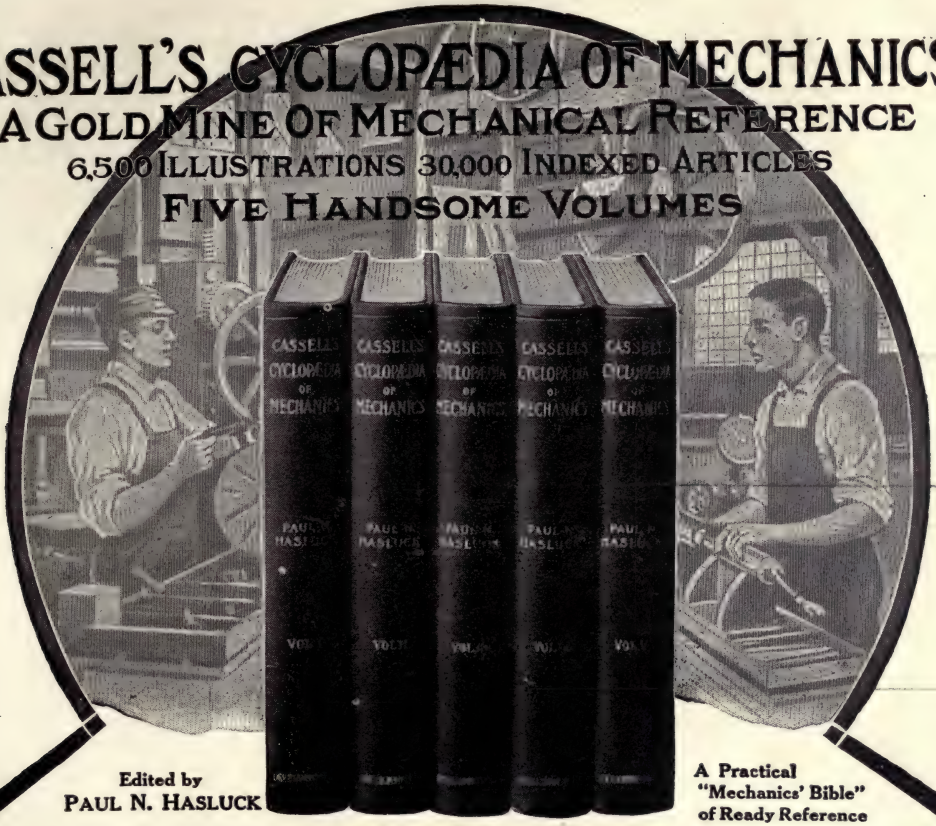
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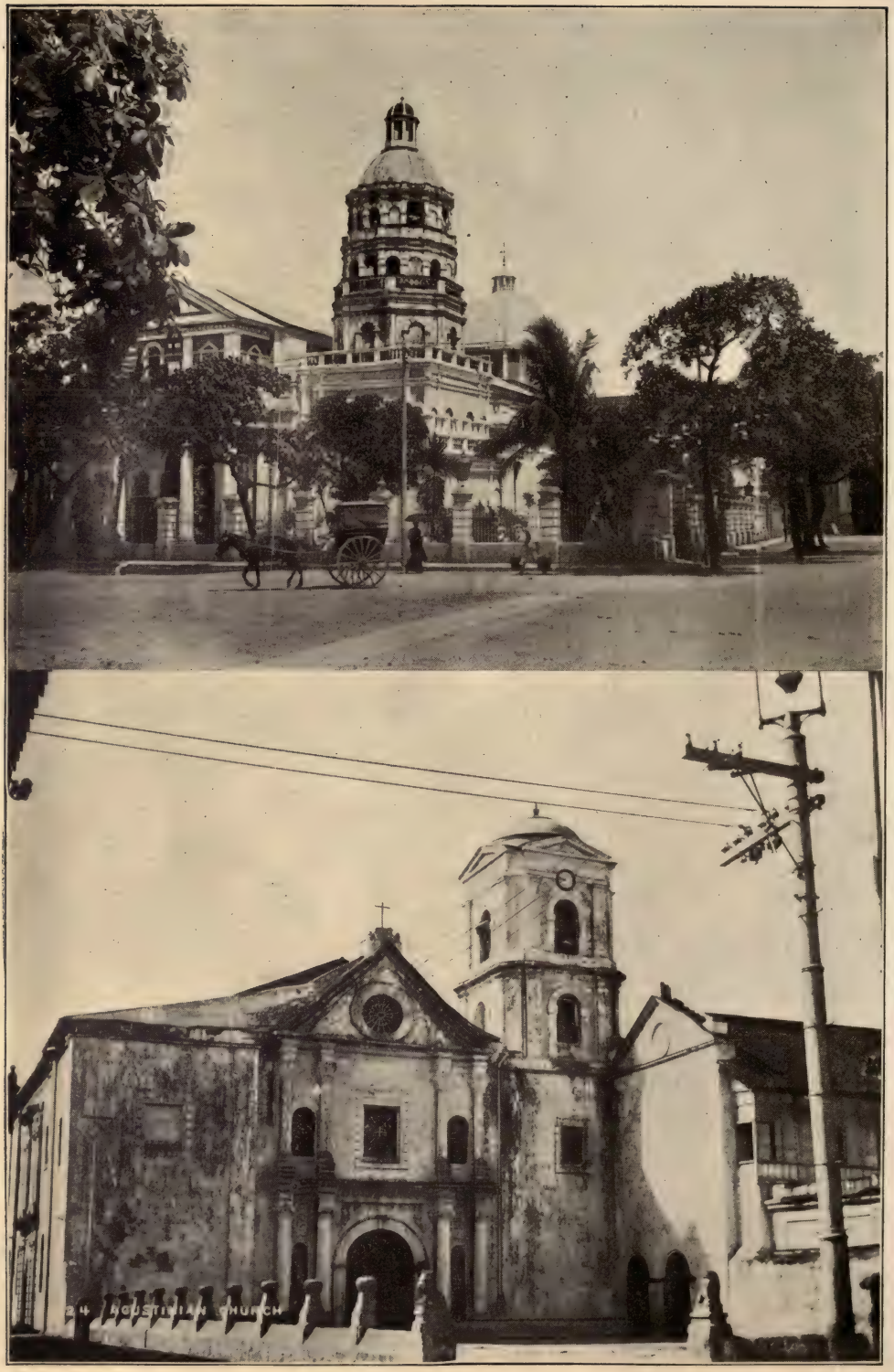
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Interior of the Catholic Cathedral.



1. Santa Cruz Church, located in the heart of New Manila.
2. Augustinian Church, walled city, the oldest in the islands, built A. D. 1500.

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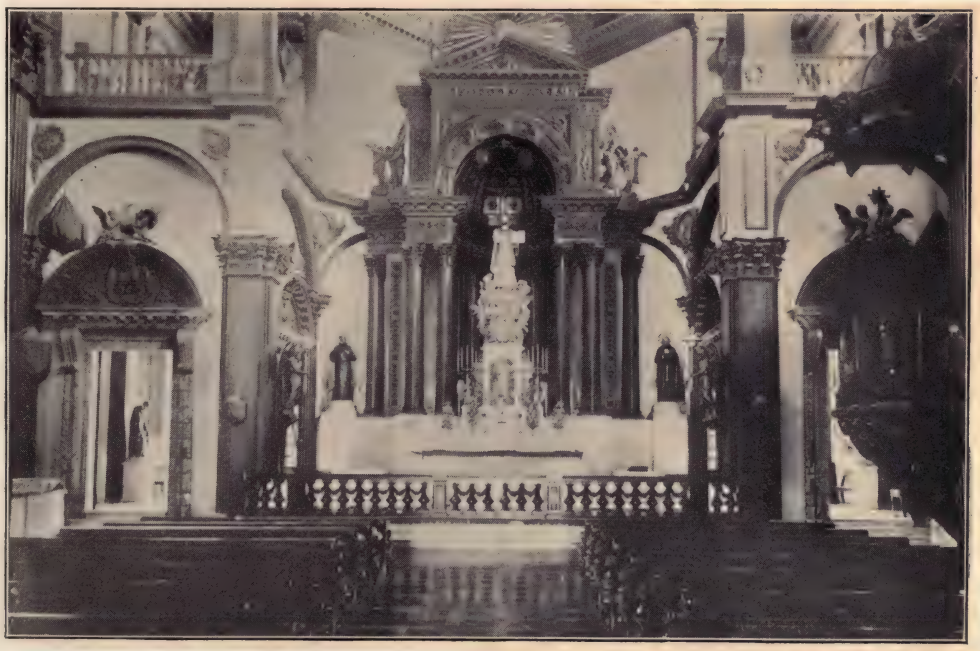
MANILA'S CHURCHES

BY R. M. WOOLLEY

(Probably nowhere under the American flag is Holy Week celebrated with so much elaboration and imposing effect as in Manila. The following article describes and illustrates well the character of the churches there, some of which were built centuries ago.—EDITOR.)

MANILA, known as a city of bridges, is far more famous as a city of churches. Few cities, if any, of equal size, can boast of as many places of worship, even excluding the numerous convents and monasteries. Furthermore, the quality of the structures is commensurate with the quantity. The older churches are rich in history and architecture. A large majority of these are to be found within the walls of the old town, known as the Walled City. The distance separating them is limited, owing to the small, cramped area of this medieval part of the city. All are within easy walking distance of any of the numerous gates of the walls.

Much time is spent each year by tourists



Interior of Jesuits' Church.



Plaza McKinley entrance, Catholic Cathedral.

and, indeed, residents themselves in examining the beauties and treasures of the staunch old buildings. To the student especially they present a most fascinating and interesting field of research. They have, individually and collectively, been the subjects of many books written by appreciative Spaniards and Americans, some of the latter of whom were missionaries representing our own denominations.

The oldest church in the city stands at the corner of Calles Palacio and Real, Walled City. Here the priests of the San Agustin Order dedicated its first building, June 24, 1571. Two years later the massive structure was completely destroyed by fire. The present building arose from the ruins. The huge task of rebuilding it was undertaken in the year 1599 by Antonio Herrera, a son of the Spanish architect of the Escurial. The building has since withstood all the severe earthquake shocks, many of which have proved the ruin of other fine buildings. Within this church lie the remains of the justly famous discoverers, Salcedo and Legaspi, whose genius and indomitable wills wrought much of Spain's early history.

Next in point of antiquity among the Catholic churches is probably that of the Recoletos Order. It stands at the south end of Calle Cabildo, and was completed early in the seventeenth century. Its striking feature is found in the great corner tower, a work of wonderful symmetrical beauty and massive strength.

Of all the places of worship in the entire Philippines, the Cathedral is, undoubtedly, the most famous shrine. It stands between Calles Cabildo and Palacio, fronting on Plaza McKinley, and occupying a whole square. The present Cathedral, the successor of no less than four, all of which were destroyed by fire and earthquake, is a quarter of a century old. The architecture is Byzantine. It has nine main entrances, three large chapels, several domes, and the choir and organ are situated in the middle of the nave. Seven years were required to complete the present building. The confessionals, altars, shrines and all interior finish is of the finest native hardwoods, hand-carved.

While externally not so imposing as many of its companions, the church of



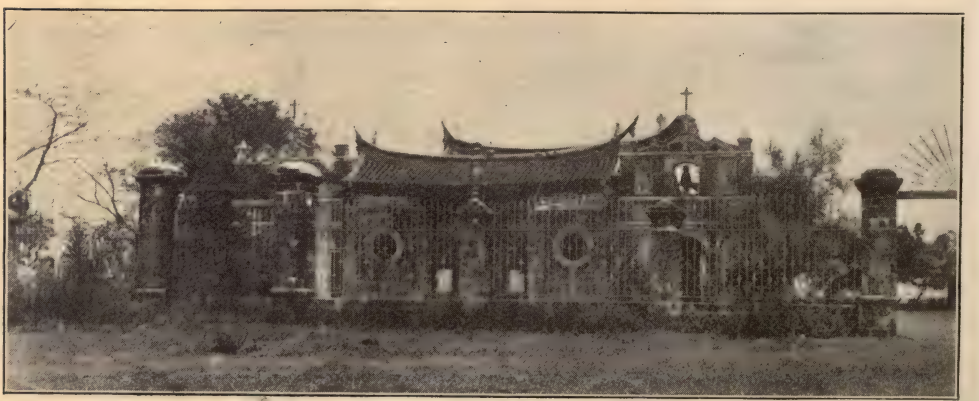
Episcopal Cathedral of St. Mary and St. John, built by Americans.



Santo Domingo Church, illuminated during Holy Week.

St. Ignatius, on Calle Arzobispo, presents a great deal that is beautiful. The exterior, destitute of architectural comeliness, is more than atoned for by the interior work of decoration, which is, indeed, graceful. The scheme is wrought in carved molave, and the beautifully graven pulpit is perhaps one of the most beautiful in the world. It cost alone more than $2,500 in the old Spanish days when labor was cheap. Nowadays an American priest is usually in attendance.

The Santo Domingo Church, a stately Gothic structure, and one of the largest in the city, is well worth traveling miles to see, even if one beholds nothing but its grandly carved doors. The interior is flooded with a religious atmosphere which impresses all visitors—that mystic something which seems to hover about the



Chinese Catholic chapel and cemetery.



San Sebastian Church, commonly known as "the steel church," because it was built of steel shipped from Europe.



Gate leading into the walled city, showing moat as it was before being filled in by the Americans, and an old church beyond the wall.

saintly edifice. Its sacristy contains many objects of interest; its images are bedecked profusely in silken robes overladen with jewels fit for a prince. The mellow tinge of time lends a halo to everything.

The convents and monasteries attached to the churches are veritable treasure houses of century-old relics, for the possession of which the antiquarian might reasonably be expected to sell his birthright. Old volumes of the Middle Ages, original manuscripts and paintings almost obliterated by time decorate the stone walls.

Outside the walls of Intramuros, the Spanish name for the Walled City, are located many churches, among which are those constructed by Protestant denominations since American occupation. While the Catholic churches and chapels situated in the new city aggregate, perhaps, nearly one hundred, few of them compare in size or grandeur to the older ones in the old town.

The San Sebastian Church, locally known as "the steel church," is, without doubt, the most conspicuous church in Manila. Its towers, of which there are two, are the highest in the city, and may be seen from all quarters as well as from ships far out in the bay. It is said that Commodore Dewey sent an officer to ascend them that he might observe the effect of the squadron's fire during the siege of Manila. This church is built entirely of steel plates made and fitted in Europe. It is especially designed to resist fire and earthquake.

The Tondo Church, located in the tenement quarter, is the largest building of the kind in that densely populated community. Connected with it are many of the most vital and historic events pertaining to the church and the former Government in the Philippines. Its old walls and scarred towers have witnessed some stirring times.

The Santa Cruz church occupies an important corner in the heart of the business center of the new town. It sits at the Eastern end of the Escolta, Manila's Broadway. Its massive domes and towers and its picturesque surroundings give it prominence among the landmarks of the city. Its old organ is one of the most interesting specimens of the kind to be found anywhere.

The most imposing Protestant edifice is the Episcopal Cathedral of Saint Mary and Saint John, built not long since in the American district of Ermita under the direction of Bishop Brent. It is a handsome building of stone and concrete, costing in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The Methodist Episcopal Church occupies a site at the corner of Calles Nozaleda and San Luis, in Ermita. While not imposing in size and style, the little building is, nevertheless, roomy, comfortable, and becomingly built. A chapel of this denomination is maintained in the Santa Cruz district, where services in the native tongue are held regularly.

The Presbyterian Church is a recently constructed building of concrete and stone. It, too, is located in Ermita. This church, with its roof garden, represents the more modern style of church architecture as we know it in this country. It presents in some ways a handsome appearance beside the older specimens.



ESCAPES FROM UNCLE SAM'S OWN DEVIL'S ISLAND

Lonely Islet in the Pacific Where the Hardened Criminals of Army are Hidden Away

BY FELIX J. KOCH

JUST AT THE TIME that the news of the complete justification of Dreyfus, the famous prisoner of France's *Isle du Diable*, had spread over the world, and congratulations were being showered upon the French army-officer, there came the story from our own Pacific Coast of another attempt to escape from our own Devil's Island, that military prison of the United States on the rock of Alcatraz, from which egress without a formal permit it has hitherto been considered impossible, and from which prisoners have tried to escape, but in vain.

Alcatraz lies out in the Bay of San Francisco, a mere jutting peak of solid rock, inaccessible without permit from the Commandant, and to be entered, as at Gibraltar, only by tunnels and serpentines, and circled round with palings from which rise the stockaded sentry-boxes, and no end of guards. In fact, Alcatraz is an Isle du Diable in miniature, and sentences to it are held as being the most severe that a court-martial can inflict.

It remained, however, for a long-sentence prisoner at Alcatraz to enact the cleverest forgery the United States Government has yet known, and to carry out the most consummate example of nerve of which there is record anywhere in our official files.

To realize just what was involved in such plot, it is necessary to understand the situation and nature of the island—in short, to make a little journey to the prison peak in the bay of San Francisco.

It is not a long ride to Alcatraz. Before you know it, the Government steamer draws up at the little wharf—a dock bristling with guards and soldiers in blue, and above them all, the officer of the day, of Alcatraz, resplendent in khaki uniform.

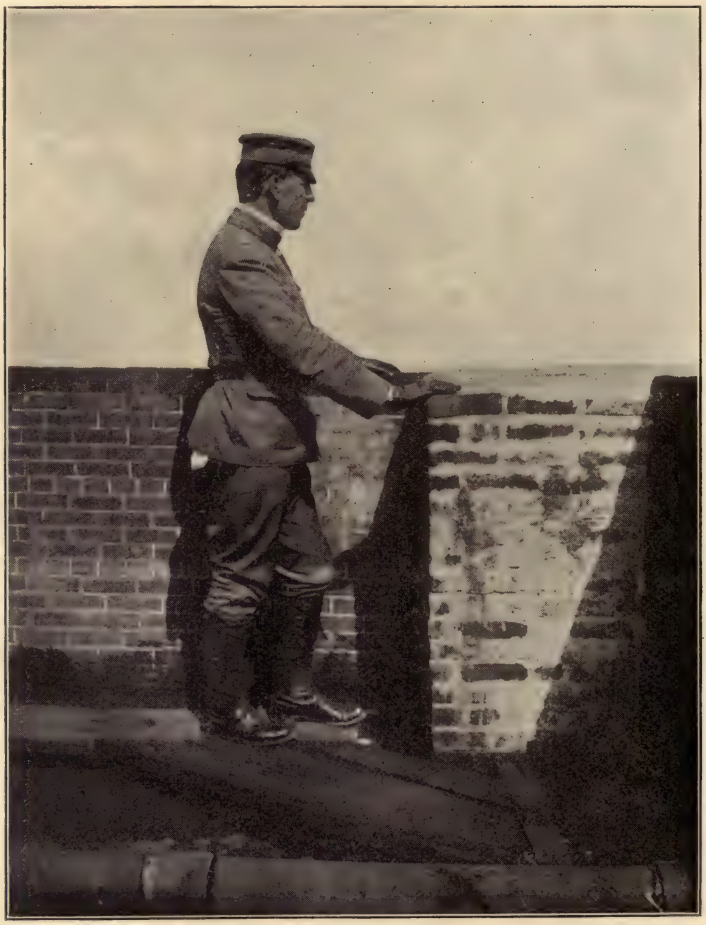
It reminds one of pictures of White Russia, and along the trans-Baikal routes. Two army mules and an old-fashioned wagonette, waiting to convey the newcomer up the mountain-side, some Indians at work beneath the watchful eye of a patrol, another large new barracks for the troops in charge, being built almost at the shore, and above all, the hill of green, with the stockade and the gallery, along which still other sentries take their ceaseless course. Still higher up, there is another building—stern and penitential, in its air, to add the crowning touch to the picture.

There is no parting of the ways at Alcatraz. You do as you are bidden at the dock. Into the wagonette, and up a steep winding hill—such as Gibraltar prides herself in possessing—through a tunnel, beneath the new barracks, and then on, up the heights to headquarters. You are tempted to take notes of this road to prison, but you hardly dare. There are guards everywhere. What if you be taken for a spy—by these?

You are already imbibing the local color of the island. One guard recalls the time, not long since, when there were but 250 prisoners on the island. Another refers to the year 1902, when it is reported that the number rose to five hundred, owing to the war with Spain, and the consequent mustering out of the volunteers. Eighteen months, then, was the average term of committment, though three men received life penalty for desertion to the enemy at that time. Since the opening of the prison, in the year 1852, very nearly every crime known to the category of

army misdemeanor has been recorded here —everything, in fact, from drunkenness on guard, for which one may receive six months or a year, on upward. Petty larceny, strange to say, is one of the most frequent causes for confinement at Alcatraz. Then, too, Alcatraz is not without

At 5:40 in the morning an electric gong calls to the day's work. Then there is the daily verification, each prisoner standing forth before his cell, to prove his presence. It seems foolish, but there have been escapes even from Alcatraz, and the driver tells of how the fogs almost envelop the

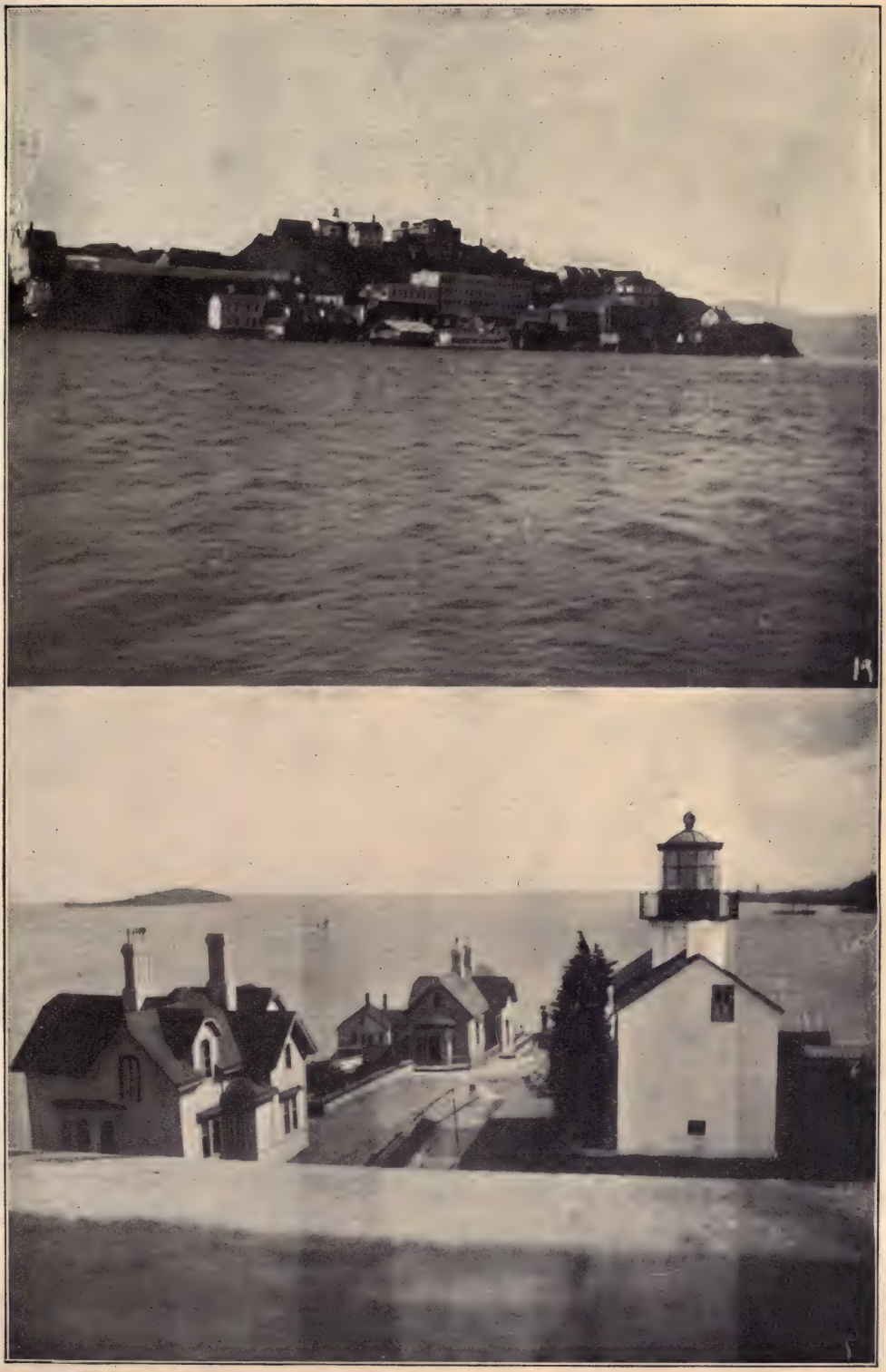


The Officer of the Day.

variety. Men are sent here from as far south as New Mexico, and north to Omaha —while St. Louis, or Hawaii, or even the Philippines are the other boundaries.

Prison life, too, is a constant topic of conversation, when there is a new-comer in the wagonette.

island in the night, and how, on one such night a row-boat came close in, prepared to carry off a prisoner as per arrangement in a cipher letter the man must have received. Skillful, indeed, must that cipher have been, and concocted before the imprisonment, for all mail at Alcatraz is in-



1. Alcatraz Island from the bay.
2. San Francisco bay from the parapet. Lighthouse in foreground.



The Sergeant of the Guard.

spected before it reaches those within the stockades.

The uniform of Alcatraz, as these men line up, is one sufficient in itself to mark them as folks apart. It is practically a soldier's suit, dyed brown, and there is a heavy P., for prisoner, stamped on the back, that he who *runs* may read, and be read, by all whom he may chance to pass.

Prisoners here are of three classes. On arrival, a man is put in the second class, and if his conduct be exemplary, he is advanced to the first, and may be recommended to the Secretary of War for a reprieve or a shortening of his sentence. In the third class, on the other hand, the disorderly and vicious men are set, and to them harder tasks are assigned. While employed at these, they do not earn good conduct time, as it is called, by means of which all save life-prisoners can earn five days off of every thirty to which they have been condemned.

For breakfast at Alcatraz there is mush and coffee and bread (butterless, obviously), and potatoes, too, are added. At 6:30 the men line up, and by seven, work has begun. Everywhere there are guards, preventing escape where it might be contemplated, and also serving as perpetual safeguards against such possibility as mutiny.

As to the ages of the prisoners, the men one sees employed on the buildings and about the roads, will vary anywhere from twenty-one to forty-five, or even fifty.

Until noon, when there is luncheon as per regulation army rations, and then again until 4:30 in the afternoon, the prisoners are kept at their several tasks. At 5:15 supper is served, and from it they retire (under dire penalty for disobedience to such rule) to within the stockade. Many of them make their way into the cells. There are 152 of these chambers in the so-called "old prison" alone, and four companies of infantry see to it that no stranger bothers their sleep.

It is this dull routine of prison life that drives men to set their brains on edge to

one point only, and that—escape.

If necessity be the mother of invention, necessity is certainly abundant enough on Alcatraz to exercise the keenest human brain, if it would get away from the little peak.

To see the prisoner in his cell is to get to the kernel of the island, and to realize the boundless hope that can alone inspire any man to try to regain liberty from thence.

In company with a commissioned officer, you climb the hill to a great stockade, surrounding the prison-yard, and in itself enclosed by a sort of gallery from sentry-house to sentry-house, from which the sentinels patrol. Beyond this high white fencing several buildings seem to rise, whetting the curiosity of the visitor.

You climb onto the stockade, twelve and a half feet high, you are told, and look down on the prison yard. They are only eighty feet over the sea down there, but they might as well be eight thousand. Just below us is a ditch, twenty-eight feet across and guarded by four patrols in the day-time and three at night. That constitutes the "dead line."

Over the moat is the main prison building, a great two-story frame, set with small windows, one window to every two men in the cells. There, however, comes the next safeguard. The sentry on the balcony just behind has charge of the gate opening into the division, and is held accountable for who passes through.

Only a commissioned officer can give the "open sesame" to enter the yard below. From the sentry-box at one side, the lever operating the gate, a speaking tube extends to the sergeant of the guard, so that the slightest suspicion of the sentinel may be verified.

If one follows the balcony along, he will look down on a second paved court and store-room, and can pass on to the dungeon entry.

Not even for the instant that it requires to take a photograph will this point be left unguarded, and the call of the sergeant of the guard to replace the lone picket while he poses in the picture, is



A sentry on post.



The "dead line" and sentries' beat.

taken up from guard to guard, with dramatic vigor, until, dim and echoed by the penitentiary walls, it reaches the keeper of the prison, the sergeant of the guard.

Everywhere, as one passes, the prisoners stand erect at attention, arms folded before them, while the guards present arms. Beyond, you can see the peak with a lighthouse and the officers' homes, and the American flag, symbol of liberty, but to this one acre of American soil, liberty does not apply. A sergeant, with keys at his belt, accompanies you into the prison mess halls, the heart of Alcatraz!

To right and left on the floor of stone, bare wooden tables and stools are set, a tin-can at each place. Curiously enough, at one end of the room there is a stage, and there, perhaps once a year, a play is given, the play the product of some prisoner.

They serve you coffee here, at the heart of Alcatraz, and over the steaming cup, Captain Humphreys, the genial Officer of the Day, tells of the escape from Alcatraz.

"I have delayed the telling until here," he explains, as one's eyes drink in the air of the prison, "that you might appreciate all the more the magnitude of the undertaking, the escape from Alcatraz.

"It is now a little over five years ago that there was perpetrated on Alcatraz the most skillfully planned escape known to all army circles, probably. The plan was founded on the ruling that through the headquarters of the department, and through the garrison headquarters, a prisoner may put in an application for leniency, and be allowed to quit the island and leave, the sentence not completely served. This, of course, is only done in cases of exceptionally good conduct and the like.

"There is comparatively little for the men to do on Alcatraz, except when building is going on, and so, after a month and a half on the island a prisoner becomes a 'trusty,' and is assigned such tasks as may arise.

"Certain among these men, for instance,



1. Government steamboat to island.

2. Prisoners unloading cargo.

are given charge of certain papers, and among them our hero was once counted.

"Quite a number of these men, it must be recalled, are very bright, and not a few are graduates of institutions of advanced learning.

"They then become practically *clerks* in the prison-office.

"There were four in the plot—the head of the *coterie* the chief printer of the island, likewise a prisoner. Together, these men found the time to draw up and print an official paper, such as is used by the officers in the city, when filing the prisoner's applications for leniency, and to this they duplicated the signature of the commanding officer at Alcatraz.

"The documents bore all manner of splendid reasons for executive clemency, and one and all of them written as though they were the recommendations of the commandant of the prison island.

"This paper, then, the *coterie* managed to slip into the prison mail-bag, by reason of their duties in the office, and over the bay to San Francisco it went, undetected.

"First to Department Headquarters, then from bureau to bureau, and finally up to the Department Commander, the little papers made their way. There, seeing the strong recommendations of the island Governor, the Commandant approved them, and ordered the release of the men.

"Back, then, to the place of their fabrication, came the orders for pardon, and to the headquarters at Alcatraz. From island headquarters, re-approved, to the prison office they went, bearing the orders to set the men free.

"A soldier's first duty is to obey orders, without question, and the men were set free at once by the prison officer.

"As is the custom in the army prisons, each of the men was given a suit of civilian clothing, hat, shoes and underwear, and a check for five dollars.

"Then they were put on the little boat, taken to San Francisco and released, despite the fact that some of them still had three or even four years to serve.

"Hardly arrived at the Golden Gate city, however, their nerve spurred them on to still greater things.

"The original forger in the affair proceeded to duplicate the signature of the quartermaster of the department to four checks, $125 in all, placing on the checks the reasons for which they were issued—such as extra work out of prison hours, and the like, and knowing the forms to be employed, secured the money on the lot in the city without a jog.

"Meantime, however, the fraud was discovered on the island. A sentry, in a friendly way, asked the Commandant of Alcatraz why these prisoners, of all others, had been approved for release. The Commandant at once denied the recommendation. The inquiry caused the Major to communicate with the prison office, for the production of the papers or some such procedure. Suffice it to say, the Commandant found his autograph forged, and immediately communicated with the San Francisco police. The craving for liquor grows strong with prisoners on the island when long abstaining from it, and so three, and perhaps all the men, went to the grog-shop first of all. Three of them, however, knew when they had enough, and after imbibing freely, fled. The fourth had been arrested for drunkenness on the street. His identity became known, and he was returned to Alcatraz, where he has now an additional forgery charge to serve.

"As for the others, they have never been found."

We pass on into the new barracks, in course of erection by the prisoners on one slope of the mountain, and the great blocks of cement and gravel and concrete, set in a sort of Italian tenement style, in a position that again recalls the British stronghold on the Mediterranean, gives evidence of the hard work done on the island.

Four companies of from 128 to 130 men are to be accommodated by this new building, and four floors and a basement are contemplated.

For labor such as this, prisoners are brought in squads of ten or fourteen men, from different posts around the bay, heavily handcuffed, and set to work for Uncle Sam on the Island.

A sentence to this isle for twenty years might as well be one of solitary confinement for such time. Conversation runs slack among the prisoners, with whom life is but ceaseless monotone, so that *escape* alone can give food for thought!

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN LUZON

BY J. L. SHERWOOD

Photos by J. C. West and A. M. Darley, Manila.

BEGINNING on Monday, January 30, 1911, a series of earthquake shocks of great intensity shook the island of Luzon, the center of the disturbance being in and around Mount Taal, the great volcano situated 34 miles due south from Manila.

In view of the seriousness of the quakes and the extent of the loss of life and damage done, it is surprising that so little attention was paid the disturbance in the press of the United States.

For the succeeding four or five days there were no less than 700 distinct shocks, of varying intensity, but some of them were as severe as, and some more so, than the quake that shook San Francisco in April, 1906.

The volcano has long been considered a menace to the surrounding country, yet, despite this fact, people lived in the villages and on the farms close to it, just as they have insisted upon living and still do live close to Vesuvius, and other volcanoes noted for their frequent violent eruptions. It seems to be the nature of some people to court the disasters that the past has repeatedly shown to be ever imminent.

The worst part of the eruption was preceded by a series of rumblings and shakes. Dense clouds of sulphurous smoke, great rivers of hot mud and showers of ashes ensued. The sight was as grand and imposing as it was terrifying. The panic-struck dwellers by the mountain-side fled



View of the scene of the principal disturbance.

in great numbers, but so sudden was the visitation that in some places escape was impossible. Shacks and other structures were shaken down or overwhelmed. Fleeing refugees were overtaken in their flight and buried in the ashes and mud. Death was everywhere. In one village there was but one survivor to tell the awful tale of destruction. Women were killed while rushing away with their children in their arms. Scenes of the wildest terror were on every hand.

mirable efforts to succor the homeless and bereaved. The insular Government and the army vied with one another in their relief operations. The amount of damage done, and the loss of life, at time of present writing, have not yet been accurately computed, but both are great. Some of the sights were pitiable, and most of them tragic and heart-rending.

Unquestionably the earthquakes and eruption were among the most terrible and awe-inspiring visitations that Luzon has



All that was left of the population of the island upon which the volcano was located.

For many square miles about the volcano the land was devastated by mud and ashes. Ashes fell even in far-away Manila, where a thin layer of dust overspread the place.

The greatest shock was about 2:30 a. m. on January 31st. The eruption was then frightful, but magnificent, being accompanied by a startling and imposing electrical display. Spectators describe it as something grand and appalling.

Following the eruption, there were ad-

experienced since the advent of the white man; certainly since the advent of the Americans. A curious accompaniment of the disaster was an atmospheric hot wave, the weather being far warmer over a large territory immediately after the event than before, the high temperature lasting for several days. Whether this was a coincidence or a connected phenomenon can only be conjectured.

The volcano is still in violent, magnificent eruption.



Volcano of Taal in eruption.

THE INSIDE OF THE FAR EASTERN QUESTION

BY A. L. PRICE

Hopkins was a missionary
Out in China not so very,
 Very long ago.
Ezra Hopkins, smug, complacent,
Soon he put himself adjacent
 To a trick, you know.

Not a trick? Well, not precisely,
But it passes for it nicely,
 And we'll call it that.
Hongkong had a money-lender,
Incidental whisky-vendor;
 These two had a chat.

Hopkins left Hongkong for station
To dispense a free salvation
 And a high-priced brand;
Pitted all his Occidental
Brains against the Oriental:
 Worked with cunning hand.

Lured with heaven, scared with Tophet,
Sank his forty per cent profit,
 Unbroke cases sold;
Made himself with courts officious,
Threatened them with vengeance vicious,
 Of Marines he told.

Rogue he was, at all crimes winking,
Hearing naught except the clinking
 Of the kumshaw's gold;
But he made a fatal error
When he bucked the Scotch McLerragh,
 Him he undersold.

For McLerragh, missionary
Of the Presbyterians, very
 Cautious in his acts,
Told the people how the Yankee
Skinned them with a barely "thank 'ee;"
 Stated simple facts.

Then the people rose in riot,
Burned the houses, robbed the quiet
 Missionaries there;
Threatened them with oil and burning,
Took the red gold of their earning,
 Looted them for fair.

In Hongkong they told their story,
Papers published wide their glory—
 Martyrs to the cause;
Talked about the peril Asian,
Threatened Europe's quick invasion,
 Gave the world no pause.

So the papers bullied nations,
Who instructed their legations
 In a note polite,
That the Governments expected
Money for the wronged, ejected
 Missionaries white.

The legations intimated,
And, in careful language, stated
 That, if coin was rare,
Some big firms would take it over—
All the claims they could discover—
 For a cession there.

So they're looting poor old China—
She's the dish-rag washing Dinah
 At the sink to-day,
And they scare us with suggestion
Of the fatal Eastern question
 In a subtle way.

It is politics, my sonny,
Capital is making money.
 Yellow Peril means
That the West is looting Asia—
From the Mandarin to Geisha—
 There the war scare leans.

THE PASSING OF SHORTY

BY M. E. STICKNEY

SHORTY was all in!"

In awed tones the news passed through the camp, while startled groups hurried up the hill to stare at the poor husk of a comrade lying there in his tent, unkempt and uncovered, just as he had thrown himself down the night before on that comfortless cot of gunny-sacks, sagging almost to earth in its rude pine frame.

Somehow it had never entered the minds of those who looked that death could come among them here in Chuckwalla, all hale and hearty fellows as they were. The idea came as a shock distinctly unnerving, and there was a feeling that Casey, proprietor of the Oasis saloon, but properly recognized the demands of the situation when he said: "Boys, the drinks is on me!"

And Casey's cheer put new heart into them, so much so, indeed, in the case of Dan Mulligan that he was soon loudly insisting they were but victims of a ridiculous blunder.

"Shorty gone over the range!" he scoffed. "An' what for wud he be cashin' in, an' him aloive an' kickin' but yisterday? Give him toime to schlape it off, I say. Ain't we all seen him stretched out loike a log before this? And didn't he always come out of it? Give him toime, I say."

And with another round of drinks the feeling became general that Dan might be right. At any rate they were all agreed that it was only fair to Shorty to "give him a show."

In no case, however, was confidence so great that a man could go about his business as though nothing had happened. When desire to "set 'em up" languished, the crowd but drifted to the shade in front of the saloon, where, distributed upon barrels and boxes, they talked of leads and claims, of the "float somebody had found the day before, of the boom Chuckwalla was bound to have before the winter set in—of anything and everything but the one subject uppermost in every mind, while they waited, waited, trying to postpone the dreadful certainty.

The sun crept higher over the rock-ribbed hills, flooding the camp with its white-hot glare, but in that weather-worn tent on the hillside, Shorty slumbered on unheeding. By and by came his burros, three small, mouse-colored creatures, nosing inquiringly about, so far emboldened at length that they might have pushed their way inside the swaying tent flaps, but for a skillfully aimed stone from a hand below.

"He was always a fool about them burros," Jim Corwin reminiscently remarked, "fryin' a pancake apiece for 'em every mornin' whether the flour was low or not. I remember oncet over in the Panamint, when he was short of grub and making a dry camp, that thar Jinny takin' a sneak an' gobblin' Shorty's breakfast right off his plate, an' him with no kick comin'. He was sure soft on them burros."

"He had a good heart in him," Red Willis declared with an unconscious sigh, while even optimistic Dan failed to notice the use of the past tense.

But even though hope palpably died as they waited, none the less they doggedly stuck by the determination to give poor Shorty "a show." Not till after they had fortified themselves with the mid-day meal, to say nothing of several new rounds of drinks, did the little company again wend its way up the hill, this time to sadly decide beyond question that the sleeper was not "coming out of it."

"All the doctors in the land couldn't say more nor less than that Shorty's all in," declared Casey, who had made himself chief of the investigating committee. "I expect it's up to us to hold a coroner's inquest now."

"But we ain't got any coroner," somebody objected.

"All the same, we can rustle a jury, an' that's always the biggest half in an inquest," retorted the author of the idea, his tone calculated to discourage further argument. "I say it's the thing to do. S'posin' there's some inquiry about this business! I expect Shorty's got folks somewhere."

"He's got a wife back East," Jim Corwin explained, answering the glances turned upon him.

"Well, s'posin' she gits the sheriff at Tonopah, an' he comes nosin' around here, suspicionin' gun-play, or some such foolishness—what are we goin' to do?—him bein' planted, an' nothin' to show he ain't as full of holes as a collander. I say it's a time for us all to pull together an' take no chances. So I move you that this crowd resolve itself into a coroner's jury, namin' Dude Drayton there, secretary. There's a paper pad on that box in the corner, Dude, and here's a pencil. Now, s'posin' you write somethin' like this:

"'We, citizens of Chuckwalla, the second Comstock of Nevada——'"

"What's the use of putting in that hot air—that about the Comstock?" interrupted Houghton, proprietor of their one general merchandise establishment. "What is that got to do with the poor cuss yonder?"

"For them that don't know nothin' about mines, an' for them that's natural-born knockers anyhow, I don't know that it's got anythin' to do," snapped Casey, contemptuously. "But if you're arguin' that this camp ain't got the makin's of a second Comstock, I'll jest ask you to step down to my place an' take another look at them assays from the Chuckwalla group—that's all. If we don't believe in the camp, what on earth are we here for?"

"That's right," endorsed a boozy voice in the background.

"I'm not saying anything against the camp," Houghton truculently retorted. "I'm only saying it's fool business putting hot air into a document of that sort."

"An' did anybody ask for your opinion?—'cause, if they did, I wish you'd take 'em out an' give it to 'em private, for I'm free to remark I wouldn't give a white chip for all the thinkin' you'd do in a year, on this, or any other subject," cried the now wholly aroused Casey.

With all the uplifting trend of the centuries, thin at best is the veneering which civilization has thrown over primeval savagery, and all too easily worn through in the life which men make for themselves apart from woman and her softening influence. The men of Chuckwalla, the evils of their bachelor cookery supplemented by the more mischievous offerings of Casey's bar, where every one of them suffering from what has been aptly termed the remorse of a guilty stomach, their common ailment all unguessed. Nerves were all on edge, and tempers gone to the bad. Dan Mulligan had several times remarked of late that "it seemed loike ivry wan was spoilin' for a foight—an' especially Casey."

Moreover, if there was any one man who more than another got on the saloon-keeper's nerves, it was Houghton, who, in fact, was far from being a favorite with anybody. For one thing, he had a certain hidebound prejudice in respect to doing business on a cash basis, which, in popular judgment, went beyond reason or decency. That the owner of the Chuckwalla group, for instance, the property that had called the camp into existence with its phenomenal surface showing, and which now was only waiting for capital to come in and develop the bonanza it should logically be at depth, that a man of such potential wealth as this should be refused credit for a sack of flour, was regarded as not only an affront to the individual, but to the whole camp, in the unpatriotic lack of faith it betrayed. And to this weakness for fine figuring they would also charge shortcomings in respect to certain obligations counted as unwritten law. Casey had made contemptuous count, and upon occasion did not hesitate to proclaim just what number of times Houghton had felt called to "set 'em up" in the Oasis, his perfunctory good fellowship commonly finding expression in proffer of cigars from his own stock, and such cigars as the saloon man declared were an insult to a smoker's intelligence. In short, in the judgment of Chuckwalla, Houghton figured as "a tight wad," and from the popular viewpoint, worse than this could be said of no man.

And Houghton, perfectly comprehending the ill-favor accorded him, while still for unconscious egotism unable to clearly analyze its causes, bitterly resented what seemed to him a rank injustice, hatred for them all seething within him in fiercer flame for each day's developments. And especially was his anger focused upon Casey, as chief among his enemies.

"Perhaps the one that solicited my opinion was the same one that made you czar of this camp," he wrathfully retorted now, his right hand settling ominously upon a hip pocket as he added, "and I for one would be perfectly willing to take him out and tell him on top of that, there's more than one man sick and tired of seeing you run everything from a dog-fight up. This is a free country."

It was indeed a free country, as was made clear by the promptness with which Casey's hand came away from his hip pocket, a Colt's '44 in its grasp. Everybody realized that Houghton had taken his life in his hands, two or three of the more cautious tumbling all over one another in their hasty dive for the tent flaps. But Mulligan's hand closed like a vice on the saloon man's wrist.

"For the love of hivin, can't ye have sinse?" he cried. "Ain't it the shame for ye to be scrappin' here, lavin' the flies to ate what's left of poor Shorty, an' him not able to lift hand or fut? Sure, ye've both had a dhrink too much, an' small blame to ye, considerin' the occasion; but cut out the rough-house an' git down to business. Ain't we got the funeral to think of later? Come, now, Casey, go on wid the docyment. Read us what you got, Dude."

"'We, citizens of Chuckwalla, the second Comstock of Nevada—'" put in the secretary, hastily.

"That's all roight. Now g'wan, Casey; what next?"

"I say it's business to put in that little blow-out about the camp," blustered the saloon man, still glowering at Houghton. "We'll never have a boom here on earth if we don't advertise; and we don't want to lose no chance."

"That's right," endorsed the boozy voice in the background.

"Well, lave it go an' git on wid the next chapter, can't ye?" urged Dan, impatiently. "Sure ye don't want to forgit there's a coffin to be built, an' toime flyin', bedad. G'wan, Casey."

"Well, unless there's some other gazaboo wants to butt in an' take the words out of my mouth," ostentatiously turning his back upon the too evidently contemptuous Houghton. "Let's see—— 'We, citizens of Chuckwalla, the second Comstock of Nevada, bein' assembled an' met together as a coroner's jury, do solemnly vow an' declare that Shorty, otherwise known as George J. Williams, came to his death by——' Why, say, boys, what are you figurin' was the *reason* Shorty cashed in? Any of you know anythin' ailin' him?"

"Nawthin' but a thirst that was like the fires of hell, bein' it was never quenched," ventured Red Willis, with a half-contrite glance at the still figure on the cot.

"That never killed nobody, except over in Death Valley, with no drinks to be had," the saloon man hastily retorted.

"Seems like he jes' natchelly done it of his own will an' accord," Jim Corwin helplessly opined.

"Well, put it that way," said Casey, looking relieved. "That's as good as anythin' else, besides being Gospel truth. You got the rest of it all written, Dude? Well, now, say 'He come to his death of his own free will and accord on this sixteenth day of October, 1904, hour unknown.' Now, we'll all sign it right here in the presence of the corpse, an' then if any sheriff comes botherin' around, we'll just sling that paper in his face an' tell him to go to the devil."

Dude Drayton, so-called in derision, because he was the untidiest fellow in camp, seemed of a mind to offer amendment or suggestion, but after clearing his throat, with a mumbled "Seems to me," gave it up and held forth the paper for its proposed signatures, perhaps remembering his unpaid bill at the Oasis, and deeming it unwise to provoke discussion with Casey.

"I expect we'll have to have that bar of yours to make the coffin," Slim Bowers observed, with the air of one who had been deeply considering the question of ways and means. "It's the only boards in the place that's long enough, except——"

"Well, I expect Houghton's counter is as long as my bar," put in Casey in tones of decided objection.

"Sure," Bowers grinningly agreed, "but seemed like it might be a question whether he'd stand for it," with that in the tone and the glance accompanying it which could not fail to touch to the quick the store keeper's already ruffled temper.

"You bet I won't stand for it!" he wrathfully declared. "I've been put upon and imposed upon from the day I struck this camp; but I draw the line right here. Casey can turn barrels on end for a counter a whole lot better than I can, and more appropriate, too, considering how much of Shorty's money he's raked in first and last. And with that lumber costing me a hundred and fifty dollars a thousand freighted from Tonopah——"

"And do you think I got mine any cheaper?" roared Casey. "If you think you're going to bulldoze me—you little, spindle-legged, nickel-pinchin' back-Easter——"

But now it was Red Willis who essayed the role of peace-maker. "For Gawd's sake, put off the duel till after the funeral," he disgustedly urged. "We ain't got time to make more'n one coffin this afternoon—say nawthin' of the question of lumber."

"An' wud ye be havin' poor Shorty buried in a blanket loike a squaw, an' him wid plenty to pay for all he be's wantin'? put in Dan, punctuating the query with an angry oath. "Don't ivry wan know he was ownin' the half of all thim claims that Corwin's foriver braggin' about? An' good claims, too, bedad: none betther in the district."

"Well, when it comes to that," interposed Corwin, hesitantly, his thin face reddening, "I allow Shorty an' me was partners when we started out from Tonopah last spring, to share an' share alike in ever'thing. But since that time we got lost in Death Valley, an' us near three days without water, an' most goin' crazy, Shorty ain't never been the same. *You* know how it's been since we come here—him layin' off, doped with Casey's booze more'n half the time, an' me out in the hills sweatin' for two. I was calculatin' to kick him out pretty soon anyway, an' now——"

"Oh, if you're figurin' on jumpin' the claims!" Casey comprehensively interrupted.

The sentiment of the camp did not favor claim jumping. But every one knew that Corwin but told the truth; and while, even so, they would all have been strenuous in maintaining Shorty's rights had he been alive to profit by it, it was evident that now they must consider the question from a changed point of view.

"Well, I don't know that it makes much difference to the poor cuss now," he said, when he had summed up all the pros and cons in his own mind. "An' he sure didn't tote fair."

"But lavin' the claims out, ain't I telling ye he's got money to pay for all the boords he be's wantin'?" urged Dan, excitedly. "For 'twas me got a money ordher cashed for him last toime I was in Tonopah, money his wife had been sindin'. Sure, he can't have got away wid all of it, even wid *his* thirst. Look in his pockets, some of you."

There was a general movement toward the sagging cot, followed by a simultaneous drawing back. It was disconcerting to have advances met by that awful, goggling stare and such horrid showing of teeth, and especially from a face that but yesterday had worn such a different aspect.

"You take the job, Dude. It's you that's nearest him," urged Dan in wheedling tone.

For an instant Drayton showed symptoms of protest, but then, as though ashamed of the weakness, swung himself to the uninviting task with an air of bravado.

"All right—with apologies to you, Shorty," he exclaimed. "Hold out your hat for the collection, Casey. A comb; remains of a plug of tobacco; a silver watch; and here's a purse with a dollar and six bits in silver, and a roll of bills which some of the rest of you can count, while I look in the left-hand pocket. But you were right, all right, about his finances, Dan."

"And now see how long it will take Casey to change his mind and decide that he is willing to sell the boards—at his own figure," put in Houghton in sarcastic aside to the man at his elbow.

The subject of the remark caught the words, as it was obviously intended that he should, his immediate response a blow

which must have felled the other to earth had it not been parried by one no less vicious. All unheeded the chorus of protest, and would-be peace-makers, threatened with broken heads for their meddling and quick to perceive the menace of such encounter in the narrow limits of the tent, were promptly merged in a flying wedge making for the safety of the open.

Bif!—bif!—bif! The thudding sound was only broken by the labored breathing of the combatants, who now were seeing red, the lust for murder growing with every stinging blow, when Drayton, hardly conscious of what he did, blindly seeking to create a diversion, suddenly waved between the angry faces the last object drawn from the dead man's pocket.

"Look at this!" he cried. "What do you know about this?"

He could not have succeeded better in his purpose. As though a ghost had come between them, the frenzied men drew apart, staring at the dangling object with bulging eyes from which the blaze of anger was suddenly extinguished.

"Well, I'll be damned!" explosively ejaculated Casey.

"A baby's stocking!" gasped Houghton, reaching out a hand grown limp, to assure himself by touch that his eyes had not deceived him.

"And something in the toe of it!" exclaimed the other, seizing upon the small brown stocking in turn, and curiously emptying its contents on one hard palm. "A couple of nuggets!—and nuggets to make your eyes stick out!" he cried, incredulously. "Gee!—wouldn't that jar you?—To think of old Shorty packin' around truck like that, an' him never telling where he made the strike!"

"Belonged to that kid of his that died," Corwin explained, who, now that peace was declared, had sheepishly made his way inside again, discreetly followed by the others. "'Twas all he had left from a year at Nome—blew in the rest. But seemed like when he found them nuggets he gave 'em to the kid, an' when the little feller died—well, seemed like Shorty still figgered the specimens belonged to the boy, an' he wouldn't never cash 'em in."

"He had a good heart in him," Red Willis appreciatively remarked.

"An' to think of Shorty packin' that around all this time, an' drunk or sober never sayin' a word!" Casey wonderingly exclaimed, his voice so changed, so gentle, that they hardly recognized it as his, while he passed the small stocking from one hand to the other, with a touch clumsily caressing. "It beats the devil, though, how a little shaver like that gits a holt of a man!" he presently added, the observation punctuated with an unconscious sigh. "I used to have a youngster with feet jes' about that size—the cutest little cuss!—comin' not more'n to the top of my boot when he took sick an' died. Jes' natchelly killed his mother. 'Twarn't more'n a year before she followed him, an'—well, I expect I know jes' how poor old Shorty was feelin' when he packed around that little sock. As you say, Red, he had a good heart in him. An' when it comes to burying him—well, of course, we want to put him under decent. An' as to the boards—I expect Houghton an' me had better toss up to see whose counter goes. That'll be fair—eh, Houghton? Well, is it heads or tails? Heads? All right, an' you're *it*, Houghton, though if you don't want to stand for it——"

"Oh, that's all right," the store-keeper hurriedly returned, his eyes glued to the small brown stocking. "I guess I can spare the boards about as well as you can, Casey."

"Well, don't forgit you're going to git paid for all that's took. An' mebbe I can rip off two or three from down in front of my bar, to help you out till you can git more from Tonopah," the saloon man rejoined in cordial good humor. "Time like this we all want to pull together."

* * * *

It was late afternoon when all that was left of poor Shorty, unkempt and unclean, was placed in its rude pine casket.

"A pretty tight fit! I expect we made a little mistake in the measurements; but we got him in all right!" panted one of the volunteer carpenters in congratulatory tone, as he drove the last nail.

"And considering what tools we had to work with, I think we made a pretty good job of it," his colleague complacently returned. "If we only had a little furniture stain and some kind of handles we could sling style to beat the band. But—

for heaven's sakes, look at Dude! He's got on a black coat!"

"And he's shaved himself, and put on a boiled shirt!" cried the other incredulously.

As the one college man of the camp, it had been deemed fitting to ask Drayton to "run the funeral," and now, as they watched his approach, it was more than ever clear to them all that no mistake had been made in this selection.

"He's even got on a white necktie! Gee whizz!" gasped Willis. "But when you come to think of it, it might be more fittin' if we'd all put our coats on."

"Sure thing!" The words were a signal for a general scattering, the little company so improved in appearance when they presently reassembled that they could not withhold certain glances of pleased appreciation and pride.

"People may think Chuckwalla is outside the limits of civilization," Casey complacently observed, "but when we lay ourselves out to put on dog, I guess we can get there without callin' on Tonopah nor Goldfield neither."

"I d'know but we'd ought to have slicked up Shorty a little bit," Willis doubtfully suggested.

"Oh, no; 'twould never show *on him!*" rejoined Morris, with a reassuring glance at the closed pine box. "But I'm glad we're showing him proper respect just the same."

"I've got a prayer book," said Drayton, rather diffidently exhibiting the small volume in his hand. "Mother put it among my things when I was leaving home, and it has somehow stuck by me. Comes in handy now. And do any of you fellows know the words of 'Nearer My God to Thee?' I was thinking that would be good to sing, if we could manage it."

"I'm on," said Casey, surprising them all. "Used to sing in the choir when I was young—courted my wife there. Lord, boys, I wisht you could have heard *her* sing! She——" His voice trailed off into silence, his eyes, fixed on the far horizon, seeing no one might say what visions of the past, his ears alive to harmonies which only he might hear.

"I can swing in on the chorus alright," confidently promised Mel Morris, who ran the roulette wheel in the rear of the Oasis.

"Don't know as I'm very strong on the words, but I can come in with some kind of a tenor, once you get the thing started," Red Willis cheerfully declared. "And Corwin there is good for a dandy bass. We'll back your play all right, Dude. Don't you worry."

The coffin was lifted to the open wagon, a freighting outfit, dusty and worn from hard service. Drayton climbed to the high seat beside the driver, while the others decorously ranged themselves two by two behind, in slow march to the spot which had been hollowed out among the greasewood for Shorty's last resting place.

It impressed them all profoundly, this first funeral of Chuckwalla. Like a benison, the sunset flamed over them, the wonderful sunset of the desert, as they stood with bared heads through the simple service. Probably not one among them gave conscious thought to the beauty of that tender light, for the moment transfiguring the grim, gray landscape, but with all was vague realization of fitness and harmony.

" 'Earth to earth—dust to dust—ashes to ashes!' "

There was unaccustomed moisture in more than one eye as Drayton, with such new dignity and such impressive cadence that he seemed almost a stranger among them, read that beautiful old service for the dead. But it was the singing that worked most upon their feelings. They had not dreamed it was in them to compass such rich harmony as pealed forth in that grand hymn, every one of them amazed and secretly not a little proud, to find how many of the lines had lingered in memory from boyhood's days.

* * * *

"It was great!" Casey enthusiastically declared, as they wended their way back to camp, after they had all turned to and filled the grave, stamping upon the sodless soil at last by way of discouraging marauding coyotes. "I tell you no skypilot in all this land could have slung Scripture with more style than did Dude this day. But the singin'!—say, that got me right where I live! I only wish poor Shorty could 'ave heard it."

"I was thinking of his wife," Houghton remarked in a muffled tone, blowing his nose, with a furtive dab at either eye.

"Seems a shame for a man that's got a wife to have to shuffle off without her even being on hand to drop a tear on his grave."

"Yes, I was thinkin' of her, too. An' when you write to her, Dude—for I expect that job is up to you—you want to sling in somethin' about this send-off we give him. It ought to be comfortin' to her."

"Sure," Drayton absently agreed. "But speaking of her, I tell you, boys, I'm sorry for that little woman. I was looking through some letters I found in his tent—had to, you know, to find where we could get in touch with her. And she appears to be true blue—a dressmaker, I take it, who has been stitching and scrimping to send every possible penny out to Shorty, with the idea that he was going to plant it all in some sure-thing gold mine and grow up a crop of millions. And considering the way so much of it went—well, it's hard lines."

"Seems like no fellow ever gets playin' a rotten game but there's some woman in the background to get the worst of it," Mel Morris sententiously observed.

"That's right," agreed the boozy one in the background.

"Say, Dude, you want to put them nuggets in the toe of the little sock, jes' like they was, when you send it to her," Red anxiously advised.

"An' when you're writin', you can tell her about them claims," Corwin rather sheepishly put in. "For I reckon a half is comin' to her alright. Shorty didn't pull fair, but we was partners jes' the same an' I ain't takin' advantage of no widders. You tell her I'll have the papers fixed up first time I go to Tonopah, an' she won't have to pay no recordin' fees neither."

"And while you're about it, put in what cash there is, too, Dude," exclaimed Houghton, eagerly. "I can stand the donation of the boards. Fact is, I've got a wife and kid of my own back East—a boy that's wearing about the same kind of a little stocking that we found in Shorty's pocket, and a woman that's true blue, too. I've been saving and scrimping to scrape together to build a little shack and buy some furniture, thinking maybe I could get them out here before Christmas. Perhaps some of you fellows may have thought I was figuring almost *too* close sometimes, but I had to go in debt for a part of my stock, and with the camp not picking up the way we expected it to—well, it's been slow work. And the way I've missed the wife and kid! Why, I tell you that when I looked at that little brown sock to-day there was a lump in my throat as big as a hen's egg. That's the kind of a fool a man can be when he *is* a fool."

"I know," rejoined Casey, reaching one huge, hairy hand in brotherly friendliness to the other's shoulder. "I've felt that way myself more'n once, an' when 'twas somethin' worse than lack of money that was stoppin' me sendin' for 'em, too. But when it comes to gittin' your folks out here, Houghton, you jes' want to git a hustle on an' do it. Why, it's jes' what this camp needs to start things—to git a real family here. It would begin to seem like a real place then. An' for the sake of the place—well, I ain't any bloated bondholder, but I got a little wad layin' idle in the Tonopah Bank, an' I want to say that if the loan of a few hundred dollars would start that shack to buildin', why, you're welcome as the day to it, Houghton."

"And I've got a lot of furniture over in Goldfield that's only been keepin' me poor payin' storage on it since my wife quit me," put in Red Willis, eagerly, "an' if you could take it in an' use it, Houghton, you could figure you'd be jes' natchelly savin' me money."

"Casey, you're a man! An', faith, Willis, you're another!" cried Dan Mulligan, delightedly. "But 'tain't for you two to be hoggin' it all, an' I move you, boys, that we take up a collection roight now to square Houghton on the counter—sure, it ain't for him to be makin' it a donation, though it's proud we are of him for the willingness. But he's got that wife an' baby to think of. An' thinkin' of thim, too, I move you, boys, that we all turn to to-morry morning an' make 'dobe bricks for his residence—for didn't we foind the 'dobe clay to bate the worruld whin we was diggin' the cache for poor Shorty beyant? An' ain't that betther for the climate nor any frame house he could be buildin', to say nothin' of the cheapness? Sure, the kid will hang up a

Christmas stockin' be your own fireside, Houghton, niver fear."

But Houghton had broken down completely, his face hidden in his hands, while he sobbed like a boy. "I can't tell you, Casey, how I appreciate your offer—what it means to me, coming from you!" he brokenly exclaimed after a moment. "And you, too, Willis. I should never have expected it. And all the rest of you! Oh, boys, I haven't deserved it, for I know I've had a grouch on ever since I struck the camp, and with all the bad luck I've had——"

Words failed him, and he could only wring Casey's hand in convulsive gratitude while the others looked away, touched to the heart, but no less ashamed for him for the weakness of such a soft-hearted break-down.

"Oh, well, luck will be coming our way now we've had a funeral," put in Mel Morris, with the superstition of his kind, good-naturedly anxious to change the subject and help Houghton regain his self-possession. "I've seen it time and again. A camp never strikes its best gait till it gets a graveyard started. And when you get a shooting scrape—look out for a real boom."

"Faith, there was wan toime this day whin it looked loike we was so close to the shooting that mebbe it'll count for us," put in Dan, with his whimsical twist of a grin. "An' if it's old Shorty's that's bringin' us luck wid startin' the graveyard, it's all well that inds well, an' God rist his sowl, says I."

"And God rest the soul of the kid that wore the little brown sock!" Morris laughingly added.

"Amen to that!" said Houghton reverently, lifting his hat.

"The drinks are on me!" said Casey.

REMEMBRANCE

BY DAVID MacLEAN

I looked as through a phantom mist of years;
 I saw as in a dream of long ago;
And now for one brief moment it appears—
 That strange and wondrous soul I used to know.

'Tis midnight on the heavy, heaving deep;
 The weary waves a moment cease to roll;
A gallant ship rides past; the waters sleep—
 They know nor heed not whither is its goal.

'Tis dawn upon the prairie's boundless waste;
 Cold silence pauses and resigns her sway;
A mighty train bounds by with eager haste—
 'Tis gone, I know not whither, on its way.

'Tis noon-day in my happy, hopeful life;
 Her face beams softly one all-welcoming smile;
Alas, 'tis gone! My soul resumes its strife.
 Oh, why might not my vision pause awhile?

'Tis twilight on the earth and sea and sky;
 The day has closed upon my lingering sight;
I look upon the sleeping world and sigh.
 My dream has shone, and vanished into night.

AN AMERICAN SCHOOL OF TROPICAL MEDICINE

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

THE INTIMATE relations now existing between the United States, the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Isthmus of Panama, have brought the diseases of the tropics to the earnest attention of the American people. Until quite recently, the graduate of any medical school in the United States had very vague ideas of leprosy, cholera and the rarer skin diseases, and was unable to diagnose them correctly. There are very few country practitioners in temperate regions who recognize leprosy when they see it; while plague, anaemia, dysentery, beriberi and many other "tropical" diseases are quite unknown to them.

The importance of the study of tropical diseases has been recognized by the British Government, which in 1899 established the London School of Tropical Medicine, at the opening of which the president said:

"The details of tropical pathology, of diagnosis and treatment, and consequently the application of those principles to practice, differ widely from those obtained in temperate climates. It is with the science and practice of medicine as with the science and practice of agriculture; success or failure in the application of principles depend in great measure on knowledge of detail. It is the knowledge of details, the special training and the special experience, plus a scientific apprehension of principles, that will enable a practitioner to deal successfully with tropical disease. A physician may be competent to deal with diseases in England but sadly incompetent to deal with disease in Africa."

Since 1898 the manner in which yellow fever is disseminated and may be prevented has been shown; and Havana has been made as healthy a city as any in the tropics. Malaria has been brought under control; tropical anaemia and dysentery have been studied, and it has been discovered that the mosquito and bed-bug carry the bacillus of leprosy.

In February, 1902, Dr. Gould, in "American Medicine," wrote:

"An American School of Tropical Medicine would be the natural outcome of our acquirement of influence in tropical countries. The profession has before it a great opportunity which should be seized."

Early in 1903 the Jefferson Medical College established a lectureship in tropical medicine, Dr. Kieffez, of Manila, being the first lecturer. In the same year, the Washington Post-Graduate School established a similar course, and Philadelphia has a "Society for the Study of Tropical Medicine and Surgery." Lectures on tropical medicine have been delivered at Chicago, St. Louis, Ann Arbor and San Francisco. Sir Patrick Manson, the distinguished British physician, in an address before the Merchants' Association of San Francisco, said: "When the Panama Canal is cut, you will probably find that it will introduce yellow fever into Asia; and that a yellow fever scare is worse than a bubonic plague scare. * * * *There is no question as to the necessity of a school of tropical medicine in the United States.* I presume that the standard of medical education in the United States does not differ much from the standard in England, and I know that an ordinary physician there, fresh from a medical school, knows nothing of the diagnosis and treatment of tropical diseases. * * * Very few young physicians are competent to take charge of bodies of men in tropical countries. It is too much to expect of a medical man without a special education.

"The opportunity in San Francisco is far better than in London. There is a local Chinese colony, which should be able to supply a large number of cases for teaching purposes. There are Japanese, Filipinos, Hawaiians and other tropical people to draw upon.

"A great deal has been said about studying the diseases where they arise, but the tropics, where the steaming heat knocks the energy out of white men, and where you feel inclined to sleep every hour of the day, and can't look down a microscope without a drop of sweat obscuring the eyepiece, is no place for study. The place to learn tropical medicine is in a cool place, like San Francisco. Cities do not live by bread alone, and, if San Francisco would establish a name and reputation for an undertaking so valuable to humanity, it would be greatly to her advantage."

Three things are absolutely necessary to the establishment and maintenance of a School of Tropical Medicine:

1. Competent and experienced teachers.
2. Adequate clinical material.
3. Students.

The teachers must possess the necessary knowledge and the faculty of imparting it. They must have at their command an abundance of material for daily demonstrations. The attendance of an adequate number of students to maintain the school successfully depends on the general recognition of the need of the knowledge to be acquired at the school, on its accessibility and on suitable social and climatic conditions. Enterprise, energy and money would supply all else that is needed.

Dr. E. S. Goodhue, a well-known physician of Honolulu, asserts that all the requisites for establishing and maintaining a successful school of Tropical Medicine are found at Honolulu, which is even better adapted to such a purpose than San Francisco. He urges strongly the establishment of the pioneer School of Tropical Medicine at Honolulu. The Hawaiian Islands are a most fruitful field for the observation and study of tropical diseases. They are a chemical retort into which the most diverse and incongruous elements and compounds have been introduced. The population includes Hawaiians, Japanese, Portuguese, Filipinos, Porto Ricans, natives of many of the South Sea groups, white men of many nations, and negroes. The Hawaiian Islands have hospitals and dispensaries; the system of free treatment is said to be better than in the United States; Government medical men are in charge of all outside districts. The equable climate is favorable to study and the social environment is satisfactory.

In such a school the students would not only become familiar with the diseases of the tropics and learn how to treat them, but would also be put in the way of investigating, observing and studying scientifically the great tropical scourges. A competent faculty would not limit its work to the Hawaiian Islands, but would send representatives to foreign countries for study. It would be the duty of a prosperous school to improve the habits of the people by instructing them what to do; to make the Islands healthier by eliminating preventable diseases; to issue bulletins and a journal of tropical medicine, thus helping the community and advancing the cause of science. By showing how leprosy is propagated, the danger of contracting the disease in the Hawaiian Islands and all other countries which it scourges is diminished, and it becomes possible to avoid leprosy just as yellow fever and malaria may be avoided. A library of tropical medicine would be accumulated gradually. The publications issued from time to time by the school would contain instructions with regard to diet, dress, personal habits, etc., of residents of tropical countries, and would be of great benefit to the people.

Dr. R. T. Strong, a physician of much experience in the Philippines, uses the following language, which is equally true of the Hawaiian Islands: "The frequency of dysentery in the Philippines, the inability of physicians to cope with the disease, and the fact that one attack seems to afford no protection whatever against another, makes it necessary that very thorough and complete study should be made to discover, if possible, some method of preventing infection, and, possibly, some serum that will effect a cure."

It has been found that the anaemia common among Porto Rican laborers on the Hawaiian plantations and the great losses of sheep in Texas, are due to a species of hookworm, discovered by Dr. Stiles

of Washington, D. C. Ground-itch, a common disease in the tropics, is attributed to the same parasite. Hawaii affords abundant clinical material for the study of bubonic plague, about which, though much has been written, more remains to be known. Beri-beri, supposed to be caused by eating fermented rice, is another interesting disease that can be studied advantageously in Hawaii, which possesses much valuable material, both written and clinical, in relation to it.

NIGHTFALL WITH THE QUAIL

BY MARY L. BOYNTON

Hark to the distant calling, calling
 Of the Valley Quail to his mate!
The soft light slips from peak to peak,
 And the valley knows it is late.

But still from the mesa the notes are falling,
 From golden level to canyon gray;
Hail and response from the bands anearing
 The dusky stream at the close of day.

Like summoning bugle: "To water! To water!"
 From chaparral cover the clear notes rise,
And echoing yet from the farthest mesa,
 Are borne the far, faint, sweet replies.

Fuller and faster, the sweet responses;
 Ever recurring, the musical call.
Nearer, clearer, the sounds float over
 The brown descent of the canyon wall.

Down they pass by the steep barranca,
Warily threading the silent trail;
Down to the sheltering boughs by the water,
 Homeward at nightfall are trooping the quail.

STAKING "SHEEP'S CLAIM"

BY N. K. WILLS

FOUR YEARS ago, Albert Carrigan struck the school like a big tornado. Fresh from the mining camps of Alaska, the call of his native wildness still strong within him, he brought into the school a distinctly breezy atmosphere. Indeed, he seemed to carry every one off his feet with the vigor of his onslaught in getting acquainted. The very manner of his arrival was most characteristic of all his actions. Scorning the unaccustomed street-cars, Carrigan arrived in fine state on the front seat of the express-wagon; shouldering his own trunk off the rear of the wagon, he cut his way through the gaping crowd of boys, marched the four flights of stairs to the upper dormitory, and dumped his load with an oath that was destined to go down in school annals. Then from the top of his strong-box he spoke to his first gathering.

"Fellows, I've come to stay! See! And there's this much about it right here. Any guy's got any objections to wot I do can spit it out and git wot's coming to him. See? Maybe I don't know much about society and the like o' that, but I'm putting it to you straight when I say I'm all to the good when it comes to any fun. Now, mush." Carrigan gave another rub to the mop of almost white hair which framed a face always scarlet with emotion. His long white eye-lashes glistened around blue eyes that fairly bulged out of their sockets in intense earnestness.

"Oh, you Sheep—Sly-dog Sheep," called out some one who had an eye for comparisons.

"All right, fellows. Have it your own way," was the good-natured reply, and "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be," so it remained 'Sheep" unto the end.

The years went by and Carrigan made good his word. If there was anything doing, he "was there with the goods." Generous, frank, sunny, clean to the core—that was Sheep Carrigan, heart and soul in the midst of everything; everything excepting books. Studies never did bother him much. Somehow he always managed to slide along with his classes, so that in the main, school-days were jolly dog-days; with Sheep, like a buoyant cork bobbing merrily along, now on the crest of the highest wave of fun, then down with a quick rush into the deepest trough of despair; but, thanks to his Irish ancestry, always up again on top.

It was during these tip-top moments that he was considered at his best by those who knew him, and at his worst by those who never *could* know him. For, given an occasion of any sort, Carrigan could no more keep the cork on the unlimited supply of good spirits bottled up in his young body than the head-master could cork up the school spirits when the team won its first victory. Something in Sheep's brain would begin to effervesce, and results were instantaneous. First one leg, then another, would twitch; a moment's silence, then a haw-haw, would echo and re-echo through the dormitory, followed by a clog and side-stepping that would do credit to a $20 a week vaudeville performer. A few more face-arm-feet gymnastics, that made you wonder which string did the work for this human jumping-jack, then Carrigan would burst into such a flow of impromptu oratory as would put a West Coast banqueter in the deep, dark shade.

"Say, fellows," he would yell in a voice that rose and fell like the start and stop of a street-car, "I'm going to have some fun t'night if it gets me twenty marks. I don't give a hang what we do, but I ain't a-goin' to have no boozing 'er the like o' that. A fellow's got no call to go foolin' around one thing er another where

he's got to spend his dough and not get anything in return!"

By this time his honest face would glow a red that made his flaxen hair look in contrast like a halo. The blue eyes would go black and almost shoot sparks; his mouth, like a loosed piece of mechanism, would gyrate in glorious abandon; as would, indeed, every piece of his anatomy. On and on he would talk, one thought piling over another with a logical sequence known only to himself. Lost in a maze of fact and fiction, he would inevitably plunge into his never-ending tales of Alaska and its wonders. It was fascinating to see him; it was contagious to hear him. One remembered the mining-camp days of his boyhood, and forgave and forgot the racy mixture of slang, barbarous English, and queer-sounding oaths; one, listening and watching, was caught only in the strong undercurrent of sincerity running through the boy's make-up, and was swept along with a glad feeling of good-fellowship.

Now it was in the midst of his "jolly sophomore" days, that all things that are, became as naught to Carrigan; for the Sheep ventured out of the fold into pastures new, and returned all sad and shorn. The Girl had dawned on the vision of Sheep. Heretofore, girls in plenty had liked Sheep, and Sheep had liked the girls. But as for a case—well, a girl would as soon think of having a case on her brother as on Sheep. He was that sort, you see. Fairly bubbling over with downright boyish fun, he seemed to inspire the same feeling in every one, but

"Love, some day, must come to all,
Softly o'er us stealing,"—

and it took Sheep unawares. It got a big hold on him, too, and though he fought and scoffed it off through the remainder of his sophomore year and far into the junior year—for Sheep was a born scrapper when necessary—yet he lost out, and returned in the fall of his senior year in all the dignity of an acknowledged case. The girl was a winner, sure enough. Half the men in town were after her, and Sheep ranked in the race as "only a prep-kid;" but that "cut no ice with him." He had not prospected for nothing: he knew well that when a rich vein was struck, age or right of discovery amounted to little if the claim was not properly staked and filed. So with characteristic energy, Sheep set out to file his claim at headquarters.

Little by little he covered ground. By Christmas-time, in full glory arrayed, he was taking Sunday dinner regularly at the girl's house. Then all through the week he would act alternately jubilant and disconsolate, as only a fellow can act when he is being kept "guessing."

Suddenly, out of the airy nothingness of "a friend of a friend of brother's," Sheep dropped into a worse state of apparently total oblivion. A man from the Navy arrived on the scene and took possession of the still unfiled claim; at least so it seemed to the disconsolate aspirant. The Christmas hop—the joy of prep-school days—passed off with the Girl and the Navy the talk of the evening, and Sheep like a red-white thunder-cloud against the wall. The two days' skating on the lake was a repetition of the dance, for Sheep scorned to bluff it out with another girl. The night of the bob-sleigh riding on the hill brought things to a climax. Like a storm-cloud which gathers force as it goes, then all unexpectedly bursts with terrific down-pour, so Sheep's despair worked up to a pitch where something had to break somewhere.

"Al, will you take me home? Brother has gone off, thinking that I am with Lieutenant Mayer, and I told him I would go home with brother." The Girl looked mighty good to Sheep, as she stood before him, a slender little figure against the white of the snow, with eyes sparkling and cheeks glowing red. For a moment he couldn't trust himself to answer, and the girl half turned away.

"Oh, I'll take you home all right enough," Sheep broke in. "Sure! Jump in, and I'll pull you home in a jiffy." In the region of his heart there was a pumping and jumping like mad. The sled fairly flew through the air on the homeward path, and was drawn up at the gate with a splendid flourish. But the sled had gone no faster than the thoughts in the Girl's busy brain.

"That was simply great, Al," she said, jumping from the sled. "Now we'll go in and get warm by the fire-place." Without

awaiting a reply, she ran up the stairs into the house, leaving the door open behind her. For one whole moment Sheep hesitated.

Inside the house was all that he had ever wanted badly in his life. It might be his for a little while, then—then there would be nothing. It was the memory of those days of nothingness that held him back. "No," he decided, "it might just as well end now as later." He started on.

"Oh, Al," called the girl, "aren't you coming? I want you," she added so softly that Sheep was scarcely sure that he had heard aright. He didn't hesitate, but dashed into the house like a missile out of a catapult. The Girl smiled to herself as she kneeled down to poke up the fire. Long ago she had gotten used to these outbursts.

For a while nothing was heard save the soft sizzling of the pitch logs in the grate. From the depths of a big leather chair the Girl surveyed Sheep and mused. Yes, he was good to look at, despite his irregular features, and she liked the way he sat, so straight, with arms folded as though he were gripping hard to hold himself in check. In fact, she liked——

"Albert," she said suddenly, and very teasingly sounded the voice which broke Sheep's thoughts in two, "you didn't ask me to dance a single number at the hop."

"No, nor what's more, I ain't ever going to." Sheep never turned his head, or he would have seen the funny little twinkle of the eyes which accompanied the next remark.

"Nor ask me to skate, or coast, or—or anything?" she went on, ignoring his very pointed reply.

No answer at all to this. Evidently the storm-cloud was gathering.

"And you didn't come to dinner last Sunday?" Then, half-fearfully: "Why didn't you come, Al? Didn't you want to see us—me?" That certainly was rubbing it in.

"Now look here"—Sheep fairly spit the words out—"there ain't no use of you sticking it into me like that. You know as well as I do that I ain't a-goin' to stick around when there's another fellow like that Navy guy a-buttin' in and stakin' his claim."

"Why, Albert Carrigan!" was the startled answer, for never had the girl seen him worked up to this pitch. "I didn't know——"

"Oh, that's just like a girl. Doesn't know what everybody else has known for three years. Oh, it's no use, I can't stop now." Sheep's eyes were blazing, and one fist began to beat the air, yet he never looked to right or left.

"Why, girl," he exclaimed, "can't you see that I'm dead stuck on you? Why, there ain't anything I wouldn't do for you. You are the biggest nugget of pure gold I ever laid eyes on, and if I can only stake my claim right here, there ain't anything else I'm asking of the world without paying good labor or money for it. Just you, little girl—just you." His voice broke and died away, and he stared hard into the fire. The teasing smile had left the girl's face, and a sweet seriousness taken its place. She, too, was looking straight ahead into the coals.

"I ain't asking you to say yes or no," he went on. "It's just a chance I'm after—a chance to make good. I'm not much on the looks, and you might think I'm just a kid, but I'll tell you what, I'll be twenty-one when I graduate, and I sure have seen some life to make me a whole lot older than most kids of my age. When I get out of school in June, I've got money in my own name to start right into business, and you bet I ain't a-goin' to lose no time in starting. Why, there's gold up there in Alaska just layin' around waiting for some man to pick it up, and——" And Sheep was off in his never-ending visions of gold-fields and wealth untold, forgetful of time, place and girl; lost in a muddle of thought and dreams.

The girl never noticed the change of subject, or if she did, never minded. She, too, was wandering in a maze of thoughts that were pleading the lad's cause far better than he himself could do. In the fire she was seeing pictures, and always one figure, so straight and clean-limbed; one face, all laughing, yet earnest, formed the center of the scene. Now it was the football season, and Carrigan, a sub. on the big team. Game after game passed before her eyes, with Sheep always a faithful, howling enthusiast on the side lines; untiringly rushing the water-bucket for the players; stripping off his own sweater for

the sub. who was to go into the game ahead of him; leading the yells when the game was won; cheering encouragingly and mightily when the game was lost. Yes, Sheep would be faithful, the girl knew best of all.

Then came scenes of the mumps siege in the schools, and the tales she had heard of Sheep giving up his comfortable quarters to the new sick boy whose room was not yet fixed; of Sheep carrying trays of food over four flights of stairs to the invalids; of Sheep staying in to run the graphophone for the benefit of the infirmary inmates in the next room. One more big mark labeled Unselfishness went down for Sheep. Truly, his case was being presented all unawares to him.

"But that's neither here nor there," broke in Sheep at last. "It ain't the right thing for me to go telling what I'm going to do, and the like o' that. It's *now* that I'm thinking the most about, and whether I've got any show at all. Sometimes I think there isn't the ghost of a show, and then—and then you go and look at me all smiling—there, just as you are now."

There was a queer bubbly feeling starting up in Sheep's brain—a feeling he knew well. It was the sort that came when he was going up, up, on the crest of .the wave. It brought him sudden courage. He got up and stood looking down at the little figure almost lost in the big chair; at the mass of gold-brown hair; then at the little white hand that rested on the arm. He reached down and slipped his hand over it. It nestled in his palm, and the fingers curled softly over his. Then something happened. With a "whoopee-wow" and a laugh that woke the house, Sheep vented his long-pent-up feelings, and was off on his $20-a-week side-steppings. Never before and never again will the "like o' that" be done by Sheep Carrigan. It was a personification of *l'allegro* that would put the shade of Milton to shame forevermore; it was a heathenish dance of joy, and though the girl laughed until the tears came, she knew it to be the rarest of compliments, deep from Sheep's heart.

For him the nugget was in sight, the claim staked, and the papers filed at headquarters.

THE GATES

BY KATHARINE H. SMITH

Oh, mist beyond the Gate of Gold,
 Gray wand'ring wraith of winds long dead!
What home-bound craft rocks on the bar
 Astrain to pierce the gloom ahead?
What sail, unsignaled, strays afar
 And leaves a tale untold?
 To-day I'd sail out through the Gate
 Past moaning bars where white the breakers comb,
 To see what shining headlands rise
 Through breaking gloam.

Oh, mist beyond the Gate of Life,
 Gray mystic veil 'twixt false and true!
What shoals and troubled shallows lie
 Between thee and the deep, calm blue
Of His Eternal Self? May I
 There find an end of strife?
 Some day I'll sail out through the Gate,
 Through rended veil I'll view that mystery
 The gentle, world-old Pilot, Death,
 Will show to me.

A HUMBOLDT COYOTE HUNT

BY MARGARET SMITH COBB

Author of "Blaxine, Half-Breed Girl"

I WAS CALLED UP on the telephone one early May afternoon. Ah, it was Mrs. Walter Hurlburt. "Can you come up this evening?" she asked. "Old Slade was at the Robertson ranch last night, and the men look for him here to-night. Bertha and Mary and I are going to join the hunt, and we would like to have you come."

I not only replied that I would come, but two hours afterward the grand chorus of the hounds announced my arrival at the Upper Range House. This range, lying close to the southern edge of Humboldt County, consists of ten thousand of as pretty acres as were ever spread out over ground. They reach their way over hill after hill, far up to the high backbone of the divide, a prodigal mat of rich feed everywhere, with many meadows set in between the hills, where the grass grows up to touch the saddle-horn. Here the three Hurlburt brothers, typical range men and hunters, make their home. As rangemen they have looked steadily into everything on which a range depends, and are consequently studied politicians, and as hunters they think and speak with a keen quickness.

On my arrival I found a little excitement showing; that was delightful. All were planning against Old Slade, the coyote that had outwitted every pack of hounds in that section for two years, or rather, it had been two years since they had discovered that it was one certain coyote that always got away. Then they began to see marked ways that designated him from all other coyotes. He was daring, insolent and knowing. It was his delight to kill among the choice lambs treasured up close to some range house, and he always had his knowledge as to where the hounds and hunters were. Once when the pack was across at the Tuttle range for a few days, he was seen on the Hurlburt range, herding the sheep as pliantly as a dog. He would kill lambs, too, in neater time than any other coyote, and when his work was finished, he would bundle his trophies together as if he had stood and admired them before he set away. And then he always had ready the most clever ruses for misleading the dogs, nearly always using some canyon, or following some creek, when the manner of other coyotes is to keep to the high ridges.

The night before, at the Robertson range, which lay six miles away, as the crow flies, he had left his little heap of lambs, but they had not been discovered until noon, and then after a few hours' run the dogs had given up the chase.

But now the plotting against him was heavy. Harry, the head brother, even advocating silence over the telephone. "I tell you Old Slade is listening somewhere," he declared, "and he will get away to-morrow from inside information. Take my advice and converse only in whispers until this evening." The youngest brother, Elmer, had just returned from Broadfields, the low farming part of the range, with three extra dogs that ran well with the mountain pack, while Walter, the second brother, by a wide detour, had made his way to Sugar Loaf Butte, and closed up the cave-like entrance there, hard and fast with stones. "It has been my opinion," he maintained, "that Old Slade, after deceiving the hounds, slips away and hides there. I just think this, but if he attempts it to-morrow, my hypothesis will have a solid foundation."

As a further preparation for the coming day, outside in a giant cauldron was a great dog-stew simmering, that smelled good enough for any one to eat. For general running, just mush and dog-bread is fed to the pack, but now there

was to be extra energy needed. Great pieces of beef had been cooked down to a rich soup, and this soup thickened with good graham flour. Every dog was to be fed plentifully that night, but the next morning they were to eat very sparingly. A hound has very little speed or endurance on a full stomach.

At the faintest dawn, the next morning, Walter was out, saddled and away to the sleeping grounds, where the sheep all gather at night, but it was not long until we heard him thundering back, and he was into the house with the words: "Every one up and hurry. Old Slade's here. Got six of my very best. Both of Mott's, Lillie."

"Dear, dear," sighed Lillie, "and her sleeping right above the house!" She had raised the good ewe, Mott, as she raised others every spring, from a tiny orphan lamb.

"That's Old Slade," laughed Walter, as he hurried to call up the other houses over the wire. It was not long then until a hunter's breakfast was served, but this was scarcely over before the unison of the dogs announced the coming of the other brothers and their wives, Harry and Bertha, Elmer and Mary. Then in less time than I am telling this, our horses were brought around, and amid the jingle of spurs and bridle reins, the frictional music of pliant saddle leathers, and the short, sharp, excited soundings of the dogs at the first winding of the horn, we were off up the hill.

Oh, the world had just awakened, refreshed from sleep! The sun but a hand's-breadth above the horizon, marked the dew-set grass with exaggerated shadows. The birds flitted low, crossing all our way, and undisturbed from their matins, while from a distant timbered hill boomed the dull cannon of the grouse. To our right gleamed the waters of East Branch, early on their sweet way, while below, in a cool, white cloud, rested the fog on Eel River.

At the sleeping grounds, we stood our horses to one side, while the men uncoupled the best lead dogs, Jerry and Mage, Ring and Jip, Snowball and Fox, and set them to their work. Fancy and Free, Beggar and Mole. Spanker and Deuce, Nancy and Sail, were left for "turn ins," and could only gaze from their couplings and whine. When the first of the pack have run until they are wearied, these fresh dogs are loosed to run. That is the meaning of a "turn in."

In but a few moments, then, there came a joyous shout from Elmer: "Come in closer, partners! Jerry knows it's Old Slade!" We rode in a little closer and caught a glimpse of Jerry, his speckled nose held to the ground, circling the dead lambs. This was Jerry's fourth year as lead dog of the pack, and he is an accepted authority. I wish I knew what he does about the hunt. I would know whereof I was speaking. But just here, with a joyous whining bark, he was off, the rest all following with the music.

At this moment, Walter hurried back to us. "It's the canyon, Lillie," he said. "Too rough for you the way we are going to ride to-day. Better lead out towards Fox Point. You'll see the best of it from there;" then the big, lithe sorrel he rode was whirled, it seemed, on the circumference of a cent, and he was gone.

Then away we rode, two and two, Mrs. Lillie and Mrs. Mary riding ahead, while I followed with Mrs. Bertha.

Three splendid women, a little broader in opinions and hopes than usually found; this, I believe, from their giving unselfishly to other things than the narrow walls of their houses, and their close association with wide range life. Mrs. Lillie, slender, clear-eyed, the best horsewoman and general range authority in the section; Mrs. Mary, the pretty bride just a short time on the range; and Mrs. Bertha, wonderful to me. The mother of five fine children, keeper of the big Broadfield house, yet with the face and figure of a girl, very quiet, seldom speaking, her pretty little chin, from her silence, curved to a proud tilt.

For an hour we rode along above the noise of the dogs in the canyon and on the hills below along Squaw Creek, with sometimes the pack hurrying into view. Now we threaded a brushy way, here our trail led around a dangerous edge of a rocky point, with a gallop occasionally across a smooth piece of green, while all the while Mrs. Lillie hearkened and studied out the run of the dogs.

A delicious breeze swept to meet us,

while slowly below on Eel River, the fog lifted and its waters gleamed white and distant. The perfume of a million flowers assailed us; we passed between clumps of red-bud that glowed like the burning bush, while just over our shoulders, across the canyon, a great, gray, drowsy hill of thorny shrubs was wakened to lightness by a sea of delicate white sprays. Above us an eagle sailed idly, mysteriously, while to mock his ease and isolation, a humming bird, a bit of bright flame, tormented himself with multitudinous gyrations, so swift that his wings made the music instead of the little throat. Then as we came around a sharp curve, there in the grass stood a slim doe, her head lifted toward us, without a trace of fear.

"Oh, look!" I cried quickly. "The deer!"

Mrs Lillie laughed. "That is Faerie," she said. "She knows us. I raised her mother from a little spotted fawn. She always brings her fawns near the house to be free from panthers. Something "became" of her mother, as Bertha's little boy says. Faerie is looking for a biscuit now," and after searching her saddle pocket, Mrs. Lillie rode out to the pretty creature. "There are always more with her," said Mrs. Mary. "The men make greater pets of them than we do. Here! Look to your right!" and from the little knoll above, a mighty buck gazed down defiantly, at his side two peering does, every muscle held in readiness to flee.

We left Faerie munching her biscuit, but had not passed Fox Point very far when Mrs. Lillie stopped to listen sharply to the noise below. It was all without meaning to me, though it made my heart dance, but Mrs. Lillie, who knew the voice of every dog, and who had been marking every play of the tactics below, decided quickly: "They are going out of the canyon, and I am pretty sure we can intercept them at Big Rock by a little riding," and at this we were quickly away. The first time our horses had been let out that morning, and they liked the run.

But half-way our leader halted, and then came to a stand. There was silence from the hills below us. Soon, though, an occasional bark came from the canyon again. Mrs. Lillie's face changed. "Old Slade has tied his track in a knot across the creek, and taken them back to the canyon. He has them all lost now!" she voiced.

Then while we held a silence and listened, I heard Mrs. Bertha whisper in awe past me: "Look Lillie! There at the brook!"

We turned quickly to see, and there at the edge of clear water, where the brook made a wide, deep rest in the soft, changing shadows, was Old Slade. He had seen us, of course, but he gave not the slightest sign. His trim, true body was just touched with light as he stood gazing down in half-evil thought at the faint ripples. Then he lightly skirted around the water, with still a moment of easy lingering on its sweet coolness, took the open between the trees and was gone.

"Old Slade making away!" gasped Lillie. "Bertha, you lead! I'll go! Let me have Pablo, Mary. He's the best for rough country."

"But the emergency call! Quick, Lillie!" laughed Mrs. Bertha tremulously. Then while Mrs. Mary sprang down and renewed the cinch, Mrs. Lillie unswung from her saddle horn an army bugle, and its clear notes rang out over the canyon. There was no reply. Again the bugle called, and then from the hills across the canyon, far away, answered the hunting horn, and the next instant Mrs. Lillie was speeding in its direction, her body held low, close to the saddle, down the steep, dangerous way. Half-way down the mountain side, the bugle called again, and again the answering horn. Then for a time, there were no further signals, but at last from the canyon below rang three long blasts of the born.

"They are coming with the pack," cried Mrs. Bertha. She had seen Old Slade and saved the day, and the face above the little tilted chin flushed and dimpled with pleasure.

It was but a little time then until Jerry's glad resounding was heard coming up the canyon side, the rest of the pack following with the new voices of the "turn ins" rising over the rest.

"They have the trail again," said Mrs. Bertha. "Tighten up the cinches and be ready. We are going to ride with them now."

Then as they came swinging past at our right, we ran in and joined them, and sure

enough the trail led past the brook where we had seen Old Slade. "Hurrah, we're close behind him. Good for you, partners," cheered Elmer. "He's making for Sugar Loaf, but slow," laughed Walter. "Didn't I tell you."

"And he'll turn and go down the other side," determined Harry. "We'll make the last 'turn in' there. I knew he could not go back across the canyon but by one way, when Lillie told me, and there was where Jerry was sure of his track again. Old Jerry picked it up, glad to find it again, though."

"There's a bit of rough country in here at Sugar Loaf, Lillie," said Walter. "You had better cross over at Way Pass. We'll be coming right back, and you will be sure to join us there."

So after a mile run, that seemed to me over country rough enough, we left the men and dogs and took a narrow trail over the ridge, but we were scarcely over before the dogs were coming down that way. Then over all the noise came two sharp blasts of the horn.

"They're going to get him! They're closing in!" interrupted Mrs. Lillie. "Now ride!" and away we went to join the avalanche that swept in below us, and there, just ahead of the band of straining dogs, ran a yellowish-gray, fleeing shadow.

And now at this most unlucky time, the bird-like gray, ridden by Harry, put a foot into a ground squirrel hollow, and down went horse and master in ignominious confusion. But before it seemed they they had time to be down, before I could at all decipher the mix-up, I saw Harry standing in a moment's supreme patience at the bridle of the fallen gray, giving him a reassuring pat and a few soft words as he rose. And "Garberville Gray" understood, too, how humiliating it was to fall just as he did, and also that he was not blamed, for as soon as his master was in the saddle he caught the bit in his teeth, and was away in a frenzy of speed, joining and running in ahead of the others, and setting a terrific pace for us all.

Oh, that last was a wild run! The ground was fairly good, a smooth turning around the ridge. My heart was beating, asking me for fear, but the fever of the race, flaming up, consumed me. How long could this madness of running last!

But suddenly the gray shape turned to face its pursuers, swinging its body half-upward in a last marvel of litheness, and snapped viciously, desperately, at the dogs so near him, but I had scarcely seen the gleam of his white teeth when they closed in on him in a snarling mass, and just as we ran in, it was all over. The gray, limp form was still being wooled by Snowball, but the rest of the pack were wallowing and rubbing off their bloody jaws in the grass in delirious joy.

"Here, Lillie," now called Walter, "Old Slade's brush is yours." There was something of smoothness in his voice, and I turned to see the meaning. But Mrs. Lillie had turned away from us, and was looking off across the range.

"Come now," called the other brothers, "it is yours. Tell us your mind."

"I don't want the brush," she replied, a tremble in her voice. "The hills were his own. He loved them."

"But you told on him," argued the men.

"I know I did," she confessed. "Bertha saw him, and Mary let me have Pablo —but if it had not been this way, you men —never—would—have—got him. I don't think I would feel so sorry for him, though, but he was a figure among coyotes, the best of these hills, and brave to the very last. I saw him. Leave him his brush. We took his life. Poor Old Slade!"

"Approved," said the brothers gravely, and we turned away homeward.

THE HIGHGRADERS

BY CHARLES W. COYLE

FROM HER secluded position in a recess of the great Combination dump she could watch the file of miners passing down Fifth avenue on their way to the little tents and shacks which, by courtesy in Goldfield, are designated home. The air was chill, and over the mesa land to the west dense clouds carved in ebony threatened a tropical deluge, the rich tones of distant thunder echoed apparently from the upright columns of malapi on the cliffs, but no blessed rain drops fell on the arid wastes. A sharp wind blew off the barren mountains, and impatiently drawing her shawl about her, she scanned the line of men straggling along with large dinner buckets in hand without being conscious of the presence of a man in corduroys who gazed at her wistfully from the screen of a red outcrop not many feet distant. Presently her eye brightened as a big, husky fellow stepped out from a group of men and swung quickly along the trail that leads over the low red hill toward the dump. As he approached, she gave a low call. He responded and turned in to greet her. They stood for a moment talking, when, by a furtive movement, he slipped a long pouch into her hand, which she quickly concealed under the shawl. The couple then stepped out onto the trail, passing within a few feet of the man behind the outcrop, and continued over the hill to a thinly settled part of town.

The young woman felt the weight of the pouch. She remarked:

"You must have done well to-day, Jim!"

"Yes," chuckled the young miner. "That's a sample from the jewel-streak."

"Jim, do you know," she exclaimed, "the box is almost full."

"Good! I believe I can put a couple of thousand more to it before the leases close down. We've got to make high-grade while the sun shines."

"No, that isn't so, Jim. When you've got enough you ought to be satisfied. I believe you have the spirit of a capitalist. Do you know I've felt uneasy of late, and somehow to-day I have a strange presentiment of some dreadful occurrence about to happen, I don't know what. You have made enough, Jim. Lay off. You can devote yourself to the work."

The young fellow laughed.

"Oh, your woman's presentiments," he said. "Why, don't you know, Anna, they dar'sn't say a word. We'd tie them up so tight a wheel couldn't turn. The leasers must keep a-going, as their time is nearly out. Pshaw! They practically tell us, 'Help yourselves, boys, but leave a little for us.' Don't you worry, little girl. We're all right."

She sighed.

"Perhaps you think it is pleasant to have a sweetheart you must worry over," she answered. "And I don't know, Mr. James Norton, but I may take it in my head to run off with my admirer, Mr. Lister. How would you like that?"

His face darkened as she pronounced the name.

"Have you learned anything from him?" he asked in a serious tone.

"Nothing except that he thinks a good deal of me."

"Have I told you, Anna, that to-night the Circle is going to pass sentence on Lister?"

"No." She gave a little start. 'Aren't you hasty? I can't think it of him. There is something about the case that mystifies me."

"And he mystified the rest of us, too, but we know now that the man's a dangerous fellow. He's a Pinkerton, a spy, a traitor, a tool of the Mine Owners' Association."

"Somehow I can't believe it," she said.

"If it were—true—he—ought—he ought—to die—but——"

"We'll give him a square deal, but if things we know are true he'll leave this camp afoot, or in a hearse, sure as you're born."

She avoided the subject.

"Can you come over to-night, Jim?"

"I'd like to, Anna, but we're going to have a kind of jubilee at Seller's in honor of Fritzie's safe return, and after that we'll adjourn to Number 15 to discuss Lister."

They had passed over the brow of the hill into a barren gulch covered with gray desert wash and sage-brush, with here and there a rude cabin or tent house scattered without order in the cheerless neighborhood. At the foot of the hill they separated, the young man striking off toward a small tent on a distant rise, while the girl made her way down the gulch to a double cabin occupied by herself on one side and on the other by a woman stenographer.

Anna Lipsky belonged to that impressionistic class of young women who have furnished the enthusiasm for revolutions. Poverty had tutored her in bitter lessons. When a child, she felt the sting of want and listened to the voice of the oppressed. The daughter of Russian emigrants and acquainted with sweat-shop slavery, the grind of life in the black diamond belt and the wild freedom of Western gold camps, she was now a missionary of the coming revolution and high priestess of the Goldfield branch of the Reds known to the initiated as "Comrades of the Social Circle."

She entered her plain but comfortably furnished room, locked the door carefully, and going over to the fireplace, removed a rug, lifted up a flat stone which concealed a trap door of wood, and opening this, uncovered a box almost filled with grayish-black quartz.

In the quiet of the room she moved like a spectre, but not with more deliberation than the stenographer in the adjoining room, who, immediately upon Miss Lipsky's entrance, had crept to the wall, and, turning over a flap of paper, applied her eye to a pin-hole aperture which commanded a view of the next apartment.

The long, narrow pouch was full of metal, genuine high-grade small, grayish particles held together by strings of gold, pieces of quartz oily with the dark sylvanite, and splashed with dull yellow stains. She ran the golden stream through her fingers, detaining a piece now and then to inspect it with the air of a connoisseur. The treasure box was nearly full.

In the midst of her diversion she was startled by a sudden knock on the door. With deft movements she replaced the rug and composing her features opened the door to a man in corduroys.

Lister entered, and after the usual formalities, handed her a small jeweler's box.

"You will notice," he remarked, "that I had the red flag put in with the miner's pan and the cactus. I believe you will make a convert of me one of these days—at least to socialism," he added, with a short, dry laugh, though a look of trouble sat on his face.

She thanked him heartily.

"I wanted to give you something to remember me by, Miss Anna."

"You are not going away, Mr. Lister!"

"No-o. Not exactly that. But in our profession you can never tell what will happen. This is a wild town. There's lots of high-grading going on—and—I might be called out to-night."

He stopped abruptly as if he had committed an indiscretion, and rising, held out his hand. Miss Anna thought, as she met his earnest gaze, that he was an exceptionally handsome fellow. Tall, well-formed, intelligent, with a high brow and deep, dreamy eyes that sat strangely in his rugged face like desert flowers in a rocky gulch. There was something about him, too, that appealed to her mystic temperament.

"Miss Anna," he said, "there is nothing I would value more than your good opinion. Whatever happens, think of me kindly. Sometime, perhaps, I may explain. Good-bye."

She stood perplexed and mystified by the strange turn of affairs. There was something in his veiled language that coincided with her presentiments. Immediately her thoughts reverted to Jim. She felt convinced from Lister's manner that he was sincere. She dropped into a chair and sat for a while thinking deeply, then

she hurriedly seized her hat and walked up the gulch toward the brow of the hill. Jim was not at home. In a despondent frame of mind she walked slowly back to the cabin. During the evening she sat at her window, glancing now up the gulch road and then off to the assay shop, about two blocks distant, which stood out distinctly on a little knoll apart from the unpainted cabins. As dusk came, she occasionally surveyed the shop through a field glass.

The comrades of the "Social Circle" were in high feather. Fortune, golden, glorious, smiled upon their efforts. In this new-found land the royal day of social equality seemed close at hand when every man would receive the just reward of his toil instead of the paltry sixth of what he actually produced. They were a gay and adventurous set. Little Fritz had just come home from a perilous expedition to San Francisco, where he successfully landed a quantity of specially rich high-grade under the very nose of the police, and the men were present to extend congratulations.

* * * *

It had seemed that the watchmen were a little more strict of late, so it was deemed advisable to ship a good share of the plunder to outside points, especially since Sellers had all he could possibly handle at present without exciting undue suspicion. Of course, it was known in a general way in Goldfield that the seventy-five assay shops were not thriving on the infrequent assays of the honest prospector, but the town was living in a golden dream; brokers trod on air; miners threw down hundreds on the tables without exciting comment, and the assay shops were accepted as part of the general prosperity.

Little Fritz twirled his tiny French mustache and beamed upon the circle of rough faces that gazed with pride upon him. They were seated at one end of the busy shop conversing in a high key, to be heard above the gasoline furnace where Sellers, stripped to the waist in the hot atmosphere, for the door was locked and the windows heavily draped, glowed like a demon in the glare of the smelting furnace as he stirred the bullion with an iron rod, and now and then threw in a little borax to dissolve the slag. An assistant was feeding a miniature crusher with particles of high-grade that disappeared like a dainty relish and then passed on to a small rotary mill where, to low, grinding music, the pulp gave up its yellow grains to the greedy mercury. The shop was glowing, humming, vibrating, singing with activity and joy. The assayer smiled as he stirred up the largest smelt in its history. His assistant gazed lovingly at the treasure pouring into the crusher, and the Comrades of the Social Circle chuckled with glee as clever Fritzie recounted his trip to San Francisco in the guise of an expert of the new school, one of the yellow-legged products of the Columbia School of Mines, who represented unlimited Eastern capital. He had taken with him a large and carefully-guarded number of samples in canvas bags sealed with wax and wire, the result of a mine examination which you would infer added to his prestige. He grinned as he recalled the respect with which his opinions of the Nevada fields had been received by an Eastern capitalist whom he met in the diner on the way to the Coast.

"You'll have to take the credit, 'Dad,' for my hit with the Nabob," said Fritzie, "for I didn't know a slicken sides from the side of a barn when I first blew into camp."

The white-bearded old-timer addressed as "Dad" smiled softly. He took his elbow off his knee, held out a stubby pipe, and after expectorating into a crucible, said in a drawling tone:

"If it comes to a show-down, you know right now more'n them dam-fool experts ever will."

This tickled little Fritz particularly, being a compliment as much to his histrionic ability as to his ready wit, for in the days of his poverty he had traveled a vaudeville circuit in subordinate roles, which made him familiar with disguises and parts.

In the general scheme of the high-graders, "Dad" played the old prospector act, the desert mystery just in from a long, weary trip over the alkali where he had spotted some fabulous chimneys of rich ore. He appeared in the morning, and the same night vanished with a string of burros loaded with grub, but a close inspection under the tarpaulins would

have revealed loot rich enough for Ali Baba's renowned forty thieves.

There were present this evening, in addition to Norton, Fritz and "Dad," the Smith brothers from the Hays and Monette lease, whose specialty lay in unlimited nerve, splendid biceps and a hatred of mine owners gained in the Coeur d'Alene and Cripple Creek fray, where they had known Lister in the exciting days previous to the deportation of the miners. At their hands a detective would find no more mercy than a heretic before the Spanish Inquisitors.

The company settled down for a jolly time. Norton spread the contents of a well-filled basket upon a drygoods box. Jokes and incidents of the business passed round the circle in sparkling succession. One of the Hays and Monette boys related how that very day when the foreman's back was turned, the entire shift on the lower level had rushed into the jewel stope, where the foreman discovered them a few minutes later stowing away high-grade in their belts and pouches. The foreman swore a blue streak and told them to scoot, for the superintendent was coming.

They all laughed at this incident, and Norton said that he guessed the foreman was thinking of a bungalow on Crook avenue with the rest of the grafters.

"I had a time myself the other day," said "Dad," "with one of these crazy tenderfect who got dern inquisitive about the load on the canaries. At last I showed him a quick trail to Goldfield, and they found him next day on the malapi with his tongue hanging out. Poor devil."

As the wine passed around, the Circle grew more hilarious and boisterous. Sellers and his assistant attended to business with one hand on a bottle, while the shouts and songs of the men floated out on the night air above the roar of the machinery. The thrill of the wine, the elation at Fritzie's success, and the general sense of security caused them to give free vent to the Western miners' expression of a good time. They drank to the glorious cause of labor, eternal defiance to mine owners, and long life to Little Fritz, the cleverest, nerviest bantam in the high-grade profession. They held the wine aloft while Fritz acknowledged the compliment with his stagiest bow, when a trap door opened and a youth who acted in the capacity of watchman, protruded his frowsy head above the door and remarked that a woman had asked him to get this note to Mr. Norton.

For a minute the interruption caused a halt in the festivities, but "Dad," whose beady eyes shone with unusual brilliance, tossed a shaky hand in the air and proposed three cheers for Little Fritz, and the ladies. The cheers were given with a will, three big ones and a tiger, in the face of Norton, who rushed upon them with a startled look and motioned for silence. But for response, the Smith boys threw their arms about his neck and attempted to execute a sailor's hornpipe. In the midst of the shuffle a fierce pounding echoed on the office door, and a rough voice commanded them sharply to open in the name of the law. On the instant, confusion reigned in the assay shop. Sellers and his assistant grasped the black crucible with a pair of tongs and threw it rumbling and sizzling into a barrel of water that stood near the furnace. The assistant tossed a couple of sacks of high-grade down the trap door and motioned frantically for the miners to make their exit by that way. They stood as if paralyzed for a moment by the unexpected character of the raid, then as if by one impulse they all, with the exception of Little Fritz, darted toward the trap door, and the assistant threw a pile of sacks over the exit. Meanwhile the knocking had become more vigorous and insistent.

"Who's there?" cried Sellers, while Fritz gathered up the remains of the feast and the assistant hid some tell-tale evidence. In reply the door fell in with a crash, and three deputies appeared with drawn revolvers.

"Stay where you are, young man. You will consider yourself under arrest," said the chief to Little Fritz.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the assayer in an indignant tone.

"It means that you high-graders are up against it," said the leader, exhibiting a search warrant. "I believe I heard several voices, didn't I, Mr. Sellers?"

"I don't know what you heard," replied the assayer in a sullen tone.

"It doesn't matter; we've got the place

surrounded anyhow," said the deputy, briskly.

Little Fritz sat on the box, brushing the dust from his new clothes. He was a fastidious young man, and nothing pained him more than to appear in soiled attire. In the old, Gradgrind days reminiscent of soiled collars and threadbare garments, he had vowed by the dramatic muse that if he ever made a hit he would invest in at least twenty suits, and now as a star in the high-grade profession, one of the greatest delights came to him in the possession of a fancy wardrobe. But he sat at this minute on the box thinking miserably that he might better have crawled with his fine black suit into the dirty cellar, as now fate might present him with another suit of a more decided stripe than is consistent with good taste. While he sat meditating seriously on this point, he became aware of a pair of eyes looking at him from one corner of a window opposite. He thought he had noticed a sound as of breaking glass when the men entered, and he did not know how to explain this kind of surveillance, so he focused his attention on the window. The deputies were engaged in searching every nook and corner of the shop, not an object escaped their vigilance, yet Fritzie did not watch them, as his eyes had joined issue with those at the window. Presently the curtain was pushed aside cautiously by a little stick, and he saw the white face of Anna Lipsky. She motioned impatiently for him to go to the door. The deputies' backs were turned. They had unearthed a pile of high-grade which lay covered in a shed attached to the shop beyond the grinding machinery. Fritz crept to the door, when Anna pulled him out, and hand in hand they began to run down the hill. For a moment their course lay in the path of light that streamed out of the door, and as they ran, a guard looking in that direction as if by accident, spied the runaways, and leveling his gun, commanded them to halt. But at the same instant, with a mighty roar the back part of the assay shop rose in splinters; the crash was succeeded a minute later by a dull boom, and the entire building burst into flame. The refugees sped to the foot of the hill and along a small ravine, past an unfrequented part of town, whence they made their way to the railroad.

* * * *

When the miners piled into the cellar at the suggestion of the assistant assayer, they found the youthful watchman at the foot of the stairs, paralyzed with fear.

"Son, where kin we stow ourselves?" inquired "Dad."

"I dunno. Oh, Lord, they've got us sure," whined the boy, trembling in every limb.

"Here, quit that, sonny."

"I'll bet 'Diamondfield's' here with um," continued the frightened youth, "an' he's a dead shot. Oh, God—mother."

"Here, you young spring chicken," muttered the old-timer, "shut up and tell something about these here diggin's, or I'll shake your gizzard out. Tell how'd you git here."

"Through the tunnel," said the boy.

"Where is it?"

"At the end of the cellar. You crawl through into a woodshed."

On the instant the men scrambled out with practiced speed through the narrow exit. As the boy had said, they came out into a small shed provided with a door in the rear facing down the ravine away from the shop. Bursting this open, they started full speed down the hill, the Smith boys running together toward the town, while the old-timer and Norton sped side by side in the direction of the mines. At once a sharp cry from one of the guards aroused the posse, who started in pursuit. "Dad" and Norton made for the shelter of a clump of shacks that stood just across the road from the assay shop. As the men darted into the shelter of the first building, Norton heard a shot, and glancing back, saw one of the deputies pitch forward on the slope of the hill. At the same instant, he perceived that they were followed by two deputies, one of whom, bringing up the rear, suggested Lister. Darting here and there among the cabins and tents, the miners occasionally came into a momentary view of the officers, who thus got their direction and called on them to halt. A moon in the first quarter gave a dim illumination to the scene. Norton ran well, but the pace was beginning to tell on old "Dad," who

labored heavily. His breath came in short explosive gasps through his open mouth, and Norton, thinking him about to collapse, reached for his arm and pulled him along.

"Go 'long, pardner; leave me. They'll never take me," gasped the old man, who reached into his belt and pulled out a long knife. "I'll sell my life dear. Oh, for a gun!"

"Come on, 'Dad.' Come on, for God's sake. I can't leave you. You'll get your wind soon."

By this time the outmost house was reached, and they had a piece of open ground to cross before a ravine beyond would afford them shelter. Here, for a moment, they were in plain sight of their pursuers, dark objects in the gloomy sagebrush. A snappy voice called out: "Halt!" Then a bullet whistled through "Dad's" hat and the old man groaned. The song of the bullet taunted him like a red devil's war-whoop. The agony and humiliation to be hunted like this! The frontiersman spirit in him rose in impotent resentment, and his crooked forefinger opened and closed convulsively.

"Let's—stand—an' fight—'em, Jim," he panted.

"No, come on," shouted Norton, recognizing the madness of the idea.

They had but a step to gain the shelter of the ravine, although Norton momentarily awaited the hum of the bullet that would carry death to one of them, for the first shot spoke of a steady nerve. He listened for the crack of the gun, but instead heard a voice which he recognized as Lister's call out to the man in front sharply:

"Look out, Jack. Watch on the right." and they darted into the shelter of the ravine.

"Dad" threw himself to the ground, crying: "I'm played out. Go on, pardner."

"Never," cried Norton, trying to pull the old man to his feet. "We've got a chance yet, 'Dad.' Come on."

"Where'll we go? They'll outrun us. Skin out, Jim."

"Get up, I say," commanded the young fellow, savagely.

Suddenly, as if enthused with new life, the old man leaped to his feet and cried:

"The shaft! The shaft!"

"Where?"

"Come on!"

At once darting forward with renewed energy, stumbling and swaying in the dusk along the ravine bottom through the wash and brush, they seemed to be gaining on their pursuers, whose approach was now very audible down the ravine. The sinuous course of their trail afforded shelter. When they reached the crest of the hill that commanded a view of the city the sound of an explosion reached their ears, and turning instinctively, they saw the assay shop in a blaze. Their objective was now an old workings, distant a few rods on the side of a low hill. To reach it they must cross a gulch where probably they would be seen by the deputies. Having no time for speculation, they charged down the hillside toward the shelter of the dump. They had just reached the rocky shield when the report of another cartridge announced the vigilance of their pursuers. The shot went wild, and now the open cuts and workings gave them sanctuary until they reached the mouth of the shaft, where they disappeared like a brace of ducks at the sound of a gun. About one hundred feet below, an exit led away from the shaft toward the ravine, but the exit was caved. In the shelter of the drift they flung themselves to the ground like hunted animals. "Dad" seemed to go all to pieces, but presently his breath came with more regularity, his wonderful recuperative powers asserted themselves, and he sat up and listened. A few pebbles rattled down the shaft. The old man turned toward Norton.

"They're comin'. They know we ain't got no guns," he said. "You think you've got us cornered, do you?" he muttered. "Go on, old pal," he continued, "light out of here."

"We're bottled," exclaimed the young man.

"No we ain't. There's only a skin o' dirt near the top of the tunnel. You kin push right through. I've cached high-grade here. Go on, pardner."

"Aren't you coming, too, 'Dad?'"

"No," hissed the old man, drawing out his knife. "I'm goin' ter stay an' git that feller that took a shot at me."

Norton struck a match, and holding it

cautiously in the hollow of his hand, saw the old man, who looked so pitiable, stained with sweat, flustered, haggard, yet resolute, the incarnation of the frontier desperado spirit, that the young man gazed at his comrade of the early days with a feeling of admiration.

"'Dad,' I'm interested here, too," he said. "There's a party following us I'd like to settle with, and I'm a younger man than you. You go out and find Anna. Tell her we're safe."

The old man thought a great deal of Anna, and he also yearned for satisfaction of his wounded pride. He studied a minute as if going through a mental struggle, then quietly reached the knife into Norton's hand and crept out along the drift.

Scarcely had a faint halo at the end of the drift announced the old-timer's exit when the young man heard rough foot steps scraping on the ladder. The man descended boldly, but with hesitation, waiting every now and then as if he listened for a sound of the fugitives. In the deathly stillness of the drift Norton listened to the beating of his own heart, his senses took on preternatural keenness, every nerve strained to breaking tension as he crouched back into a hollow in the wall and waited the approach of his victim.

"Poor fool," he thought.

The man descended with much noise, reached the plank that stretched from the ladder to the drift, took a step across to the entrance, and, peering in, touched the button of his pocket lamp. Behind the light stood Lister.

With a cry of "Traitor!" that reverberated through the drift, Norton sprang at the man and fastened a throttle grip on his throat. His right hand grasping the knife was caught by the detective as it fell, and the two powerful men, now in darkness, clinched in a death struggle. Norton had the advantage in physical prowess; Lister was skilled in wrestling and defense. Like enraged bulls the antagonists strained for a new hold, but the relentless grip of the miner on his adversary's throat began to tell, and Lister gave way inch by inch toward the shaft. He struggled frantically and pushed against the rigid muscles of the miner until the blood seemed ready to burst from his veins. But in spite of his most forceful effort he gave way, an inch, five inches, a foot, another foot, and as the contest sapped his remaining strength, he felt his body bend over and his eyes caught a glimpse of the stars above the shaft. Quiet and calm with tropic lustre they glowed in the crisp air. The events of his entire life flashed across the screen of memory, and he saw the face of the woman who was dearer to him than the thought of heaven. They were struggling now on the edge of the drift. The plank, dislodged in the scuffle, fell with a loud splash into the bottom of the shaft, one hundred feet below. The deputy's failing breath came in harsh, gurgling exhausts, and the miner, seeing his advantage, prepared to hurl his adversary down the shaft. In this last moment, when the retribution of the Social Circle seemed actually meted out, a new thrill of energy surged into the detective's frame. With a maniac effort he lunged forward, and, falling to the ground, disengaged the miner's hold on his throat. Gasping Anna's name, he fell to the ground. In falling, the detective's arms clasped Norton about the knees, and the impact threw him to the floor of the drift, but quick as a panther he turned over and fell upon the hapless detective. At the same instant the drift rang with a sharp call, "Freedom!" Norton started as if shot. Once more the detective gasped out in a feeble voice the sacred pass-word of the Comrades.

"Liebneckt!" called Norton, fiercely. "Answer me!"

"Forward," came the response, feebly.

Trembling in every limb, Norton relaxed his grip on the detective. His arms fell to his side. His right hand touched the pocket lamp. He raised it and turned the light on the prostrate man, who immediately made a few mysterious passes in the air. Then Norton clasped the hand of his former antagonist and gazed with surprise and dismay into the distorted face of a Brother of the Inmost Circle.

"My God," said the detective, burying his face in his hands, "I have broken my oath."

"Swear to me that you will tell no one what has passed between us to-night."

"I swear it," exclaimed the miner, and he continued with hesitation:

"Brother, there is a matter I ought to speak to you about. Anna and I are engaged to be married."

The deputy turned his head and groaned.

"Leave the camp, Norton," he said, "with Anna. The game is up; the mine owners have made their play, and from this time on, change-rooms and watchmen are on the program. Make capital for us where you can; we have a just cause and the people must triumph at last. You will bear me witness that I tried to save you twice. Once where I called to Jones and again where I warned you by crawling down here so noisily. I knew of 'Dad's' secret entrance. The coast is clear. You have lost considerable time already."

With a parting word of sympathy the miner acted on the suggestion and crawled out toward the light.

* * * *

When they reached the shelter of the railroad cut, Fritzie and Anna breathed freely. Public attention was diverted by the fire, and no one would question the young couple sauntering arm in arm along the outskirts of the town.

"Who blew up the assay shop, Anna?"

"I did," she replied, simply.

Fritzie whistled and softly pressed her hand.

"Fritzie," she said, in a faltering voice, "where is Jim?"

"I don't know. Last thing I knew they ducked into the cellar."

The girl swayed as she walked, and Fritzie put his arm about her waist to support her.

"Don't take on, Anna. They probably gave them the slip. I expect we'll find them when we come to Number 1. Let's hurry."

"Do you suppose Sellers and his man were injured when the gasoline exploded?" she asked, thinking, woman-like, of results after the event had transpired. "I didn't think of that."

"Served them right," muttered Little Fritz. "They were a lot of thieves anyhow. We never could count on them to give us what they ought."

They hastened down the track and turned into lower Broadway. Here, as they came out into the street, they ran into a crowd of men and boys following behind a couple of rough-clad miners handcuffed together and supported on either side by a man carrying a drawn weapon, while a deputy with a shotgun followed. Anna shuddered, for she recognized the Smith brothers. Fritzie now darted with his charge to a side street, whence they hastened along the gulch past the baseball grounds parallel to the main street, until they reached the lower part of town, where the lights glared brightly, and they heard the sound of wild music. Fritzie noticed as they came into the outer circle of a swinging electric light that his companion's face was deathly pale. It startled him.

"Let's turn up here," he exclaimed. "You need a stimulant."

"No. Not up there, Jimmy!"

"But you must. You'll faint. Think of what that would mean to us now."

Past the low dug-outs in the gulch, over tin-cans and piles of rubbish, he pulled his half-resisting companion until they came out by the St. Nicholas, and then turned down into the carnival place of the desert under-world. The broad main street was glittering. From the low houses on either side a hundred windows threw a cheerful radiance into the dreary night. Pianos, phonographs and banjos mingled their abandoned strains, and groups of young men, attracted from the fireless tents on the sage-covered mesa, sauntered with jaunty denizens from saloon to hall, and exchanged glances with the rouged faces at the windows. The dance halls raged and echoed with the tread of lusty feet. Hilarious songs and drunken laughter mingled. Desert life in all its picturesque phases joined in a wild bacchanalian that knows no law. Anna shuddered as she came into the glare of the lights. To her this seemed the entail of a wicked social system.

Rag Time Jake's big dance hall roared with a boisterous life with the clash of riotous music and the swish and shuffle of brawny dancers. As Fritz and his pale friend slipped up to the bar, a suppressed conversation was going on not far from them between a red-clad ballet girl and a disheveled youth whose disordered neckwear and fancy waistcoat stained with wine harmonized with a threatening manner. About them stood an interested

group. A scene was threatened, and Anna quickly drank the little glass of brandy. The quarrel grew louder. Anna glanced at the face of the ballet girl, but in the background, among the crowd at the farther end of the room her eyes were caught by a picture that held her in a spell. She instinctively grasped Fritzie's arm, for back there against the wall, commanding a view of the entrance, stood the guard who had called on them to stop when they fled from the assay shop. He had seen her face, and started toward them.

The hunt was on.

While she stood there for the moment as if in a hypnotic trance, a shrill cry echoed through the room, and was followed by the sickening thud of flesh striking flesh, then the red-clad ballet girl and the dissolute youth disappeared in a mad, swirling vortex of frantic men and women crazed with the lust of combat. Instantly Fritz and his companion found themselves enmeshed in a fighting mob. He struggled against the press of bodies like a hero, but they were powerless in the crush. The melee waxed fierce; men rushed in for the joy of battle, while above the din rose the falsetto shrieks of the women. Anna, terrified beyond measure by this pandemonium, accentuating all the trying circumstances of the past hour, struggled nevertheless with despairing energy to crowd through to the door. In imagination she felt the hand of the guard on her shoulder, yet they were safe, for the present, as access to the door was closed by the brawlers. At length the movement of the crowd threw them out from the storm center, and they found themselves in the street. Fritzie looked ruefully at his clothes. Torn and battered, his disgust gave way to despair as he stared at Anna. Her waist hung in shreds —the black skirt drooped woefully behind, while there perched on one side of her straggling hair a disreputable piece of millinery that had once excited admiration. She did not wait for condolence. A crowd was gathering in front of the door. She simply gasped: "We're followed," and in the new crisis again assuming the role of guide, drew her escort down a side street, where they started to run for Number 15, the rendezvous beyond the hospital on the road to Bullfrog.

They were near the house when the sound of some one on the ridge, crowding through the sage brush in their direction, gave wings to their flight. Fritz, aiding his companion, urged her to the utmost speed. They gained the cabin and locked the door. They tried to stifle the sound of their breathing. Fritz quietly reached for a deringer in his coat pocket. The steps approached and trod heavily on the porch. Three knocks sounded on the door, then a loud one, and Fritz jumped to his feet. In the open doorway stood "Dad."

"Is Anna here?" he asked in a strangely changed voice, parched with thirst.

"Yes," came the answer from a heap on the floor.

"Jim is safe," he said. "Give me a drink."

They struck a light. Each appeared startled as he looked at the face of the other.

"Fritz, the jig is up," exclaimed the prospector, after he had almost emptied the water bag. "I'll fly the coop to-night with the burros, and in one week from now —if we make the get-away—you'll find me loafin' on my little ranch in Colorado. I've had it spotted for some time, an' I've got the dust to buy it, too. Reckon I'll quit this mining business. I give ye all an invite to come out an' help me pick the persimmons."

"Are you sure, 'Dad,' that Jim got away?" inquired Anna in a pathetic voice.

"Sure he did, little gal, slick as a whistle." The old man breathed a sigh and sank back against the couch, nor could he conceal a look of anxiety as he added: "He had a little business to attend to first, an' then he'll come in on a lope. But you kids better git ready to pull your freight. Fritzie, can't you doctor our mugs? The whole country'll be onto us by mornin'."

"Haven't got anything to do it with, 'Dad.'"

"Go out an' git it."

Anna spoke a few words to the young man as he passed out of the door, took a pair of scissors that Fritzie thrust into her hand, and going over to where the old man lay with closed eyes, she said in a gentle voice, as if speaking to her own father:

"Wake up, 'Dad;' you must let me play barber."

She clipped his beard short, trimmed the white locks that fell upon his shoulders, which altered his appearance so much he declared the burros would make fun of him, placed an old hat they found in the room on his head, and then, when she had fastened the long-tailed coat into a short cut and he lowered the trousers over the high-top boots, he felt confident that he could enter the Mohawk without being identified.

"Don't wait here with me, 'Dad,'" she said, when the last finishing touches had been completed.

"Well," he said slowly, as if meditating, "there ain't no danger here, an' the boys'll be back soon."

As the old man took his departure his eyes filled with tears. He took a last long look at the slight, ardent figure and there was a quaver in his voice as he called back, "I'll write ye, care of Holder's, in San Francisco."

The old man sauntered down the gulch, almost questioning his own personality because of the absence of the sombrero and the long-tailed coat, and he muttered to himself: "What a devil of a way to leave town!"

When the old man had gone, Anna felt oppressed by the narrow walls of the cabin. She stepped outside, and closing the door, sat down on the porch. A slight breeze whistled its monotone through the brush, the dark rampart of the malapi rising sheer on the right and left hand, threw an eerie gloom over the cabin at its base, while black, fantastic hills around the sky line accentuated the impression. Over all hung the impassive heavens and the crushing melancholy of the desert. The scene gave rise to wistful longings, and she glanced down the stretch of road and thought of Jim.

Some one called her name. It was repeated gently—as if heard in a dream; nevertheless she turned, and at her side stood Lister.

"You are alone?" he asked.

"Yes."

She trembled at the suddenness of his appearing, and thought of danger to the Comrades.

He sat down wearily by her side.

"We have had fierce work to-night," he said. "To-morrow my duties will call me away. I may not see you again. I have come to say good-bye." His voice faltered. "I have thought deeply of you, Miss Anna. I want to ask you not to judge me unkindly. Will you shake hands?"

She extended her hand. He took it in both of his large hands, and enclosing it with a soft caress, brought his right hand into gentle contact with hers. His voice choked as he attempted to say "Good-bye," and he left her standing there in a daze —for on her soft white hand he seemed to have imprinted the secret grip of the Social Circle. Of that she could not be quite sure, however, since it was done so gently that she might have been mistaken, but she felt her mind groping as if in a mysterious haze. Her intuitions had not time to fathom the enigma when the whir of an automobile on the Bullfrog road claimed her attention. The machine stopped, and she waited breathlessly, and then a tall figure bounded up the path toward her, and she fell into the arms of Jim. As she hung on his neck, babbling love words and covering him with kisses, she saw, down the trail, gingerly picking her way, the stenographer who occupied the half of her little cabin. She gripped her lover's shoulder, and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

He turned about and laughed.

'Don't you recognize little Fritz," said he, "in borrowed plumes? He has a change for you. Throw this cloak about you. Come, little girl, we must hurry. They're hot after us."

"Fritzie," said he, "won't you come with us?"

"No, not I. I'll play my star part to-night. There's a big bunch at stake for me. I'll meet you in San Francisco, Jim."

They walked toward the auto. A figure across the gulch rose from the shelter of a joshua tree with a sigh and sauntered with bowed head toward the town. The auto, forced at reckless speed, darted into the narrow canyon on the way to Bullfrog.

"Anna," said her lover, "can you stand a little bad news?"

"Yes, Jim, I could listen to any kind of news now. I feel as content as if I had been taken from hell to heaven."

"Fritzie discovered when he reached your cabin that the stenographer had skipped out with our high-grade."

He waited a moment as if to moderate the force of the announcement and then continued:

"The rest of our pile was in Seller's safe."

"Jim," whispered the girl in a tone that thrilled him, "remember, I have you—you safe and in my arms, when I thought of you lying there silent in the sage brush! Oh, God, this is worth all!"

She threw her arms about him passionately, and rested her head on his shoulder.

The machine swayed and darted savagely down the long stretch toward Cuprite, and the lovers, silent in each other's arms, glancing over the star-lit desert, caught a glimpse of a dark figure tottering slowly but steadily along behind two burros.

THE VOICE OF HOPE

BY DAVID MacLEAN

Lone in the darkness of the night I sat.
"Is this," I cried,
"The fate to which I wrongly am condemned?"
A gentle voice replied:

"Have courage! In thy hands a mighty trust
Is ever laid;
Thou hast the privilege to give some heart
Thy kind and friendly aid.

"Since thy short life, a thousand lives have been
And ceased to be;
A thousand more are trembling on the verge
Of their eternity.

"Grieve not that life is short and dull and sad,
And fraught with pain;
The life that holds a purpose and a love
Will not be lived in vain.

"Grief has its mission, but the highest good
Is not to grieve;
Do thou thy duty, and thy duty is
To live, love and believe."

FORTUNES IN THE MOVING PICTURE FIELD

BY ROBERT GRAU

IT WAS IN THE year 1894 at Keith's Union Square Theatre that the Cinematograph was first revealed. This was in October, though there had been two previous efforts in Philadelphia to present contrivances of an inferior order. One was called the Eidoloscope, and the other the Vitascope, but it was the Lumiere invasion of East 14th street which first attracted the public to a large extent.

Mr. Keith had, it is true, been prospering with the pretty theatre, for it was in the second year of his regime that the craze for moving pictures was inaugurated. The receipts at the box office had been averaging about $3,500 a week, and the era of refined vaudeville, which came with the influx of legitimate actors, had not thoroughly developed until late in the year 1895.

Before the cinematograph had been installed a month, the receipts had jumped to $7,000 a week, though the cost of its use to the management was practically *nil*. In fact, during its greatest vogue, a weekly royalty of $50 was sufficient compensation for the inventors. There were not over twenty vaudeville theatres in this country at this period, but in all of these the cinematograph was quickly made a stellar feature, with a result which may easily be surmised.

After the cinematograph came the biograph, which gave perhaps the finest display of motion photography seen to this day. Its inventor was Herman Casler, of Canastota, N. Y. The biograph was also available to amusement caterers at a weekly royalty of about $50 a week. Its value as a drawing attraction was so great, almost from the outset, that vaudeville theatres came into being all over the country.

In due time there were a dozen different devices, until the theatres began to purchase their own machines and give to them an appropriate name, so that if a theatre was known as the Bijou, it would be the Bijougraph, or if the manager's name was Smith or Jones, he would call it the Smithgraph or the Jonesscope.

During the first five years of the vogue of the moving picture there were not wanting many indications suggestive of waning interest; a few of the theatres had even eliminated it from their programs, and others availed themselves of its use as a "chaser," which means that when the auditorium was overcrowded, and another audience awaiting entrance, pictures would be thrown on the screen which had been seen before by the seated audience, and thus an exodus was created.

In the year 1900 the vaudeville theatres of this country were amalgamated into a sort of booking trust, and this procedure was followed by the organization of a secret protective society, called "The White Rats." The latter resented the methods practiced by the managerial combine, and this resulted in a bitter strife which ended in the famous "White Rats' Strike." At a given moment, almost at the press of a button, every member of the actor's association walked out of the theatres. The managers were wholly unprepared for this emergency, and it was thus that the efficacy of the moving picture was revealed, for those managers who were not compelled to close altogether, were able to keep open solely through the help of the camera man.

This state of affairs soon caused new developments. Archie L. Sheppard was the first to give an entire entertainment with a moving picture machine. He had as many as a dozen in use in different theatres of the East simultaneously, until it

became the custom for the managers of theatres, when they could obtain no prolific attraction, to fill all their vacant dates through Sheppard's entertainments. While the latter secured the Manhattan Theatre (now the site of the Gimbel stores), which was the first regular theatre in New York used for this purpose, his success was prodigious, and although he had the theatre only from month to month, he and his successor, William J. Gane, were enabled to remain there nearly two years, amassing a fortune as a result.

In the meantime every manufacturer of stereopticons, magic lanterns and calcium lights entered the gold-laden field, and then came the most attractive factor of all, "The Five-Cent Store-Theatre." These were first located in East 14th street, and were called at this period "The Nicolet." The first to enter this phase of the industry was J. Austin Fynes, who was the one first to secure the cinematograph for Mr. Keith.

As an illustration of the vogue which the "store" theatre developed, it can be stated that at one time there were 600 of these in Greater New York alone, and more than 30,000 in the rest of the country.

The expansion became so pronounced that millions of dollars were invested not only in the exhibition side of the industry, but in all the large cities, and in all the capitals of Europe large corporations were organized for the manufacture of films. The largest of these concerns are the Pathe Freres, the Edison Company, the Gaumont Company and the Vitagraph Company. In all there are over one hundred corporations, some capitalized in the millions.

One of the first to enter the field in upper New York was Marcus Loew. He had been running a penny arcade, but found that the craze for moving pictures was reducing his receipts, so he divided his auditorium into two parts, and in one gave the regulation exhibit of moving pictures at a five cent admission scale. This man is now a millionaire. His activity has been all in the last five years; to-day he has a dozen theatres in Greater New York alone. Some of these are the Majestic, Yorkville, Lincoln Square, the Bijou in Brooklyn, and the Columbia in the same borough. Mr. Loew is building two theatres of prodigious size in Harlem and the Bronx, to be opened this fall, and in all he has at least thirty theatres which he either owns, leases or controls.

Less than four years ago, William Fox, a man still on the sunny side of thirty, opened one of these store theatres in Brooklyn, the first in use there. Then he took the profits of this, and they were large enough to enable him to purchase the leases of two theatres in New York City, the Dewey in East 14th street and the Gotham on 125th street. The combined rental was not far from $100,000 a year, yet the profits were so great that in the short period of his sway he has become a very rich man. He has added five other theatres in Greater New York to his list, and a few months ago amazed his colleagues by leasing the Academy of Music, paying a rental of $100,000 a year for a property which cost its owners only three times as much. Mr. Fox is also interested in the new City Theatre on East 14th street, and has built a new and gorgeous establishment at 149th street and Amsterdam avenue.

One has but to observe the policy of the firm of Keith & Proctor in order to become impressed with the amazing results which come to those who labor in this field. This firm has seven theatres in Greater New York, but only one, the Fifth avenue, is used for the policy this firm is supposed to stand for. All of the others are run on a five and ten cent scale, and the profits from their conduct are simply stupendous, unbelievable.

Mr. Proctor, besides the theatres which he controls in conjunction with Mr. Keith, has a dozen in the smaller cities, such as Albany, Troy, Elizabeth, Plainfield and Mount Vernon. In the latter city, where I happen to reside, up to two years ago it was never possible to maintain a theatre with profit, but Mr. Proctor, by the simple process of installing a moving picture machine within the walls of a theatre which he had made look attractive in the manner which he so thoroughly understands, has made a veritable gold mine for himself. No week passes that at least fifty per cent of the population does not enter the auditorium, and it is a common sight to see a thousand persons waiting in

the lobbies or on the sidewalks for a chance to enter, and this, too, despite the fact that there are two other theatres in this small town prospering with the same policy!

Will it last? This query is put to me almost every day. There does not seem to be any indication that in this generation we will see any important decline, though the "store" theatre is gradually giving way to large and commodious establishments where a combination of moving picture films is seen with vaudeville acts of a minor order, but the outlook is now for theatres of enormous size, where the prices of admission will be from five to twenty-five cents, and where an effort will be made to present a superior type of entertainment.

The danger lies in the educating of the moving picture audiences to a stage where they will not be satisfied with an ordinary performance, and if the prices are increased, in order to make possible a higher grade of presentation, then these audiences will stampede the regular vaudeville theatres, where the difference in prices of admission is becoming smaller all the time.

YOU AND I

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY

From the window-seat in the old chateau,
We sat in the gloaming, you and I,
A hum came up from the crowd below,
The roar of the city crashing by.
The lovers passed on the esplanade,
The band played on in the flaring light,
The idlers talked in the kiosks' shade,
There were only two in the world, that night.
Swung between river, and rock and sky,
With our love and our dreaming, you and I.

The river wound with a curve and smile,
Past frowning fort, and the crag that chills,
And crooned around the enchanted Isle,
And kissed the feet of the purple hills.
Barge and steamer, and launch and sail,
Floated and flashed and glimmered along,
Fading anon like a ghostly grail,
Or a shower of stars, or a burst of song.
Up so high in the old chateau,
You and I, and the world below.

What cared we for the old world feuds,
The heroes slain, or the battles won?
Love tuned our souls to its finer moods,
And swept the gamut of joy begun;
While over the cliffs where the rivers race
In rhythmic melody, song and glee,
They met with the thrill of a swift embrace,
And answered the call of the moon-kissed sea.

Oh, lives atune with the song of the spheres!
Oh, lives that loving can glorify!
We are drifting out to God's golden years,
Together, forever, dear: You and I.

WONDERFUL INDIAN SHORTHAND WRITERS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY LILLIAN E. ZEH

Photographs by the Author.

PROBABLY the only tribe of real Indian shorthand writers in the world who contribute and subscribe to the queerest newspaper now being published, are those belonging to the Kamloops and Douglas River bands living in the interior of British Columbia. Over two thousand of these natives have mastered the art, and regularly read all the news pertaining to the tribe and individuals in their curious journal called the "Kamloops Wawa." Bible, hymn, prayer-books are likewise printed in this sign language. These natives have become members of the Catholic Church. The writer recently returned from this region, obtained a series of characteristic photos together with some interesting information in regard to these little-known and remarkable Indian folks. This extraordinary advance in Indian culture was brought about through the efforts of a French missionary, Father Le Jeune, sent out from Brittany a few years ago. One of the illustrations shows this enterprising priest kneeling, surrounded by the chief and other members of his shorthand tribe, in front of their church. Kamloops, the headquarters of Father Le Jeune, is some 300 miles and more northeast from Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. Just across the river a few miles up from the town is the main Indian village or rancherie. Here the natives congregate in large numbers at certain seasons, for this is the important center of Indian life for some 50 or 100 miles around. The occupation is principally hunting, fishing and ranching, and farming on a limited scale. Prior to the appearance of the priest, the fraudulent Shamans, pretenders at the curing of disease, claiming, by aid of supernatural or magic powers, to be able to ward off evil spirits and prevent sickness, completely held the people in their superstitious and powerful grasp. Besides hindering their progress in religious matters, a good deal of property was squeezed from the people by their misleading influence. These so-called magical prophets fled at the coming of the

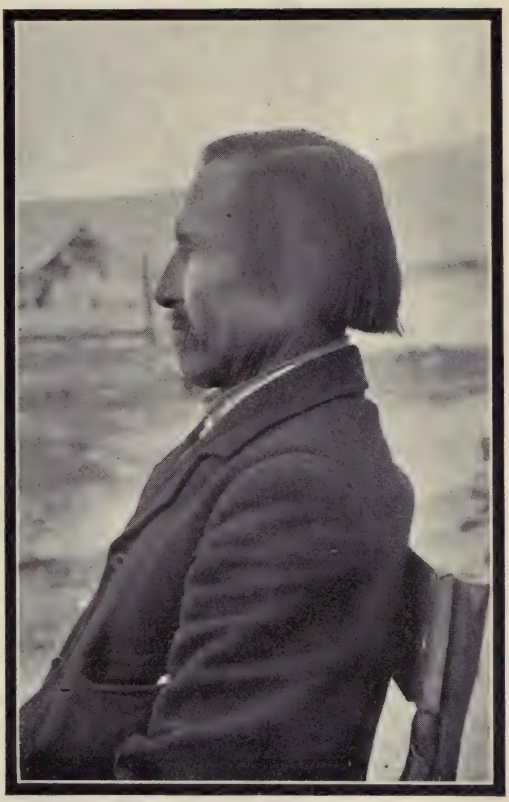


Kamloops Indian girl of British Columbia, who reads and writes shorthand.

French priest, who fully exposed their tricks and false creed to the Indians, and before he began his educational work, the tribes of this locality living along the canyons and banks of the Thompson and Fraser rivers in British Columbia, were unable to write their language and had no written literature, although each possessed a language which has an extensive mythology, which was preserved by oral tradition.

To-day, nearly all these different tribes, some half-dozen or more, are writing letters to one another in their several languages, reading a newspaper, Bibles and song books, all by means of shorthand. Father Le Jeune found that to be successful in his mission it would be absolutely necessary to devise a system of communication both to arouse and gain their interest by placing instructive printed matter in their hands. Having no written language or grammar of their own, he conceived the novel and useful idea of teaching the Indians of the various tribes to write their language, and showed them a sign to represent each sound which they uttered in pronouncing their words. The signs were simply the shorthand symbols of the Duployn phonographic system. After working out an Indian vocabulary containing nearly all the words most commonly employed in every-day use in his shorthand signs, the priest, in early fall when the village was thickly populated, first showed and explained his system to one of the bright Indian boys. He took to it intuitively, and set to work to decipher some Indian prayers which the father gave him. Before a few months had passed, he had pretty thoroughly learned the art of writing his language, and being so pleased with his rapid success, he set to work at once to instruct his friends. The new "talk language" created wide-spread interest, and the Indians were all eager to learn it. Soon the young, as well as the adult members of each habitation, for miles around, were engaged in practicing the new method of communication.

A glimpse into one of their homes at night, where these Indians, some of whom live in wigwams made of poles covered with mats, birch bark dwellings, log cabins, and where the women still use stone implements to prepare and scrape deer



Chief Louis of the Kamloops tribe of Indian shorthand writers, British Columbia.

skins, grouped around, eagerly bent on learning shorthand, was indeed an odd and unique sight. During the first few months of their schooling it was found that as soon as a few Indians of a camp had learned to read and write shorthand, they were extremely anxious to teach the whole community. Consequently, Father Le Jeune taught a few members of each village, and left it to them to teach their neighbors. They made rather slow progress in the summer time, owing to the fact that they were off at work, ranching and picking berries, but in the winter, when they returned home, they devoted whole nights to study, and in this way made excellent progress and soon became proficient. After about five hundred or more had mastered this system, it became necessary that their interest be retained by placing reading matter before them, and thus was one of the purposes of the



Father Le Jeune and his Indian congre gation, in front of their church at Kamloops B. C. In the rear of the building is the room where the shorthand newspaper is prepare

priest realized, for he wished them to be able to read the Bible as well as other religious books. His task was to provide this literature printed in the characters of the system.

Father Le Jeune was not satisfied with teaching his Indian parishioners to write letters in their own language by means of shorthand, and to read a paper in their native tongue, but he had published various parts of the Bible in nine different languages spoken by the several tribes in this region, using the same method, and still is laboring on additional publications. Shorthand, he claims, is so many times simpler than English orthography

that he takes no credit to himself for this wonderfully novel work of being the first to teach these natives to write. Then they apply the symbols to their own language, in addition to the task of committing the shorthand alphabet. The Indians now using this phonetic system for writing are some half-dozen tribes or more living along the Thompson and Fraser Rivers. It is in these languages that the prayers, hymns, parts of the Bible, and the church ritual have been published. The focus of all religious and intellectual activities, and the one point of pilgrimage from long distances by land and river, is the Church. This structure is a white frame one, similar to those to be found in villages of Eastern Canada and the United States, was built by the Indians and presented to their highly appreciative priest. They have also made him a present of a carriage and team to enable him to make his visits to far-off villages. The Church has a cheerful interior with comfortable pews. The most striking oddity, however, to the white visitor is the curious hymn and prayer books whose pages are full of the curious shorthand symbols. Father Le Jeune preaches in the several native dialects of the country, especially Chinook, the ordinary trade language used between different tribes and whites throughout British Columbia, Alaska and the Northwestern coast of the United States.


THE KAMLOOPS WAWA!

SHORTHAND AMONG INDIANS

A Newspaper in Shorthand Circulating Among the Natives.

24 MONTHLY NEWS IN CHINOOK.

DIRECTORY FOR INDIANS.

A page from a unique shorthand newspaper. Read by the Indians of British Columbia. It has sixteen pages and contains church and local information. Pastor Le Jeune had special type made for it, and it is printed on one of the presses of the nearest city.

On church and feast days, the whole community attend services. The church is well lighted by acetylene gas, and illustrated stereopticon lectures are frequently given by the pastor. In the rear of the church is the educational rooms, where Father Le Jeune gets up his quaint shorthand paper. This has sixteen pages, about the size of the average book, devoted to church and various local information. "Wawa" is the word for talk in the Chinook jargon, hence Father Le Jeune chose that name for the quaint newspaper. It was printed on a mimeograph for the first year, but after this, the priest succeeded in having type made for it and getting it printed on one of the presses of the nearest city. A full page of this unique publication, here reproduced, shows the curious shorthand symbols used in the church service. Several years ago, the Passion Play was enacted here by the Indians under the direction of the priest. They are quite proud of their performance, and speak of the event with unusual pride. For a novel picture of progressive Indian life, Father Le Jeune's queer "Wawa" and his band of Indian shorthand writers, quite overshadow all others to be met with in British Columbia.

DUSK ON THE VILLAGE STREET

BY GRACE CROWELL

Dusk on the village street
And a hush over all descending,
Save where the nightwind wakes
In a tremulous whispering breeze—
Or an echoing step
On the walk; and birds homeward wending
With soft swishing of wings
Through the boughs of the darkening trees.

Dusk on the village street
And smoke from the chimneys ascending
Speaking of the supper hour
In friendly, circling blue—
Pungent the smoky air
And sweet with the earth scents blending
And pleasant the early light
At a casement gleaming through.

Dusk on the village street,
And restful the long day's ending,
Happy the village hearts
And neighborly kind are they.
Peaceful the quiet street,
And a little white moon now lending
A hallowed, softening light
Through the deepening twilight grey.

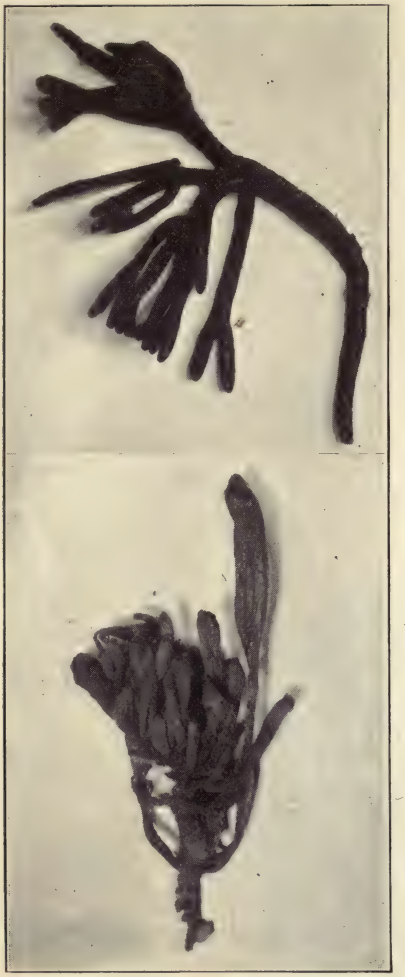
ANIMALS THAT LOOK LIKE PLANTS

BY JOHN L. COWAN

OF THE DEBATABLE ground between the plant and animal kingdoms, every one has read or heard; but there are few, excepting among students of biology, who understand how slight is the distinction between the lower orders of the two great divisions of the organic world. Many forms of life that are now proven to be animals were long considered plants. To ascertain and demonstrate their proper place in nature required the use of powerful microscopes and the most painstaking scientific study and observation. In these lower life-strata, practically the only difference between plant and animal lies in



Gorgonia (*eunicea lugubris.*)

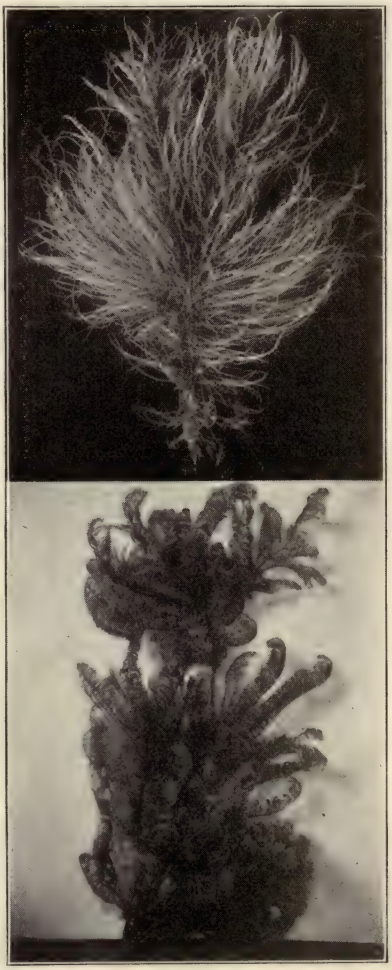


1. A common gorgonia.
2. Cluster of simple ascidians.

the fact that the plant derives nourishment from inorganic substances in the soil, air or water, while the animal feeds solely upon organic matter.

Many of the plant-like animals are microscopic in size, but others are several inches, or even several feet, in length or diameter. Even the sponges were long believed to be plants. Aristotle was the first to point out the fact that this belief was erroneous; but his arguments were long disputed, and sometimes ridiculed. However, it will hardly do to ridicule the ancients on that account, for even in these days of the universal diffusion of knowledge there are scores of plant-like animals that collectors press and dry, and proudly exhibit as rare and beautiful seaweeds. Dwellers along the sea coasts, who see some species of these peculiar animals almost every day, are as ill-informed in this regard as travelers from the interior making their first visit to the seashore, and receive suggestions to the effect that their "feather mosses" and sea-fans are really animals with open scorn.

Most deceptive of all animals in this regard are the Coelenterata, or polyps, formerly known as zoophytes, or animal-plants. One writer has remarked that Shakespeare's description of old age is peculiarly applicable to the Coelenterates:



1. Kelp air sac covered with hydrozoa.
2. "Ostrich plume," a curious form of animal life mistaken for a seaweed.



Sea pansies.

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." Devoid of any of the physical senses, without intelligence, without power of locomotion, and probably without consciousness, there is little about these strange animals to differentiate them from plants, except the function of digestion. The body is a sac, containing a digestive cavity. Essentially that is all there is to the Hydrozoa, an important class of the Coelenterata. Nevertheless, these animals are found in varied and beautiful forms, multitudes of individuals being arranged in colonies with an appearance of great complexity, although each individual of the colony consists of but a few simple cells.

To the unaided eye, the hydroids appear to be plants beyond the possibility of doubt; and the illusion is heightened by their manner of growth, firmly fixed by root-like appendages to shells, rocks, seaweeds, piling, or anything else that happens to be at hand. These were the first communists—the primordial socialists, always occurring in groups or colonies of associated animals. Thus low in the scale of creation, long before the dawn of intelligence, nature worked out the social necessity of co-operation and the division of labor. In some genera, certain individuals have an open end with a crown of microscopic tentacles. These tentacles capture the floating organic cells that serve as food. Other individuals of the colony attend to the function of reproduction. The manner of reproduction is one of the strangest phenomena of organic life. In some genera the reproductive zooids set free tiny medusae, or jellyfishes—animals that differ widely in appearance and structure from their parents. When the medusa reaches maturity it deposits eggs, which float in the water until they become attached to some object, where they grow and develop into new hydroid colonies. This fact of two different forms of being, necessary to one



Fragment of kelp leaf, with hydroid colonies.

complete life-history, is known as metagenesis, or "alternation of generation"—the individuals of each generation being like their grandparents, but unlike their parents.

The foundation of a hydroid colony is a fleshly tube of animal substance, often arranged in tree-like, feather-like or fern-form. This connects into one living whole the thousands of individuals of the community. By the aid of a powerful microscope, one may see the moving tentacles by means of which the tiny animals grasp microscopic seaweeds floating in the water. The Hydrozoa are found in many shades of red, yellow, brown and almost white, and some species emit a phosphorescent light. Among the most attractive families are the Plumularians, one of which is known as the ostrich plume, from its striking resemblance to a tiny ostrich feather. This species (*Aglaophemia struthioides*) is found only on the Pacific Coast, where in some places (notably at Santa Barbara) it is sometimes cast up on the beaches in great quantities. It is probably the most beautiful of all the hydroids. It varies greatly in size and color, but is commonly four to six inches in length, and of a brown or reddish-brown hue. Dwellers in the beach towns of California commonly call it "feather moss," and tourists and visitors to the beach resorts carry home pressed or dried specimens of this species of the hydrozoa, as examples of California's wonderful seaweeds. If told that their beautiful "feather moss" consisted of colonies of small animals, it is probable that they would regard their informant as either a lunatic or a joker.

Sea anemones, corals, sea-fans, sea-pens and sea-whips are much larger than individual hydroids, and, as a rule, more highly organized. Generally their resemblance to plants or flowers, although often striking, is not of a character likely to deceive the observer as to their true place in nature. Even the children who watch the sea-anemones in tide pools expand into beautiful, flower-like forms, never doubt that they are animals. They are incomparably the most gorgeously colored of all forms of animal life. The skeletons of the various species of coral, also, are well known; but give no suggestion of the appearance of the living polyps, which are found in many shades of pink, yellow, green, brown and purple. Related to the coral polyps are the sea-fans and sea-whips, the former resembling branching shrubs, and the latter long, unbranched rods. These, like the hydroids, live in colonies, containing many animals. They belong to the order Gorgonasea, and are common on nearly all coasts, the species eunicea lugubris being cast up on the beaches after every storm at sea. The sea-pens are found in colonies resembling quill feathers, with the exception of the species known as the sea-pansy. This is found in the sand along both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, on the shores of the Red Sea, and along the coast of Australia. As the name indicates, it is shaped somewhat like a pansy. Dried specimens are of a deep violet color, and are even more pansy-like in appearance than the living animals.

The crinoids are inhabitants of deep water, where they form great beds of the so-called sea-lilies. They have a long, jointed stalk, one end attached to the rocks, while on the other end is a disc, from which radiate ten arms. From each of these arms small branches extend, giving them a feathery appearance. The crinoids are denizens of the deep seas, and are never found cast up on the beaches;



Goose barnacles.



Acorn barnacles.

but their fossil forms are of world-wide distribution, and are found in sedimentary rocks of all geological epochs. These fossils are known as stone lilies and encrinites, and may be seen in any public museum of any pretensions. From a study of these fossils it is known that there were formerly more than two hundred genera of crinoids. At the present time, only twelve genera are known to exist. From this it is inferred that the crinoids are destined to extinction.

The polyzoa are very numerous on the sea beaches, but are so inconspicuous that they are rarely noticed, and when seen, they are always mistaken for seaweeds, unless the observer happens to be a naturalist. Like the hydroids, they occur in colonies, some in lace-like sheets on submerged objects, some in mossy patches, and some in fern-like or tree-like forms, but always very small. Another large class of animals that resemble plants are the ascidians, or sea-squirts, growing upon seaweeds, shells, rocks, the piling of piers, and anything else that happens to be at hand. The simple ascidians have leathery, sac-shaped bodies, and give out jets of water when touched. One common form is known as the lady's slipper, from its resemblance to the flower of that name. Another commonly grows upon large seaweeds, and looks not unlike the fruit of the prickly pear.

There is little in the appearance of the barnacle suggestive of plant life, except that it is attached firmly to any submerged object that happens to be convenient; and that some kinds grow with flexible stems several inches in length. It is mentioned in this connection only for the sake of recalling the fable that persisted for many centuries to the effect that the ship-barnacle (also called the "goose barnacle") was a shell-fish that grew upon a tree, and changed into a goose! Churchmen reasoned that a goose that had formerly been a fish that grew upon a tree could not possibly be a fowl, so that this particular species of goose (a wild goose found throughout the north of Europe) was freely eaten during Lent and on Fridays and fast days. That the myth of the barnacle geese persisted well into the Seventeenth Century indicates sufficiently that the intelligent study of nature had hardly begun at that time.

Many of the sea-slugs (Nudibranchs), when seen in the water are so plant-like in appearance that their true nature is not evident until they begin to move. In the case of these, however, the simulation of plant forms is a protection device of nature to shield them from the attacks of predacious foes. The same is true of the sea-cucumbers, and of many others of the strange and little known denizens of the sea.



STRATEGICAL AND ECONOMICAL IMPORTANCE OF THE PANAMA CANAL

BY O. P. SPERBER

Member National Geographic Society; Corresponding Member Commercial Geographical Society, Berlin

IT IS RATHER strange that the strategical and economical importance of the Panama Canal should be either over or under-valued, and that there are still some people who refuse to recognize the necessity for the United States of a fortified Canal, although it seems remarkable there can exist any doubt that this fortification really imposes itself.

Besides being a necessity, the fortification of the Panama Canal by the United States will mean a public proclamation of her claim to an exclusive right of use of the Panama Canal for military purposes in case she should become involved in war, the claim to a right which must unreservedly be conceded her, and recognition of which will settle beforehand any idea of neutralization.

Those opposed to the plan of fortification for the Panama Canal generally make reference, when discussing the matter, to the neutralization of the Suez Canal —a reference which does not tend to strengthen the force of their arguments, since the reasons which prompted the neutralization of the Suez Canal totally differ from those that now make the fortification of the Panama Canal a necessity.

The neutralization of the Suez Canal was recognized at the time by every one of the powers playing a part in the international political field, thus guaranteeing it, while nothing of the kind is the case with the Panama Canal, and it is this circumstance of an international agreement regarding the Suez Canal that furnishes the strongest argument in favor of a fortified Panama Canal.

No power bound by the treaty may attack the Suez Canal without incurring the risk of depriving itself, forever, of the right to recur to any other treaty whatever, and it is not likely that any one will ever take its chance on this point and violate the neutrality of the Suez Canal.

The Panama Canal, on the contrary, may, in case of war, be attacked by any power, with the exception of England, which stands under obligations assumed by a treaty with the United States, and, since the opening of the Panama Canal is really of secondary importance for European powers, it is only when hostilities shall break out between the United States and an Asiatic power that the strategical importance of the Canal and its fortification would be fully appreciated.

The fact that the Panama Canal will be of small importance for Europe in general is reflected in the indifference shown by the various European powers in providing for a neutralization of this new waterway. Even England has shown but little interest in the matter, and has confined herself to a modification, in 1901, of the treaty of 1850, which was then adapted to modern requirements.

On the other hand, it is not probable that a war will ever break out between the United States and any European nation, but even if the unexpected should really happen, the Panama Canal would be of no particular importance in such an instance, since the Atlantic Ocean would naturally be the scene of the struggle.

Besides, the United States already controls the entrance to the Panama Canal on the Atlantic side, to which three routes

lead; namely, between Cuba and Haiti, Haiti and Porto Rico, and Porto Rico and St. Thomas.

As far as the Panama Canal is concerned, Cuba may be considered as being practically part of the United States' territory, as is shown by the existence of her Naval Station at Guantanamo.

In case of need, Haiti could be easily occupied by an American army, while Porto Rico itself is an American possession. As to St. Thomas, which belongs to Denmark, it is not likely that this last nation would ever interfere in any struggle on the Atlantic Ocean.

The only weak point to-day would be the Island of Jamaica, in the Caribbean Sea, belonging to Great Britain, which would probably never think of relinquishing it of her own free will in favor of the United States, inasmuch as the Panama Canal will be a new route to her possessions in the Far East, in the event that the Suez Canal should be closed to her for some unforeseen reason.

But even this weak point could never prove an obstacle to any eventual scheme on the part of the United States, since England is too much in need of America's friendship, and even more interested in keeping this waterway open for herself, to be hostile, and thus jeopardize her valuable possessions in the West Indies.

The matter has a different aspect when Japan is referred to as a possible adversary of the United States. To Japan the Panama Canal would be the only means of bringing her fleet within a few days from one ocean to the other. As long as this waterway is not open to navigation, or as long as there is a possibility of destruction, Japan would have to deal only with the American fleet stationed on the Pacific Coast at the time.

Foresight and common sense must lead every American to the question, "Who



Sea routes via Panama Canal.

shall guarantee the neutralization of the Panama Canal at such a moment, if we do not fortify it and protect ourselves?"

Japan would not even be pledged to regard the Panama Canal as neutral. In case of war, only unapproachable forts defended by effective batteries will be able to keep her men-of-war from the mouth of the Panama Canal.

And who could have a right to protest against the fortification of the Panama Canal? Only England and Panama itself. Panama's protest would be readily disposed of, while here again England would rather prefer to incur the risk of losing Japan's friendship than America's friendship.

The fortification of Singapore betrays the mistrust England is already feeling towards her ally of the Far East. This fortification is to prevent an unwelcome visit of the Japanese fleet in waters regarded by England as her own domain.

Besides, the new friendly demonstrations which have taken place between Russia and Japan have been the cause of an alteration of the political situation in the Far East, which fails to be to England's liking.

But we must go farther and admit here that the best forts, defended by a garrison of 4,000 of the bravest soldiers, will not afford sufficient protection to the Panama Canal, as these could not prevent the sudden landing of a corps of ten thousand men, whose first act would be the destruction of the Panama Canal, so as to render it impassable for months.

A fortified Panama Canal will be of little practical value to the United States if, from the start, they do not have a sufficient number of warships stationed at Pearl Harbor, in Hawaii, and at the Galapagos Islands, which this country has just acquired from Ecuador to defend the entrance to the Panama Canal from the Pacific outside.

A fortified Panama Canal efficiently supported by these two naval stations would be the surest means to induce Japan to avoid all cause of conflict and confine her ambition to the Asiatic coast of the Pacific Ocean.

The economical value of the Panama Canal is so closely connected with its strategical value that it can hardly be dealt with separately, but must rather be considered as part of the statement representing the importanee of the Panama Canal for the civilized world.

This economical importance of the Panama Canal is also greatly overvalued, as far as Europe is concerned, and it cannot be too intensively impressed that the economical value of the Panama Canal is of no more importance for the European powers than its strategical value, which has been discussed above. The following figures will be the best proof of the assertion made here on this subject:

	Sea Miles
Hamburg via Suez to Hongkong	10,542
Hamb'g via Panama to Hongk'g	14,933
New York via Suez to Hongkong	11,655
New York via Panama to Hongk'g	9,835
Hamburg via Suez to Melbourne	12,367
Hamburg via Panama to Melb'ne	13,188
New York via Suez to Melbourne	12,500
New York via Panama to Melb'ne	10,427
Hamburg via Suez to Yokohama	12,531
Hamb'g via Panama to Yokohama	13,024
New York via Suez to Yokohama	13,564
N'w Y'k via Panama to Yokohama	9,835

As said before, these figures are the best proof that America will be the first to gain by the opening of the Panama Canal, as she will then be brought a great deal closer, from any point, to the Far East, to the great advantage of her commerce with these countries.

Of not less importance for America is the fact that the opening of the Panama Canal will bring her Southern States into closer contact with the Far East, which will certainly contribute to promote their material development.

And of greater importance still for America's trade and political influence will be the closer approach between the west and east coasts of both North and South America.

Up to the present time, European influence, political and economical, has been predominant in the countries of the west coast of South America, but the opening of the Panama Canal, by creating an easier and shorter means of communication between the two American conti-

nents, will give the United States an advantage of which she will certainly make use to the extent allowed her by her commercial and productive capacities.

Undoubtedly, the American masters of capital, when looking around for a remunerative investment, will now turn their attention, in a greater measure, to the opportunities offered in Central and South America, where they can readily gain a predominating influence.

This does not mean that the advance of the United States in Latin America would necessarily mean the withdrawal of all European products from that market. Such surmise would simply tend to retard advance instead of accelerating it.

Owing to the great use made of machines in South America, America will remain first for all mass articles, while Europe will, as in the past, furnish Latin-America with all the articles of better quality and of a certain standard of artistic taste and workmanship.

The time is not far off when America will outrank Europe in the production of mass articles, although there is another circumstance which is liable to handicap America's competitive force in the export market. Should the value of the soil and the wages of the artisans continue to increase in the future at the same rate as heretofore in the United States, she will scarcely ever be able to compete successfully in the neutral markets with other countries.

A VASE

BY HERBERT HERON

O whiter far than foam of rushing seas!
(Such as the lone grey fish, that seems to swim
Forever round its coldness, keeps in dim
And old regret of icy memories);
Purer than dew, but stiller than the ease
Of buried sleep; and now, upon its rim
Sing motes of dancing sunlight: Seraphim,
Choiring in Heaven, let fall their symphonies.

The sun sets, and the pale thoughts leap to life:
Numb cries of anguish haunt my ears. I mark
The white vase in its beauty, and the strife
Subsides; the painted fish swims on, and—Hark!
Out in the world I hear, where war is rife,
The reel and crash of empires in the dark!

DRY VINEYARDS IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY

BY ESTHER NORTON

OUR PARTY of three, the Man, the Woman and the Boy, arrived in Southern California on the eleventh of November, 1908. It was not our first California experience, though on previous trips our interest had been merely that of the casual tourist; now it was the more personal interest of the homeseeker and possible settler.

The choice of location proved difficult, as individual ideas differed so widely. The Man wanted a small place of two or three or five acres, where he could raise fruit and garden truck and perform the necessary labor himself. The Woman looked with longing eyes cityward, and had visions of a cozy flat near parks, libraries, churches, clubs and shops. The Boy's heart was set on a great cattle ranch where he could make use of his choice assortment of firearms, and become a genuine "broncho buster" and cowboy, his ideal hero being an imaginary combination of the "Virginian," Buffalo Bill and our beloved ex-President.

With such diversity of wishes a compromise of some kind was a foregone conclusion; and after spending a few delightful weeks in and around beautiful Los Angeles and glorious Pasadena, we boarded the train for Fresno, the "Raisin City" of the world.

Fresno County has been the subject of so much descriptive literature that any attempt to enlarge on its beauties and advantages is superfluous. Sufficient to say that one cannot over-rate the proven possibilities of this grand section of the San Joaquin Valley.

Before coming to the Pacific Coast we were warned by many Eastern friends against real estate "robbers," "land sharks" and unscrupulous "promoters," all of whom were pictured as awaiting the arrival of each and every train from the East, with pockets full of figurative gold bricks, to unload on the innocent and unsophisticated homeseeker. From the time of our arrival in Southern California to date, our experience has been in direct contradiction to the well-meant warnings of our conservative friends. It was our good fortune to establish business relations in the city of Fresno with a real estate firm, than which, east or west, north or south, none could be found more strictly honorable in all its dealings. The head of the firm, familiarly known as "J. Q." to his friends, is a genial, broad-minded, enthusiastic Californian, who, together with his name, has inherited the conscience and integrity of a long line of Puritan ancestors; and never allows loyal affection for his adopted State to cause misrepresentations of land, climate or products to a possible purchaser of real estate.

After numerous automobile rides and railroad excursions in every direction, we finally decided on sixty acres of raw land without water rights, but conveniently near a large canal, in the vineyard section of the county; though it may quite as rightly be called the fig, orange, peach or other fruit section, as all are grown in this locality; however, it was with raisins in view that we purchased our "ranch," as every farm is called, whether made up of one acre or many.

We spent the rainy season in Fresno, our land being fourteen miles east of that city and three miles from the lively village of Sanger, which place is as yet unincorporated, but is looking ambitiously towards a city charter in the near future. The accessibility of these places did much to make the city lover in our trio reconciled to the prospect of farm life; the Man found a few congenial spirits among the professional men, and the Boy adapted himself to the manners, speech and habits of the youthful population of Sanger as readily as a duck takes to water, and his new and exhaustive vocabulary was quick-



Dry vineyard six months after planting.

ly the despair of his suffering family, on whom he delighted to practice it.

We were told that the rainy season ended early in January, but February 1st found the floods still descending. We were impatient to begin operations, however, and commenced plowing before the rains had really ceased; as a matter of fact, earlier than prudence and friendly advisers dictated, though up to date no harm has resulted.

As the outcome of many family conclaves, we decided to plant Muscats and to start the first year with only twenty acres. We purchased the necessary rootings from a well-known nursery, and again experienced a "square deal." We planted the vines seven feet apart one way and ten feet the other, this also being the result of exhaustive—and exhausting—discussion.

As soon as plowing was finished, the work of pruning and planting was begun, and again our good luck followed us, for we secured six reliable, experienced men to do the work, the Man spending all of his time with them and acquiring much valuable information on the subject, while the Woman occupied her hands and several pleasant hours in whitewashing stakes to mark the baby vines which were invisible to any but a careful searcher.

Up to this point our experience probably varied but little from that of thousands of other amateur vineyardists; but here we made what we fondly imagined was a comparatively new departure from the beaten track. From the time we entered Fresno County until our planting was done, the necessity of abundant irrigation had been shown us, and the close proximity of the canal was said to greatly increase the value of our land, as it lessened the cost of "necessary irrigation."

But the Man had conceived the idea, through the long days of heavy rains, that the irrigation theory is overdone, so far as vineyards are concerned, and declared his belief that with the average rainfall shown, not by the verbal decision of the Oldest Inhabitants, but by the official yearly reports of the Weather Bureau, proper cultivation should do the rest. His ideas were met with considerable ridicule, but having a well-developed bump of obstinacy, he prepared to carry out his experiment, and made no move whatever towards irrigation. A well was dug on the uncultivated land near the vineyard, but was equipped only with a small hand pump and no connection was made with the canal.

Our planting was completed March 1st and the weatherwise natives promised us abundant rains during March, April and May. We had a few good showers in March, but April and May were dry months. June 17th was a rainy day. October 1st our vineyard showed a "stand" of vines equal to any, and surpassing most of the irrigated vineyards of equal age and variety; and the Man proudly displayed to his admiring friends several good-sized bunches of grapes, which "crop" is considered worthy of note for the first year.

At the beginning of the season our less

skeptical friends told us that we *might* be able to pull our vines through one season without water, but they would require constant cultivation, and would even then prove small, stunted affairs, with a large percentage of loss.

As to size, the vines speak for themselves, being sturdy, handsome specimens. The cultivation required was less than is performed on the average irrigated vineyard. Directly after planting, the ground was plowed and harrowed; again harrowed a month later with a rotary harrow and at once hoed by hand; the 1st of June again harrowed, since which time no work in that line has been done. We have kept the vineyard free from weeds.

The percentage of loss is very small, being less than two per cent, and the greater part of this was due to the ground squirrel, which little pest threatened to become a serious problem. After two or three futile experiments, however, the Man found in a well-known book a recipe for squirrel poison, which at once proved a success, and we have had no further trouble from that source.

Doubtless many will say that our vineyard is not yet beyond the experimental stage, and that neither success nor failure can be proven in one year. We should hold the same opinion but for this fact: Since the season's work was completed, we have had time and opportunity to inspect other vineyards, and have learned, a little to our disappointment and much more to our delight, that we are far from being pioneers in "dry" raisin-growing. Some of the finest vineyards to be found within a radius of ten miles of Sanger have never been irrigated, while they produce larger, finer-flavored fruit, as well as more pounds per vine and acre than are grown in irrigated vineyards. One vineyard, which we visited recently, contains 160 acres, planted to Muscats, Emperors and wine grapes which have never been irrigated.

The vines are now four years old, and this year each variety produced just twice the quantity grown on the adjoining place which is irrigated as well as highly cultivated. When we call the attention of some of the enthusiastic irrigationists to these conditions, they advance no argument to uphold their theories, save the statement that every one irrigates; therefore, it is the proper way to raise grapes, and the few who insist on doing otherwise are "cranks."

Personally, we would risk any kind of fruit adapted to this locality (we are not in the "Thermal Belt") without irrigation.

Truly a great part of the so-called desert region of California has been made to "blossom as the rose" through intelligent irrigation, but it is a gross libel on the possibilities of this glorious Golden State to say that irrigation is necessary in many localities where it has become merely the following of an established tradition. Let the farmers study more closely and take advantage of the resources which Mother Nature has already provided, before following unthinkingly in the well-worn rut made by those who depend wholly or largely on artificial aids to production.



Watching for jack-rabbits.

CARDINAL GIBBONS AND PASTOR RUSSELL

(The wide interest that has been aroused throughout the country by the series of admirable articles by the Reverend C. T. Russell, pastor of Brooklyn Tabernacle, published in the Overland Monthly, has been heightened by that distinguished clergyman's reply in the February Overland to Cardinal Gibbons' notable sermon, "A Plea for United Christendom." Pastor Russell's reply has evoked much comment and many letters, among which the following, from Mr. Frank Schilling, a prominent attorney of San Francisco, is printed with the writer's consent.

—EDITOR.

Reverend C. T. Russell, Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle, New York, N. Y.

Reverend and Dear Sir:

Your reply to Cardinal Gibbons' sermon about the much desired Unity of the Christian Church, in the February number of the Overland Monthly impressed me by the scholarly manner in which you treat the subject and the gentlemanly criticism of the Cardinal's sermon as to matters which, from your point of view, undoubtedly, appear errors of the head rather than of the heart, for of the latter, you and the Cardinal seem to be animated by the same spirit which made Christ fix as the supreme law of Christianity the sentence "Love God above all, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Indeed, unprejudiced minds, such as yours and the Cardinal's, should find a true road to the much-desired union of all the Christian churches. As a layman and lawyer I am, perhaps, not the most competent to suggest to ecclesiastics of high standing the solution of a vexed religious problem. But as truth may sometimes be discovered by a child even, and Divine Truth must ultimately furnish the key to the situation, it may well be that a common sense observation, on my part, may point out Divine Truth and furnish the key to a seemingly hopeless situation.

Indeed, Divine Truth is, in my opinion, the fundamental law of Christianity, and must be the guide of the Christian, who is to follow into the footsteps of the Savior. If it has been one of the principal purposes of Christ's mission on earth to reveal that truth, no one should believe that the Omnipotent and Eternal Guide, the Father of all, should have intended that truth to be solely known to the comparatively few followers and immediate acquaintances of Christ, and only during the brief period of less than thirty-three years; that after the demise of Christ, error should have tainted the treasure of wisdom left by Him, and that succeeding generations should have been forever excluded from the heritage of Divine Truth taught by the Redeemer. Do not all Christian denominations believe in the divinity of Christ, and designate Jesus, the son of God, as being one with the Father and the Holy Ghost? Is it incumbent upon God to err as mere mortals always will? Can Divine Providence not preserve unadulterated that which it held necessary for the human race to possess, and for the dissemination of which God, Himself, assumed human form? Did God not send the Holy Ghost to remain with us to the end of the days, and did not Christ, Himself, affirm that He would be with us? If it is conceded that it was the intention of the true and living God that His truth be known to all men of succeeding ages to the end of the world, it must have been but ordinary precaution on behalf of the Ruler of the Universe to preserve the truth that He had come in person to reveal to the human race through the words and examples of Jesus Christ.

Some depository of this Divine Truth necessarily must have been established by the God of ages to guide the elect by offering sufficient guarantee for the fact that such depository preserved the Divine Truth pure and unadulterated. Some authority must have stood out to all succeeding ages as the fortified depository of the revealed Divine Truth, for, otherwise, how could pure Christian souls have lived in strict accordance with the precepts and examples of the Redeemer?

Truly, if any man could imagine a self-satisfactory version of Christ's truth, would it have been necessary at all for Christ to have come in person to teach us how to live? Would such self-suitable imaginary belief in the alleged doctrines taught by Christ be sufficient to elevate our standard of morals to that which we see manifested by the true Christian believer, by "the First Born of the Fold?"

If we should be inclined to affirm that any doctrine of Christian belief not absolutely contrary to our own would bring about some results of good morals, would we not perform meritorious acts if we, in a measure, should live according to our own sweet pleasure, and if we were to guess at what we might believe, and to live in accordance with that belief in practice? Why, in that event, should we not live entirely as we would choose to live, taking, in the first place, nothing else more seriously into consideration than our own inclinations, greed and fondness for earthly enjoyment?

It follows from the foregoing that the Church of Christ must contain the depository of His Truth whatever else it may contain.

The dissemination of the Divine Truth reposed in that depository having been made by a direct agency of the living God, Jesus Christ, must remain infinitely necessary, salutary and perfect. In fact, no other measure is known to the Christian world by which the true and faithful believer may gauge and regulate his actions and curb his purely human inclinations and passions, but that law laid down by Jesus Christ, Himself, nearly 1900 years ago. History will teach its students that the Truth revealed by Jesus Christ has never been deviated from in only one Church at present existing. It is equally certain that none of the other existing Christian Churches, or any other of the various Christian denominations, antedates the Roman Catholic Church. The origin of this Church alone history does certify directly to the person of Jesus Christ, between the years of 30 and 33 of our era.

If it be, therefore, conceded that Jesus Christ taught only one system of Harmonious Truth and designated only one of his apostles as the Rock upon which He would build His Church, the depository of truth; if Christ did not say that he would build two churches or more, then there is only one Church of Christ, and all others are human imitations. Human reformations, certainly, could not improve upon the God-founded and God-preserved Institution.

Human agencies, with different doctrines from those taught by Christ are likely to have fallen in error. At all events, the human soul must look for guidance to its Maker. It has no right to assume that the Infinite and Eternal does err.

Christian Truth, such as dispensed from the depository of Christ, put into practice will have but one result, the happiness of mankind. It is therefore unbecoming to the great minds to attribute the misery brought about by non-performance of Christian duty, or the abuse of the ways and means of salvation, as the practical result of applied Christianity.

It is equally fatal to be blinded by prejudice, and it is unwise and unjust to condemn from the mere hearsay of a partisan, past centuries and their civilization. No one should sit in judgment about matters of which he has not the most intimate knowledge of facts and circumstances. In this respect, much is sinned against that period of our civilization known as the "Middle Ages." The most casual observer will concede that in those times the strong arm wielding the sword was often more respected than the cross and the Bible. The princes and nobles of the Middle Ages managed under all kinds of pretexts to oppress the poor and to levy tributes. Little they considered the Cross and the Divine Truth for which it stood. Frequently, the people of a whole nation were drawn away by force and violence from

the Church of Christ, which they heretofore had revered. Potentates, such as King Henry VIII of England, did not permit themselves to be trifled with when the vicar of Christ, speaking *ex cathedra,* refused to change the law of Christ deposited with the Church.

It is, finally, human nature to take things for granted from a mere rumor or hearsay, and to condemn the Middle Ages because we know little about the general happiness of the people then living. Often we are misled and err in our opinions by mere thoughtlessness.

I notice from your reply to the Cardinal that you are mistaken, dear and Reverend Sir, when you state that the Roman Catholics are taught to see Christ's Church represented in the ecclesiastics merely.

A Catholic child, who has received the most primitive Christian instructions, can inform you that the Church of Christ, as the Roman Catholic is taught it, consists of the blessed in heaven, the suffering souls in purgatory, and all men on earth who honestly seek to believe in Christ. In the Roman Catholic definition, good and faithful Protestants are members of that Church of Christ as well as Catholics, as long as they have not learned to know that the Catholic Church is the only church that Christ has founded and that no other church claims to have been founded by Christ directly. As long as they believe to have the true religion of Christ and to live up to Christ's doctrines and examples, Catholics are taught to regard such Protestants as their brothers and sisters in Christ. They are further taught that God is the Father of all men and the Creator of all things, and that when Christ declared the supreme law to be "Love thy God with thy whole heart and mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," He included not merely Christians, but Pagans and Gentiles as well.

Let there be no confession, therefore, as to which Church is Christ's. Let us not be confused by the organizations established for the alleged purpose of diffusing the unadulterated doctrines of Christ. All of them, but one, intermingle truth with error, and do not constitute a safe and reliable guide for the Christian soul. The Catholic Church, lastly, besides the mere aim of leading its followers to happy eternity, holds out ways and means which, if employed, must bring about inevitably the greatest virtues and the finest morals.

May we, therefore, lay aside ancient prejudices; may we approach to the study of Christ's Church with a fair, impartial and judicial mind, and the Millennium amongst Christian Churches is surely to dawn upon the present generation with religious leaders, such as yourself, the Pope and Cardinal Gibbons.

Yours very respectfully,

FRANK SHILLING.
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law.



THE VALLEY OF BUBBLING EARTH

A Legend of Coso Springs

BY A. H. MARTIN

FOR MANY years had there been peace between the Pah-Utes and the Shoshones, and the grass grew green over the slumbering tomahawk. The braves fished side by side in the clear mountain streams and vied with each other in the chase. And ever the peace-pipe circled around. The old men of the tribes smoked in the sunshine and told of the prowess of their youth, while the women made baskets and crooned softly to the little ones. And in their tepees the medicine men made big medicine.

In the camp of the Pah-Utes dwelt the mighty chief Thunder Water and his daughter, Laughing Sunshine. Beautiful was she as the snow that wreathes the mountain top with perennial youth, and as fearless as the mountain eagle. Not hers the hands to lie content with the bumble work of the women, but with her bow at her side she pursued the leaping deer through the hills, and none was more sure and active in the chase than she. And at the tales of the old men her eyes would dance, and her lips parted with the joy of the battle.

Hither roamed one day Silent Hawk, a mighty warrior of the Shoshone, seeking the game that had eluded him in his native hills. Strong was he as the mountain pine, and in his arm slept the might of heroes. Swift were his feet as the swooping bird that gave him name, and in none of the Shoshone lodges was found one so great as he. In the very heat of the chase, when the arrow trembled on the string ere it winged its silent way to the heart of the bounding deer, Silent Hawk beheld the maiden.

Her gleaming limbs flashed through the trees with the grace of the fawn, and even Silent Hawk was not swifter to the kill. The chief cared not that his prize had fallen by a maiden's hand, while his own had faltered. He was only watching the woman who had won his heart.

Thenceforth the chase held no charms for Silent Hawk, unless the maid was by his side. The hills had lost their lure, and life was as the skies of winter without her near. With all the fire of his race did Silent Hawk force his wooing, but as well might he have sought the love of the Spirit of the Snow. With light laughter and lighter words she met his ardor and fled in pursuit of the game. And ever Silent Hawk followed. And where he went, the eyes of the Pah-Ute braves roved menacingly. But little cared the chief for the dark looks of the warriors; his eyes fell only before the scorn of the maiden. Thus sped the summer, till the chilling breath of winter fanned the mountain heights with icy caress. Darker and shorter grew the days, but ever fiercer grew the love of the Shoshone chief.

And one night, while the moon hung low and the wind spirits tossed the branches, Silent Hawk entered the lodge of the women, and striking down the guards, seized Laughing Sunshine. Out across the shimmering sands he bore her, while the maiden fought desperately and cried to her people. Through the shadowy night fled the chief with his love, and close at his heels pressed the raging Pah-Utes. The pursuers dared not use their bows, for fear of harming the maiden, but more than one spiteful arrow clipped the war-lock of the chief. But on his broad back he bore the girl—and her people wavered.

Thus they fled through the night, Silent Hawks traveling on the wings of the wind

though impeded by the weight of his burden. And when at last the fingers of the dawn parted the veil of darkness, the Pah-Utes were left in the distance. Laughing Sunshine cast a final glance behind, and her heart thrilled with the fear she had never known. Again she struggled to free herself, but the mighty embrace of the chief held her close.

In her distress she cried to the Great Spirit for succor. And as the words left her lips the bowels of the earth rumbled and gave answer. Hissing columns of water arose and wound their lengths around them. Vast clouds of steam issued forth and hid the sun in mist. Under their feet the earth fought and bubbled. Silent Hawk recoiled, and would have fain retreated. But new springs gush forth and the earth comes to life around him. It slides and trembles, and wavering Spirits of Water enfold the chief in their wet embrace. And the bubbling earth bears him to the molten underworld, even as the maiden flings herself from him and speeds between the geysers.

Laughing Sunshine, glancing backwards in her flight, beholds Silent Hawk turning to bubbling water, and from his head shoots a mighty hissing flood. And even in his death he thinks only of her. The water races after her, a wildly wreathing column, but swifter is her flight, and it crashes to the sands with a moaning sound.

Sometimes, when the heavens are dark and the sun hides behind the clouds, the spirit of Silent Hawk appears and vainly seeks among the geysers for the maiden he has lost. From spring to spring he wanders, and ever he complains of the maiden's cruelty. And as he searches, his rage grows until again the waters hiss in the air and rush madly across the sands. Ever he is seeking Laughing Sunshine, and ever his quest is vain. The water roars and the earth still bubbles. And the Great Spirit stills them not.

THE SPIRIT OF THE DESERT

BY EILEEN E. SYME

Over the distant sand-hills voices are calling ever,
Calling me, their brother, calling to their own.
And the soul within me answers to their summons,
And in mystic Dreamland I wander there alone.

Where the golden moonlight gleams on golden sandlight,
Where the silver starlight shines on silver sage,
Where the purple shadows soften with their splendor
The royal riot of color of a God-illumined page.

O Mystery, O Silence, O Sense of great wings beating
Their Spirit flight on Spirit wings to Spirit heights above,
I stand here in the Desert, in the moon-washed, star-lit Desert
With heart and soul transfigured with the birth of mighty Love.

O Spirit of the Desert! O voices of the Silence,
Isn't Love the first, the last, the sole great cause of man?
Is it bounded by the Eternal as your own unbounded vastness?
Or is it false and shifting as your wind-swept desert sand?

But I think I hear my answer in the purple star-lit Silence:
"A lesser love may alter, on Life's pages leave a blot;
But Love itself is deathless, it wavers not nor falters,
The sands may shift forever, but the Desert changes not."

RACHEL'S EASTER OFFERING

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

YES, HER LILACS always bloom earlier than others hereabouts: they're beauties, too—but she's that stingy with them, she wouldn't give you one on your life."

There was the click of a gate closing—and the sound of footsteps dying away in the distance, as Rachel came from an angle of her little garden, where, unseen, she had been made an eavesdropper, hearing no good of herself.

"Stingy," she muttered, leaning over the low, white paling separating her cottage from the road. "Stingy, and I almost supporting the village church. Humph!" But hearing voices and approaching footsteps again, she withdrew to the latticed porch.

"Of course, Easter 'll be kind of warm like, this year, comin' in April, so I just bought me a straw bonnet, with red roses an' lilies of the valley. It looks quite spry, too, but the milliner said 'twas alright—latest New York style an' all——"

A cheery laugh interrupted the older woman's speech.

"You certainly will be nobby, Aunt Emma, but wait till you see my chic hat. It'll shock this staid village, I'm afraid. Just the same, do you know what I'd like to wear in a place of this sort?—a simple leghorn hat with natural lilacs and foliage. Why, in New York we'd give the eyes out of our heads for blooms like your neighbor's opposite. I've a great mind to cultivate her acquaintance."

"Bosh! She'd bite your head off. She's as tart as vinegar. Nobody ever bothers about her. Disappointed in love, they say—gives all her savings to the church, an' lives like a miser—so we just kinder let her alone."

"More's the pity. I'd just love to look her up; who knows, but the poor old soul has grown bitter, because you *have* let her alone."

Again the voices passed, and Rachel stretched her neck to look after the retreating forms. Selina Baxter, her opposite neighbor, she recognized as one of the speakers, but the sweet, girlish figure with her was a stranger to Rachel, who knew all the villagers, for she had lived here all her life. The speakers had passed from view, but Rachel still leaned over the low paling, with the scent of the lilacs all about her.

"Tart as vinegar," "nobody ever bothers about her," "lives like a miser," "so we just let her alone," "disappointed in——" The unfinished sentence echoed dully on Rachel's ears. A bluebird in the purple mist of blossoms above her head sent out a sweet trill—and yes, to Rachel, it seemed singing: "Who knows but that the poor soul has grown bitter—because you *have* let her alone!"

* * * *

It was many a day since Rachel had moved about so briskly—it lacked but a few days of Easter. Eggs were high and scarce—never had her prized hens laid so poorly, and Rachel had depended on them for just so much revenue; yet she actually smiled under her starched Shaker bonnet, as laying her basket of freshly gathered eggs on the latticed porch she moved about the small garden, looking into the violets' purple eyes, and for the first time in years noting the pretty contrast between the golden glow of the swaying daffodils and the blue of the trembling Scyllas. Even the shy crocus seemed to lean towards her, and gorgeous hyacinths shook their scented bells merrily, as she passed. Rachel had thought of gathering the spring blossoms and offering them for sale at the village shop, to make up for the shortage, but her pride rebelled. "Miser," they had called her. Was she actually that? Old, too, they thought her, while she had not yet rounded out her thirty-fifth year,

though she looked all of fifty, with hair drawn back tight from her forehead, and a sad droop of the lips that so seldom smiled. Rachel Gray's father died when she was a child, leaving the little homestead and a small income, to his widow. She, a thrifty woman, laid aside the pennies for Rachel, and it was an open secret in the village that Mrs. Gray had, for years, religiously made a practice of donating to the primitive Methodist church all the money accruing from the sale of her eggs during the Lenten season, as an Easter offering. The lives of mother and daughter had been strictly methodical. The front door of their cottage bore the insignia of the dwellers of the three-gabled house. "Three Angles," a wit of the village once designated the abode, liking it to Abigail Gray, his spouse and Rachel, their daughter. The brass knocker on the front door gleamed brightly to-day, as it did some forty years ago, when Deacon Gray led his dignified young bride proudly to what was then considered in the village a mansion. From constant polishing, the plate beneath the knocker was considerably worn, while about the edge the white paint had been scoured until the plain wood peeped forth boldly. Seldom had this door swung back on its hinges—once when Hezekiah and Abigail, after their brief honeymoon, crossed its threshold. Again, when the baby girl, Rachel Anne Gray, was carried forth to be baptised; and back after the ceremony. Then Hezekiah, with all the dignity befitting a Deacon of many years service, all silent and cold, was borne forth to his last resting place in the village churchyard. Some years later, his faithful spouse passed under the same portals to sleep beside her husband, where a modest white slab told of their many virtues, for they were considered examples of godliness and charity, throughout the village.

It was true Hezekiah had never been known to give a shilling to any private charity, nor had Abigail been guilty of such indiscretion; but both had been lauded for their generous contributions to the church, especially when the Easter collections were taken up—so it had become somewhat of a boast, to be handed down as a duty, for Rachel to carry on, and she had done the work for years—scraping, hoarding, denying herself pleasures and clothes. So parsimonious had she grown as to almost begrudge passers-by the scent of the lilacs swaying their fragrant purple and white tassels beside the roadway.

Twice a year the minister called, and all the village knew it, for he deliberately walked up the front steps, lifted the gleaming knocker, and sent forth a summons that was answered sedately by Rachel. He was always admitted, and often, too, now that they came to think of it, the neighbors remembered seeing Squire Rigby's son, Jack, approach the sacred door, and gain admittance. Then suddenly he left the village, and the gossips had heard nothing of him since.

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Rachel sat on the edge of a horsehair trunk, in an attic room of Gray Gables. Neatly ranged about the room were many bits of ancient history—from the antique poke bonnet and voluminous hoop-skirts to the gutta-percha galoshes. In spite of the aroma of camphor and sweet lavender that greeted one from every nook and corner, an occasional moth flitted across the room, and disappeared into space.

From the old trunk, Rachel drew forth a cashmere dolman—its black had long ago given place to a rusty hue; a bonnet, with threadbare ribbon and faded flowers, and black silk gloves that had been mended till they would scarcely hold another stitch. Rachel knew them well, these articles of her wardrobe, that had done duty on state occasions for many years, and it needed not the entrance of prying sunbeams to show up their utter shabbiness.

"And all the neighbors with something new for Easter—talking about it, too, as if that's all they thought of. Yet not one of them's done what I have, for years, to educate the heathen, and send missionaries to teach what Easter means: but what does it mean?" suddenly exclaimed Rachel; "Renunciation," seemed to come from the corner where Abigail's widow's weeds were carefully wrapped in a box. "Crucifixion!" echoed Hezekiah's stovepipe hat on the shelf above the trunk.

"'Tain't nuther," snapped Rachel, ignoring all rules of grammar, as, tossing aside the shabby clothes, she crossed to

the window. "Oh," she cried, with a long-drawn gasp, "I know what it is; I know: the lilacs have told me—it's resurrection," and she clapped her hands in glee, like a child. "And resurrection it be for you, too, Rachel," she laughed.

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The dwellers of Gray Gables had seldom been known to patronize the omnibus, making two trips daily to and from the little thriving near-by town. No, it had always been considered by them "healthier to walk." And besides, "a dime saved was a dime earned," in their estimation. But to-day, Rachel was actually seen to climb aboard the creaking vehicle, as it lumbered on its way cityward.

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There was just such a bonnet as Rachel had dreamed of last night when the little imp, Vanity, whispered: "Do your duty to yourself. If you wish the sun to shine into your home, don't draw down your shades. Dress gay, and you'll feel gay." And now, here was the dream before her—a leghorn bonnet, with purple violets and black velvet ribbon ties. This was her chance to dress gay.

"Can I show you something in bonnets?"

Rachel started, and falteringly asked the price of the one before her. "Ten dollars." The answer almost took the trembling woman's breath away, as she stammered: "I like that one, but it's much more than I can pay, for I have many other things to buy besides, with only that amount to spend for all."

The girl laughed softly, as she said: "Aren't you the lady who lives at Gray Gables, where beautiful lilacs perfume the whole neighborhood." Rachel beamed with pride as she answered in the affirmative. "You see. I'm fond of lilacs; that's why I fancied that bonnet," said the elder woman, and the younger one thought she saw a slight flush pass over Rachel's face.

"If you like that style, I can show you a leghorn that could be trimmed up less expensively. Anyway, I think a bonnet much too old for you, and would suggest a close-fitting toque. You see, your hair is very pretty, if it were only arranged softer about your face."

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Ten years had passed from Rachel's expression as she clicked the gate softly behind her, and walked between the fragrant lilac trees, to the latticed porch of Gray Gables.

The tallow dips in their polished antique brass candlesticks looked down in calm amazement, as Rachel took from a paper-trimmed shelf the best kerosene lamp, and placed the light in the center of the table. The cat purred softly, and stretching herself, stared wonderingly at her mistress. Forth from their paper wrappings, Rachel drew a leghorn hat which had been bent and pinned into shape by the obliging salesgirl; there, too, were the velvet ties, such a bargain, for she had fortunately come across two remnants that were just the required lengths.

"And to think of artificial lilacs at a dollar a bunch. I just couldn't dream of it," murmured Rachel, as she smiled over the scheme whispered to her by the salesgirl, whereby she could wear the genuine ones at no material cost. The gloves, pearl gray, too—but, oh, dear, everybody in church would be looking at her hands, and she blushed already. She had so wanted dark ones, as being much more serviceable, but the salesgirl had been so persuasive. They could readily be cleaned when soiled, and were such an exceptionally fine glove for the money—genuine two dollar a pair, marked half price, because they were broken sizes. The salesgirl had been so kind to her, and just to think she was the grand-niece of Mrs. Baxter—Rachel's opposite neighbor! What was her name, again? mused the spinster, as, delving into her reticule, she drew forth a card on which was written "Violet Vernon." A dotted veil was also drawn from the recesses of the reticule, and a mysterious little package that Rachel looked fearfully at, and after much deliberation opened gingerly; a bundle of kid hair-curlers. Oh, what a scene for the sombre kitchen walls to look upon! Perhaps it was all the effect of the lamp-light, but the face on the old brown jug seemed to grin, while the painted china dog wore such a peculiar expression, that the cat with her back bristling, crept again beneath the table.

The lid of the horsehair trunk again stood open, and this time its contents were being scrutinized by two pairs of

eyes. It was Easter Saturday evening, and Violet, who had come to stop over Sunday, with her aunt, dropped in to see what headway Miss Gray was making with the trimming of the newly purchased toque. It now lay in readiness for the morrow's addition of flowers and foliage, which Violet was to arrange, previous to church-going.

Now the dolman was being discussed. "It won't do at all," declared Violet. "The style is fit only for your grandmother."

Rachel looked uneasily about the attic, as though fearing that her worthy ancestors might arise and confront her.

Deeper and deeper Violet delved into the trunk, when suddenly she cried joyfully: "I have it—the very thing. Why, you dear girl, you have a mint of treasures. This old lace shawl has a score of possibilities—and lace fichus are so much in vogue now!"

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Biscuits that would melt in one's mouth and the most delicious cup of tea had been partaken of before the two women parted, and Rachel, her hair twisted up in kid-curlers, afraid to look at her reflection in the mirror, hastily put out the light and retired.

* * * *

Easter Sunday morning dawned brightly on Gray Gables, where Rachel had arisen very early. It was a glorious day of many surprises in the village. The aged widow Bradford's sight had been almost restored by a visit from Rachel Gray, who brought her six choice eggs, concealed in a basket of fragile daffodils and violets. Little Jane Bertram, the crippled child of poor parents, had been gladdened by a gift of duck eggs hidden in a nest of hyacinths and crocus. Many similar offerings had found their way into various homes of the village, and just before church services, Violet was seen leaving Gray Gables with a huge bunch of purple violets pressed closely to her face.

The preacher was in the pulpit, discoursing on the wonders and beauties of the Resurrection. Then he spoke of worldly vanities, and exhorted his hearers to each suffer some sacrifice, on this day, in order to gladden some other creature. "Make an offering in the interest of charity," he continued; "to some one who needs a gift to send the sunshine of Easter into her life. After the shadow of the Cross, Christ sent us the glorious Eastertide to brighten our lives; every one can make some sort of an offering, to lift the shadows from another's pathway, so it behooves all here to enter into the spirit of the day. Clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and gladden some over-burdened heart."

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The pulpit and chancel were gay with white and purple lilacs from the garden of Gray Gables, and many a glance wandered to the high-backed pew, where sat Rachel Gray, and no wonder they looked, scarcely believing their eyes. There sat—not the prim, shabby little old spinster who had occupied this pew for many and many a year, but a sweet-faced, girlish-looking figure, in a black poplin dress, a shawl of lace draped loosely about her shoulders and fastened in front under a spray of purple lilacs. A soft pink glowed in her cheeks, and her eyes shone purple under their dark lashes. The hair that erstwhile had always been tightly drawn back from her forehead, now rippled in soft waves beneath the leghorn toque, with its trimming of natural lilacs. The collection was being taken up, and Rachel reached forth her neatly gloved hand to drop her envelope on the plate. Its amount was much in arrears of her previous Easter offerings, but it was the first one that she had given cheerfully.

Services were over, the minister had shaken hands with Rachel, and as she walked homeward along the country road she was overtaken by Violet and her aunt.

"I s'pose you've given your usual generous Easter offering to-day," ventured Mrs. Baxter, suavely.

"Yes, an unusually generous one," Rachel answered; "and it's the first time in my memory that I've made some one directly happy by a personal offering."

"How lovely," beamed the neighbor. "So new, too, for you, Miss Gray."

"You certainly have gladdened many hearts to-day," said Violet.

"Why, all the village is talking of your gifts—and just see my violets—while your appearance to-day—so sweet—natural and refreshing, cheered all who beheld you."

They had reached a bend in the road near Gray Gables, when sounds of horses' hoofs attracted the trio's attention, and Squire Rigby in his creaking gig, with a handsome stranger beside him, passed them.

"My word, what has come over Rachel Gray? She actually looks twenty years younger than when I last saw her!" The squire chuckled and flicked an imaginary fly off the old brown cob, as the man beside him gasped: "Rachel Gray—Rachel—you don't mean to say that's Rachel Gray, looking like a lovely Easter blossom?"

"That's the lady, as sure as you're my son," laughed the squire.

"Let me down here, father; I'd almost forgotten my promise to Send Cousin Ned a wire as soon as I arrived. You drive on, and I'll follow shortly."

Bidding Violet and her aunt "good-bye," Rachel clicked the old gate behind her, and walked along the lilac bordered path towards Gray Gables. "How changed everything seems!" murmured the woman, half-aloud. "Three and a half decades I've spent in this place, and though every bush, plant and flower is familiar to me, this little garden never seemed so fair as it does to-day. Such a change—what has wrought it, I wonder!"

"Your offering, Rachel!" answered a wee voice. "Your gift to a heart that was lonely. You lifted a being out of her sordidness, and besides gladdening her, you made the whole village rejoice in beholding her radiant happiness. This Easter has marked the resurrection of Rachel Gray."

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A rat-tat of the brass knocker reverberated through the house and brought Rachel—still bonneted and gloved—to the door, and there before her stood a page from the only book of romance she had ever known—Jack Rigby, only son of the village squire.

A window curtain in the opposite house was pulled aside and hastily dropped, but a pair of spectacled eyes saw a man admitted to Gray Gables, and the door shut hurriedly behind him, on all who would pry within.

"Mercy sakes alive—Mr. Rigby."

"Mercy sakes alive—Miss Gray."

Rachel giggled, and Jack laughed a boisterous, jolly laugh, that sent the cat scampering out of the house. "To think of you, looking so fine and manly—almost took my breath away."

"Yes, and to find you so gay and girlish-like almost made me reel from my seat in father's gig. Oh, Rachel, what has happened to work such a transformation?"

"I made a personal offering to some one who needed it badly, and it resulted in my resurrection, from the gloom of miserly selfishness, where I slept for years."

"Yes, Rachel, it was just this demon that stood between us always, and finally drove me away; but I, too, needed a lesson in renunciation, and I've learned it to my advantage. I came back, Rachel, because I couldn't stay away from Gray Gables and its prim mistress, but I never expected to find you so beautiful, and looking younger than when you walked sedately to meeting, between Deacon Hezikiah Gray and his staid wife. I always said you were cheated out of your childhood's inheritance, for it was a well-known fact in the village that to laugh in Gray Gables, between Saturday night and Monday morning was considered by the deacon and his wife—a grave sin. You have walked in the straight and narrow path—I have rollicked in the open—a happy, devil-may-care chap, and, as such, you rejected me. Since then, we have both had a wholesome lesson. Tell me, Rachel—have I waited in vain?"

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What if the crayon picture of Deacon Hezikiah Gray, in his stove-pipe hat, and his spouse, Abigail, should come to life, a scene might be enacted in the once prim old sitting room, where now Rachel and Jack sat side by side on the wide haircloth sofa. Already a revolution had taken place. The bow-legged center table, with its ghostly marble top, had been relieved of its case of wax flowers, and instead, a vase holding sprays of fragrant lilies took its place. The family Bible still rested in its accustomed place, with a fuzzy-wuzzy mat beneath it. With backs set grimly against the papered wall, the stiff haircloth chairs, each with a starched antimacassar clinging closely to it—looked askance at the uninviting sofa, that hitherto had always repelled the visitor at Gray Gables. The china shepherd and shep-

herdess on either end of the mantel blinked at the perforated cardboard mottoes over the door, while in a sombre black frame, a maiden clung courageously to "The Rock of Ages," as the waves beat about her naked feet. Silent stood the old melodeon, in a corner of the room, with a book of gospel hymns opened thereon. Seating himself at the instrument, Jack ran his fingers over the rattling keys, and soon the melodeon, creaking and groaning, gave out strains of "The Merry Widow Waltz." Giggling, Rachel asked, "Is that a new hymn, Jack?"

"No; it's a new 'Her,'" he laughed, while Rachel looked fearfully at the book of gospel hymns, the only music that had ever been tolerated in Gray Gables on Sunday.

* * * *

"That Rachel Gray's gone stark crazy," Mrs. Baxter confided to her neighbor across the yard. "Yes, plum crazy. She went to church this mornin', spry as a kitten, an' dressed to kill. Now Squire Rigby's son's callin' on her, an' of all the sacriligious sounds on Sunday—some one in Gray Gables playin' a jig. Just come over and listen. Yes, Rachel Gray's gone plum crazy—believe me."

Two pairs of ears listened, and four eyes watched Gray Gables, but Jack and Rachel, behind the shuttered windows of Gray Gables, did not care if the eyes of the whole world beheld them, nor the ears of the village heard them, for to-day was the resurrection of their hopes, and even the birds in the trim garden trilled forth songs of joy, as Rachel whispered to Jack her promise of love and faithfulness and that she would wed him before the lilacs bloomed again.

THE SPANISH DANCER

BY LUCIA E. SMITH

Black velvet, and gay fringed sash,
A scarlet skirt with a glittering band,
A jaunty bolero, and fan in hand,
And a fragrant rose with a crimson flash
Peeping out from behind the filmy lace,
That half-reveals, half-hides, her face.
It's nothing new—to you.

Her dark eyes glow with youthful fire,
While arching feet now tap, now trip,
At lithesome swaying of the hip
Two graceful arms wave high, and higher;
With kneeling, bending, leaping quick
To the castinets' gay click.
It's nothing new—to you.

A whirl of skirts and gleam of red,
The music stops with lingering hiss,
As soft as a remembered kiss.
The saucy Spanish sprite has fled.
But safe within her bodice gay
She hides the heart she's danced away.
It's something new—to you.

HIS LAND

The Story of a Dakota Homestead

BY ONEY FRED SWEET

ALLEN CARLSON was desperately hungry for a piece of land, or he would never have filed on a homestead in the Standing Rock reservation. The hunger tugged at his very soul, else he would never have stayed in that little shack on the Dakota prairie for fourteen lonesome months.

Fourteen months, the time allotted by the Government, had almost elapsed, as Allen could tell by the notches cut in the doorway of the weather-beaten shanty. Every one of these notches that meant a month nearer his becoming a land-owner had also meant an almost unending period away from the world.

Allen often wondered, as his physical being suffered from the weather changes, if they could understand down at Washington what an awful price a man paid for the acres. When food, such as he could cook for himself, gave out, and when, in his isolation he missed the thousand little comforts and conveniences of living, he tried to figure just what part of the "160" he was sacrificing for with his body.

But as the long days stretched into the long nights with no human being for companionship, as he detected the peculiar ways that had become a part of him because of lack of contact with other people —it was then he sought to measure just how much of his soul was going into the land about him that lay as level and uninterrupted and mocking as a rolling sea.

There were neighbors, to be sure—a crazy woman five miles to the south, and a Russian over west of him. Though there was no exchange of calls, Allen felt a kinship to both. There must have been the same aching in the Russian's heart that was in his own. It was the foreign instinct. As for the crazy woman, he looked at his own bearded, wild-eyed face in the piece of mirror he kept and did not wonder.

The foreign instinct to crave land—Allen often pondered over that. He knew his father, coming over from Northern Europe, had endured everything down in Iowa in his attempt to gain a pioneer foothold on the soil. It was the foreigners who had stuck, too. They couldn't go back. That land was worth while now, and it was a tricky lawyer's fault, not his father's, that it had fallen into other hands.

It was seeing that same land rise to an almost fabulous price in another's possession that had caused Allen to chafe under being a farm hand for neighbors. The injustice of it had caused him to deprive himself of such good times as the nearby town afforded that he might imitate in some new country what his father had started so well.

Oftentimes Allen doubted the Dakotas, as he compared the dry soil with its untested crops to what had produced the splendid cornfields in the country of his boyhood. But it was all there was left—he had assured himself of that. It was the last chance, and he meant to hang on to those few available acres, no matter what hardships came.

"I'll make one more trip to the store," mused the homesteader. "Stuff to last me another week, and then for proving up. Then I'll just let the place lay for a few years, and wait for the cities to crowd folks out here. If this land's worth $10 now, it'll be worth ten times that in a few years. It did it down in Iowa—it'll do it here. God, I've got to see somebody again. I've got to get shaved and some decent

clothes, and eat things like other folks and see something."

His voice trembled off into an excited laugh.

Inside the shack, the bare, board walls, decorated here and there with newspaper cuts, mocked him as they had during all the eternity of days he had spent in the room. Irony had crept into his selection of pictures taken from a Sunday paper purchased at Pierre. There was one of a beautiful woman, another of a gay crowd at a dance, a marine view. Without them, he fancied at times that he might have forgotten there were such things in the world.

This paying for a thing with the best months of one's youth had proved too trying to many a man before him. Allen knew that. The deserted shacks all along the trail to Pierre were mute testimony. But he had promised himself he would stick, and he had done it. He had made that sacrifice that all worth while things demanded. He looked into the piece of mirror, with its reflection of a thin yellow face and listless eyes and laughed over the conquest.

"I might have frozen like that family up near La Beau last winter," he told himself. "My God, the five of them found stiff just as they were when the last bit of furniture had been stuck in the stove. I might have thirsted to death this summer if the rain hadn't come and filled my well just when it did. But I've won. In two more weeks it will be my land. My own land!"

It was a layer of straw in one corner of the room he slept on, a filthy blanket for a covering. He was no better housekeeper than the average man. One night a rattlesnake had been his bedfellow, but he had felt him before the sun came on and thus had saved himself from what might have been a finishing bite. Tonight there was just the crickets and the weird sky.

The morning offered a change—the trip to the store for a few more provisions to hold out until the end. It was a fifteen mile walk in the hot sun on a trail that was a guess. The mile after mile of nothingness caused Allen to occasionally ponder whether if, after all, there was coming a lack of land. "There is," he assured himself, "there's just this little up here left."

It was on each of these trips to the store that he was made to realize how he had deteriorated since his last visit. He found himself shyer and almost bitter toward the merchant and his son because of their apparent self-confidence and ease. He knew they looked upon him as just another poor "soddy," a fellow who had probably failed at everything else, and who was losing what little wits he had from the isolation.

He did not blame them. The sun and wind and neglect had made a sorry sight of whatever claim he had had to good looks. His lips were chapped white, and the smile he sickly forced showed where the teeth between them had disappeared. His hair was as he had chopped it himself and was as dry as the alkali dust. There was an apologetic stoop to his shoulders. Fourteen months out alone had done it.

There was a newspaper on the store counter, its first article flaring from the type. Allen leaned toward it disinterestedly, as he did his little trading, then suddenly clutched the thing and read with eager haste. A railroad was to go through the Standing Rock! The surveyors had roughly planned and town sites had been mapped. He gazed vacantly from the paper for a moment to do a little calculating. The blood surged through his veins as it had not done for months. The stoop in his shoulders departed and the listless eyes blazed.

"A town right on my claim," he breathed. "A station where I have built my shack!"

He started back late at night, a combination of stars for his guide, a song in his soul. The big sack of flour and the packages were as feathers. The silent night had lost its oppressiveness. Its darkness was poetic—the cricket's chirp was harmonious with his joy.

When fatigue finally came, a pillow was made of the hard sack, and one spot on the treeless waste was found to be as good as another. As Allen lay partially asleep, all the hardships he had endured during the long wait came into his half-dreams.

First of all there had been the misgivings about financing the thing—the petty

calculating to make his meagre savings spread out over the endless period. The money had been earned from plowing other men's fields and gathering other men's crops—hard seasons of toil that resulted in a sum no bigger than some fellows his age spent on a single night's good time.

There had been so much that lack of money and distance from town had deprived him of—so many little things that loomed in exaggerated importance, mosquito netting during the terror of the early spring, for instance; a cake of soap that would have helped the alkali water; a needle and thread to have replaced a button. Once he remembered he had felt like quitting because he had cut a bad gash in his hand, with no antiseptic about to wash the wound. He laughed now as he recalled how big these trifles had loomed, for he had stuck in spite of them and the big griefs that had gripped so hard at times. He had stuck and won—won a thing far beyond his vaguest dream.

With the realization, he gave his body a restless hunch and a short laugh floated out over the earthen sea. His mind, kept alert by the unusual excitement the day had brought, went on to the shack that was waiting with its three newspaper pictures on the wall. Allen fell to debating mentally as to which of the three pictured subjects had tantalized him most when there had been nothing to do but stare at a wall while fourteen months of minutes ticked away.

The woman, evidently an actress, and her beauty enhanced by the photographer's art, had come to personify all of womanhood—something denied him at a time of life when his appreciation for feminine grace was most keen. Often he doubted if, even after he should get back into the world, whether the shyness would not have become so strong a part of him as to even isolate him then, and once he had been on the very verge of tearing the smiling face from the place where it mocked.

The ballroom scene was such as he had never witnessed in such society gatherings as he had known in his native Iowa, but it spoke of social intercourse with a taunting that was almost unbearable at times when the hours dragged heaviest.

As for the view of the seashore with its people bathing and its craft of every sort—it had tormented during all of every hot summer day with the little well, threatening to dry away—and no sign of a cloud in the Dakota sky for weeks. Looking at it, Allen imagined at times that he was in water that swished about him, and that he could duck beneath the surface and come up with his head drenched. And then when the fancy faded and he came to realize just how far it was to water where each drop was not a thing to be hoarded, he had cursed.

But the hot, listless days and the cold, biting days had gone one after the other. He had seen the green of two springs creep out onto the prairie to parch early under the unhindered sun. He had cut the notches in the shack doorway as the months had lazily passed. There was one yet to be cut before the Government would square up with the papers, and he would whittle that with a flourish in a few days.

It was in the last thought of his waking moments that Allen considered the carving of that last notch, and then the dreams came—dreams of a great union station where his shack had stood, a throbbing thoroughfare where once had been his path that led to the shallow well. When he awoke the sun beat sickeningly upon his features, and bright-hued, poisonous-looking insects buzzed about his ears.

The afternoon shadows were about the shack when Allen came finally within sight of home. The little building jutted above the sky line with what seemed to him an air of defiance to snail-like months. Its appearance brought a sort of thrill—a feeling that died out for surprise when he noticed on drawing nearer that a thin column of smoke curled from the little chimney.

"That's funny," muttered Allen, as he stumbled on. "I never knew of company to come before."

He was in the doorway before he saw who the intruders were—two healthy, well-dressed, world-polished specimens of men who sat at his table eating the lunch that had just been prepared by the fire. He caught their scowling response in reflection for his own look of perplexity and wonder as they glanced up.

"Was there something?" asked one of the men. A pompous corporation official might have used the same tone to an underling entering his private office. Allen noticed that beside him with the dishes was a map of some sort that he had evidently been tracing with a pencil. Suddenly the whole situation reminded him of that other scene back in Iowa years ago, when he had toddled a little boy at his father's side on the visit to the tricky lawyer's office. The memory and the reception he had received in his own home gave him an attitude that was dangerous.

"This is my shack," he cried. "I've just been down to the store and I've come back."

The two men threw back their heads and laughed.

"Why, my good boy," answered the one with the map, "that is a pretty story to tell, but who is going to believe it? As it happens, we have settled on this particular spot, which we found abandoned. There's plenty of land about here, and you had better act like a nice fellow and take your eatables there and get started on proving up some of it. But as for our claim here, really——"

"I know," shouted Allen, his white lips quivering. "You've heard about the railroad. But I've got proofs and witnesses."

This time the laugh was even heartier than before.

"A crazy woman and a foreigner who can't speak English," sneered the man near him. "Now, look here, we're attorneys, and know just what chance you have," he continued sternly. "We've wasted enough time on you. Git! Do you understand!"

Allen, standing bewildered, the speaker, heavier and stronger of build, grabbed him by the shoulder and flung him bodily through the doorway of the shack. As he pitched headlong, his arm grazed something sharp and hard. Almost blind with rage, he felt for the thing that had bruised him in the fall. It was a piece of machine iron that he had used for lack of a carpenter's hammer. His fingers tightened about the lighter end of it and he leaped to his feet with another man's blood pounding through his veins.

He met the one usurper before he had resumed his seat, catching him between the eyes with the iron before an arm could be raised in defense. Again and again he struck, and then turned to the attacking companion. For a moment they struggled, but the desperation of the homesteader gave him a strength beyond human. Looking a moment later, he saw the iron in his hand, blood-spattered, and before him on the floor one limp body was huddled against the other.

And yet he did not see them. Hardly a glance he gave in the direction of the heap as he rushed out of doors and sank to his knees. Then with tense fingers he grasped at the dry Buffalo grass with greedy clutch.

"It's my land," he gasped. "They can't cheat me out of it. It's mine."

But his voice had a hollow strangeness and in his eyes there was a wild, vacant stare. Though following his gaze there was nothing to be seen save the line where a brown Dakota prairie met a drab Dakota sky.



THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

BY PASTOR C. T. RUSSELL

MR. EDISON has taken time from his scientific investigations, which have centered chiefly in electricity, to take a look into things metaphysical and spiritual. In a magazine article recently, he discussed the immortality of the soul. He brought to his subject the reasoning and philosophical powers of a gift of brain accustomed to look more carefully than usual at the relationship and bearing of one principle upon another, one theory upon another, one fact upon another. Mr. Edison denies the immortality of the soul; he declares that he can see no facts in nature leading to any such conclusion. As a sample of his close reasoning on the subject we quote one of his statements, which he considers too self-evident to need proof. Indeed, we doubt not that Mr. Edison's position would be that human immortality is not to be assumed, in view of the fact that we are a dying race. We presume that his position is that the proofs must be sought in the opposite quarter—that man must be assumed to be mortal and that any disputing this position must give the proofs of his immortality. We quote Mr. Edison:

"A man's intelligence is the aggregate intelligence of the innumerable cells which form him—just as the intelligence of a community is the aggregate intelligence of the men and women who inhabit it. If you cut your hand, it bleeds. Then you lose cells, and that is quite as if a city lost inhabitants through some tremendous accident."

It will not do for us to claim that Mr. Edison is not a philosopher, because he disagrees with philosophers of the past. We must admit that his attainments in science have all been results of the exercise of a naturally philosophical mind, which for years has been trained in philosophical study, and that for this reason he has his splendid rank as a scientific man. On the contrary, we must admit that many of the philosophers of the past in their reasoning on theological questions were handicapped by dread of thumb-screws, racks, and other tortures of the "Dark Ages," as well as by certain ignorance and superstitions which, thank God, are gradually passing from the minds of all intelligent people. Indeed, we must remember that nearly all the philosophies as respects cosmogony and chemistry have proven themselves fallacious, and the latest researches of science astound us by threatening a revolution of the philosophies respecting astronomy. Perhaps philosophy has made progress in every other direction than along religious lines. And in this particular we note that the great majority of the learned have entirely abandoned the philosophies of their fathers and are known as "Higher Critics," "Evolutionists," etc. Only in the Catholic Church are the theological philosophies of a century ago given the slightest weight amongst the learned, although these theories, embodied in Protestant creeds, still hold a powerful sway in the minds of many Protestants who still like to think that what their fathers believed was infallible on every subject.

Meeting Mr. Edison's statement, above quoted, with such candor as the gentleman's intellectual prowess seems to justify, we must admit that there is a great deal of force and logic in his deduction. Mr. Edison has apostolic authority for considering man as made up of various members, each intimately related to the welfare and intelligence of the whole. St. Paul uses this argument in illustrating the true Church, "the Body of Christ." He likens one member to the hand; another to the foot; another to the eye, etc., and declares that each is necessary to the completeness and harmony of the whole, and

adds: So, also, is the Church.

We will not here follow the Apostle's argument to note particularly how Jesus is the Head of the Church; how every member is united to each other member and interested in each other member. We will take the same example of the human figure. It seems to justify the statement that a man's intelligence is represented in the intelligence of all his members. Human skill is related to human intelligence. Consequently the man who has lost his hands has less intelligence, less opportunity and less skill than previously. If he lose also his feet, his intelligence decreases proportionately. If he lose his sight, his hearing and his sense of smell, each loss diminishes his intelligence. A whole village of people, devoid of sight, hearing, taste, the sense of smell and of touch, would be a very unintelligent community. This, we understand to be Mr. Edison's argument, expressed in different terms. Mr. Edison's terms even seem appropriate if we take a sufficiently broad view of his language. To illustrate: If one lose a few drops of blood, the loss may make no perceptible impression upon his intelligence. But if he lose a quart of blood, his intelligence will be considerably diminished. Faintness, stupor, may be expected. This would seem to prove Mr. Edison's statement correct, and that the loss of a few drops of blood is *really* a loss, to some extent, of vital power, and hence a loss of intelligence, but in so small a degree as not to be appreciable to one in health.

In olden times we were told, and tried to believe it, that a dead man knew more than a living one. We were puzzled by the fact that a blow on the head might stun one to insensibility, but we were more puzzled when told that a heavier blow that would kill the man would enable him to *know everything in an instant.* The philosophy (?) of this was handed to us thus: The soul is the intelligent being, of which nobody knows very much. It is imprisoned in our mortal bodies and can operate in them only unsatisfactorily. The moment of death is the moment of release to the soul, which then can think and reason more soundly than when obliged to use the brain.

Many of us tried in childhood years to believe such unphilosophical philosophy. We asked for proofs, and were told that it was the voice of the Church's philosophers, and if we would doubt it, we would be damned to eternal misery. Believing this, and not willing to be doomed to eternal misery, many of us restrained ourselves, and that portion of our brain became well-nigh atrophied.

Even the religious found it difficult to believe in so immaterial a soul, and inquired: Why, then, a resurrection of the dead? Will the resurrection signify another *real* imprisonment of the soul and a decrease of intelligence, as this philosophy (?) would seem to imply? Some gave up the quest for knowledge in despair, and sought for something more intelligent outside of all the creeds and philosophies of "science falsely so-called." Others of us have held to the Word of God, and sought to see its philosophy, its teachings, and to harmonize them.

I am glad to belong to this growing class of Bible students who declare, Let God and His Word be true, though it disprove many of the theories we once believed and almost worshiped. (Rom. 3-4.) We want the Truth!

Mr. Edison and the Bible.

We are not personally acquainted with Mr. Edison, nor with his religious views, but we believe that his philosophical mind is turning quite into line with the teachings of the Bible respecting man and his future. We do not say that he has attained the Bible viewpoint, but merely that he has taken a good step in that direction. Without discounting good features contained in our own creeds, we must admit that many of them are thoroughly illogical and unscriptural. For instance, the theory that a human soul is an invisible entity specially created by God and full of Divine intelligence, and that this intelligent soul is introduced into the newborn child and is the real child—this is no longer reasonable or logical to us.

We wonder that our forefathers of the darker period, in their wonderful philosophies, did not see the absurdity of such a position. If it were true, would it not make the Almighty Creator a co-laborer

with fornicators and adulterers in the bringing into the world of illegitimate children? Still worse, does not this theory charge to the Almighty God of Wisdom, Justice, Love and Power the creation of idiots and mental imbeciles and moral degenerates? If the human parents merely bring human bodies into existence as receptables for souls, which God individually and specifically creates in each instance, then not the parents, but the Almighty is responsible for all the degeneracy we see in the world: for it is the soul that is responsible, as all admit.

The First Man of the Earth.

The center of the mistake on this subject, handed to us from the philosophers of the Dark Ages is the assumption that the real man is the spirit being, the soul. St. Paul assures us to the contrary of this, saying: "The first man was of the earth, earthy." The Lord, through the Prophet David, declares the same truth, saying: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him. . . . Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels." (Psa. 8:4, 5.) The angels are the lowest in rank on the spirit plane, and man, although in God's image when perfect, was still lower than the angels in that he was not a spirit being, but a human, an earthly being—"of the earth, earthy."

The Scriptural proposition is, not that God made a body for man out of the dust of the earth and put a spirit man into that body, but that God made *man* of the dust of the earth, breathed into his nostrils the breath of life (an animal life) and "*man* became a living soul"—an animal or earthly soul. In other words, the entire Adam became a living soul—a living being. That one man was subsequently made twain for the very purpose of propagating living souls in his own likeness. And thus for six thousand years the Divine command has been in process of fulfillment—"Multiply and fill the earth." God created but the one soul originally, divided it, and then, by natural processes, generation after generation of human souls have been born. Man is an earthly soul or earthly animal, as are all the earthly creatures, only that his is the higher nature—an earthly image of his Creator, Who is a Spirit Being.

From this standpoint, how clearly we can discern the mistakes of the philosophies of the past and the true philosophy revealed to us only in the Bible, although discerning, penetrating, philosophical minds, like that of Mr. Edison, may reach the same truth from the study of the great Book of Nature.

From this standpoint, we see that the entire man is a living soul—that is to say, a sentient being. The formation of Adam was very important, just as to-day, under the same Divine regulations, the shape of the brain has to do with the character of the man—gentle or vicious, criminal or conscientious, benevolent or stingy, reverential or otherwise. As the Bible declares: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." (Prov. 23:7.) And a man's thoughts shape themselves according to the structure of his brain. Thus phrenology is a widely recognized science. Not only so, but physiology tells us that the various portions of the human body are so intimately related to the brain that the quality of the mind can be discerned in the general features, not only in the shape of the nose, the curl of the lip, the glance of the eye, but also in the grasp of the hand and its general shape, even to the particularity of a finger-print.

All these outward signs indicate the character of the soul, being—all are identified with it. In a word, a soul is a person. The various districts of the brain, representing the various sentiments and passions of the individual, are like so many members, each having its own personality. Amongst these various members of the human mind some are stronger, some weaker. And the stronger ones dominate. There are exceptions, of course, to this rule in what we sometimes term conversion. Conversion means the establishing of a new rule or order in the individual life. Note the method of its accomplishment:

(1- Certain matters are brought to the attention of the person or soul and seem to indicate a wiser course than the one pursued in the past. The various districts of the brain, like so many members of a council, consider the proposition, weigh its pros and cons, advantages and disadvantages, and then reach a decision. That decision we call *will*. Sometimes there is

a desperate struggle in the brain, the various members of the council of thought battling and struggling against each other. The will may be strong or may be weak, just as a party in Congress may be strong —or weak—while in power. But the will rules with more or less vacillation or strength, according to the number and power of the members supporting it. Thus we have found some possessed of strong characters; others weak, vacillating—"double-minded."

The Will Represents the Soul, the Person, the Ego.

Some of the qualities of the mind may be styled the "flesh"—this term represents the lower and more animal qualities of the person, the soul. To the contrary of these are the higher organs of the mind—reverence, spirituality, conscientiousness, sublimity, ideality, etc., and these are called the heart, because they include the affections and qualities of the mind to which God appeals, saying: "My son, give Me thine heart."

Thus seen, we are daily making soul-character, influenced by our environment and the lessons and experiences which come to us through our senses. The character develops either upward or downward —toward God or toward sin. But there is no such thing as total depravity, except in idiocy, for, by Divine providence, some features of the original Divine likeness in which Father Adam was created still persist in all of his children who have reason. The effect of all reformers is to appeal to the mind, either through fear or love or selfishness, to effect an organization of the mental qualities favoring the things of righteousness and opposed to sin. The *permanent* conversion which produces the saintly characters is the appeal of love —"The love of Christ constraineth us." The love of the Father is potent in the hearts of all who receive it. It can effect changes in conduct, in language and in thought, which can be accomplished by nothing else.

A Methodist Bishop's Soul.

A Methodist Bishop is credited with the following definition of a soul: "It is without interior or exterior, without body, shape or parts, and you could put a million of them into a nut-shell." Mr. Edison does not believe in such a soul. In repudiating such a view he places himself in accord with the Divine teachings.

Immortality of the Soul.

The word immortality is rarely used in its strict, academic sense, as signifying deathlessness, or that which is proof against death—inherency of life, requiring no suspension. Immortality in this sense of the word is, of course, a quality which belongs to God alone. As the Scriptures declare of Him, "He alone hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, Whom no man hath seen nor can see." Immortality in this sense of the word, possessed by the Heavenly Father and now also by His only-begotten Son, the world's Redeemer, is promised as a special reward (not possessed by angels or any other creature) to the elect, saintly few, called, chosen and faithful, during this Gospel Age. These are styled the Bride, the Lamb's Wife, and the promise to them is that they shall receive this great reward of glory, honor and immortality when the Redeemer shall appear in His glory in the end of this Age to grant to them a share in the First or Chief Resurrection from the dead. With this attainment of immortality they are promised also new bodies, no longer flesh, but spirit, no longer in the likeness of the first man—"As they bore the image of the earthly, they shall also bear the image of the heavenly."—1 Cor. 15:49.

Are All Men Immortal?

Mr. Edison is in full agreement with the Bible in his conclusion that human soul or personality is always identified with an organism or body. We must also agree with the Bible and with Mr. Edison that all souls die. The Bible declares: "The wages of sin is death," and again, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The Bible explains that Adam, as a living soul, might have continued his existence perpetually had he not transgressed the Divine Law, and that the transgression brought

to him the penalty of death. Mr. Edison agrees with this conclusion without, perhaps, admitting original sin or anything else connected with the Scriptures.

Where, then, is human immortality? We answer that there is no human immortality, in the same sense that there is a Divine immortality—in the sense that God is death-proof. He, and His Son, our Lord Jesus, alone have immortality in that sense. When we speak of immortality in respect to mankind, we use the word, not in an academic sense, but in a relative way. We mean that death does not end all for Adam and his children—that a future life is arranged for them in Divine providence—when, where and how the Bible clearly tells.

We wish that Mr. Edison and many thinkers who have no confidence in the Bible might see the beauties and harmonies of its presentations. The Bible declares that the eternal life lost by Father Adam has been redeemed for him by the death of Jesus Christ, the just for the unjust. It tells us further that as all of Adam's race shared by heredity in his death penalty, so they all shall be permitted to share in His recovery from the power of the tomb, from sin and death. Thus the Scriptures declare, As by a man comes death, by a man also comes the resurrection of the dead; for as all in Adam die, even so shall all in Christ be made alive, every man in his own order or company.—1 Cor. 15:21-23.

The great Apostle Paul declares that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and of the unjust. The Hebrew prophet declares, "Many that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake." The awakening time will be the morning, as the present is the night-time of sin and darkness. The glorious morning nears, as the night of sorrow and tears passes. There will be a glorious dawn to that great day of a thousand years, whose light is already fore-gleamed in the wonderful inventions of our day, in which Mr. Edison has been used of the Almighty to assist. Shortly the Sun of Righteousness shall shine forth, scattering the darkness, ignorance, superstition, sin, death. Shortly the reign of Divine Righteousness and love, co-ordinated, will bring blessings to our race, now resting under the sentence or curse of death. Shortly all will have the opportunity of recovery from the fallen condition of weakness and degradation, being uplifted or resurrected gradually to the full perfection of human nature, earthly nature, in the image and likeness of the Creator in the midst of a world-wide Paradise.

Cardinal Gibbons' Words Agree to This.

Cardinal Gibbons gave an interview to a reporter of the Columbian Magazine, in answer to Philosopher Edison. Noting with interest the Cardinal's defense of the doctrine of immortality, we have clipped and below produce the essence, the kernel, of his argument on the subject as based upon the Scriptures. We are pleased to see that, like ourselves, the Cardinal finds the Scriptural proof of a future life, not in the philosophies of a darker past, but in the resurrection promise of the holy Scriptures, as follows:

"Christ brings to humanity the certainty of eternal life. He proved it by His own resurrection; and if any one thinks the evidence for Christ's resurrection is weak, I ask him to study and think deeply over the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. No sane scholar, remember, denies that we have the testimony of St. Paul himself; nor that St. Paul is honestly setting down the testimony of those who claim to have seen our Lord after death. If so many sane men, Apostles and disciples of Christ, are mistaken, if they cannot believe the testimony of their own eyes, if such a delusion can keep so firm a hold on so many different characters for so many years and become the basis of all their beliefs and the transforming power of their lives, then no human testimony is of any value; then let us close our courts of justice, for no case is proven by so many trustworthy witnesses. No!" the Cardinal said, in the tone of deepest conviction, "Christ is risen; and His resurrection is the plainest evidence of man's immortality."

CARLITA'S CHOICE

BY FRANK LEE ROGERS

WITHIN ONE room of the square adobe house was a light. It came from a candle on a low table against the wall, before which sat a lithe-figured Mexican tilted in a chair, drawing hard upon a black, round cigarette, and moodily blowing forth great clouds of smoke. Upon the table were a large iron inkstand, a quill pen, and some sheets of paper, upon which some verses were scrawled. For Paco was a poet—of a kind. Paco glanced at the verses and sighed.

"She is fickle like the moth of the night breezes," he reflected, "a shame in the darkness that now glimmers here, now there; it is at your hand, you almost have it; the next instant, Caramba! the darkness has devoured it."

Paco smoked hard on the cigarette, and blew forth the wreathing tobacco smoke, wearing the impassive expression of one who controls strong passions. Paco looked calm, but Paco was desperate. It was because of a woman. It was because of his Princess, as he called her, because of Carlita. She was not really a princess—she was only the princess of a tavern circle, but she was princess of all the world to Paco. It was little that Carlita cared for the young gallant, or for anything except pleasure. To be courted, to surpass all the other women in beauty and bright dress, and to sip the red wine at the posado of an evening, with the handsomest of men about her with their attentions and compliments, this was the whole happiness and ambition of Carlita.

Paco liked it not at all that the others should come near her. The land of his birth had given him a fiery, passionate heart, and it burned with one strong flame—the love for Carlita, who now encouraged, now scorned him, according to her whim and temper. It was six months since he had first met her, and he was not any nearer to his goal than on the first day when she had smiled at him, and he had accepted the challenge. She had been willing to jest; but to be serious is different. And Paco had grown to think seriously of the friendly, fearless, dashing woman whom none could dislike, and whom none dared to insult.

He had given her gifts, and she had taken them, as she did those of the others, laughingly. He had written for her verses, and she had smiled at him for their graceful compliment, but kept him mockingly at a distance. He had worn for her sake fine clothes that were the envy of all Piamonta; boots with gilded spurs, a red silken sash, a coat of blue velvet, and a sombrero with embroidered band, worth its weight in silver. But in spite of all his effort, Carlita smiled equally upon the others.

To-night Paco had not gone to the posado, though his expectant horse, tied to a tree in front of the house, whinnied from time to time impatiently, as if to remind him of it. To-night Paco sat instead at home in his room, brooding over the situation. What could he do to win this light-hearted creature, whom he had resolved to possess? He lighted another black cigarette to aid him in his reflections.

"She must like me," he meditated, "or else why did she look at me the way she did last night, and let me fill her glass with wine, instead of Malgaro, who wished the privilege? But if she likes me, why does she go so much with that bandit Guillermo? He is the only rival I fear, and I hate him, since the day he ridiculed me before Carlita. If he were only out of the way——"

He puffed more clouds of blue smoke into the air. Through the wreathing haze of the room his glance rested upon the wall opposite, where the unsteady light of

the candle fell upon some objects hanging there: his splendid sombrero; a colored picture of the crucifixion; and beside the latter, a bone-handled dagger with a long blade. His eye rested upon the gleaming steel. It seemed to move as with impatience under the flicker of the candlelight.

"If he were only out of the way!" repeated Paco, with even tones; then, with a sudden impulse, he tilted his chair forward and jumped to his feet. "By Holy Saint Mary, I shall do it!" he cried, and threw his lighted cigarette upon the floor, fiercely, so that it perished in a shower of sparks.

He now took in hand the quill pen, dipped it into the ink-well, wrote upon a sheet of paper a note, and folded it with care. This done, he walked over to the wall, took down the bare dagger, tested its point lovingly, then slipped it in his sash. Over it he buttoned his velvet coat; on his head he placed the sombrero. Then he snuffed out the candle, and went out into the starlight. By the door was a bush of white roses. Paco gathered six of them, bound them together with a strand of coarse grass, and placed among them the folded note, its corner showing. Then he strode out to his horse, loosened its rope, and swung off down the street, his spurs jingling.

From the posado the lights shone out invitingly, and from the open windows came the sound of laughter and of clinking glasses. Paco dismounted and led his horse to the hitching rail, where a dozen others were already fastened. The big horse with the white forefoot he recognized as Guillermo's; next to it he tied his own, then walked toward the posado. At the door he paused, hesitating with a momentary tremor of fear, as he considered what he was about to do. His rival Guillermo was a stronger man than he, quick with a weapon, fierce of temper, and redoubtable in combat. But hate banished fear. He pushed open the door and sauntered carelessly in, with no betrayal of his thoughts in his expression.

The posado was crowded to-night, and the senorita was kept busy bringing in the bottles of wine for the company. Paco quickly made an observation of those at the different tables. At those to one side men were playing at cards. At others, young men and their sweethearts exchanged looks and jollity over filled glasses. At the back of the room sat the master of the posado, bald and red-faced, watching the scene with good-natured interest, and turning now and then to address his wife, a portly matron who sipped leisurely and gossiped regarding those who came and went.

As he had expected, Carlita was at one of the tables, laughing and jesting. And among those at the same table, opposite her, sat Guillermo, drinking. As Paco looked at the huge figure, the great head with its bushy, black hair, the cruel acquiline nose and the tremendous neck, Paco again felt fear. Guillermo, the bandit, did not every one fear him? had he not killed eight men? Paco decided to postpone his intention until his rival left. He would follow, and the starlight would flash upon a dagger blade.

At one of the tables he espied an acquaintance seated. He went over and sat down with him, to pass the time with drink and story. Wine always tastes best in company, and besides, his friend would pay for the bottle. Paco had but a small store of money; he spent too many evenings at the posado. So the two sat together and drank and talked, and soon had occasion to order a second bottle of wine. When the senorita brought it, Paco took the bouquet which he had brought with him, and, giving her one of his few remaining coins, bade her take the roses to Carlita. She had seen the action, and received the roses with a bow and smile which made Paco's head whirl, and which drew upon him a black look from Guillermo.

Now she saw the projecting note. She took it out from among the flowers, read it—and laughed. Paco was furious as he watched her. His declaration of love was despised. But now Guillermo wanted to see the note, and Carlita refused, concealing it. Paco was elated. But soon again Carlita and her escort were talking and laughing, forgetting him, and Paco became once more depressed. His friend noticed his gloom, and urged him to banish it with more red wine. Paco complied with willingness. Another bottle was ordered; and another; and soon Paco

was in a daze, where everything was a sort of unreal world; where the merry groups at the tables danced before his eyes in confusion; where he had no enemies, and where the only thing that he wanted to do was to go to sleep.

He was, however, dimly aware of it when Carlita, the hour growing late, arose to go, along with Guillermo. And yet he lay back in his chair, and watched them in stupid apathy. Now they were passing Paco, and the outlaw smiled sneeringly; but Carlita—was it daring or pity?—disengaged herself from her escort, and bending over Paco, kissed him upon the lips. For Paco the wine-glow vanished, and a stronger fire lit his veins. He staggered to his feet, then he stood erect and confronted them.

"I am going, too," he said, somewhat unsteadily; "Carlita, do you wish to go with Guillermo, or with me?"

The woman smiled, but did not leave her companion.

"Ah, drunken writer of verses," said Guillermo, "dare you intrude upon my notice? It is I, Guillermo, who order you to go. Be off! or I will teach you——"

Paco leaped toward him like a maddened tiger. Several times his long dagger flashed in the lamplight, and Guillermo coughed a terrible cough, as the foam of blood came upon his lips. The beholders stood back, fascinated with horror. Carlita, with eyes that seemed to pray, caught Paco's glance, and he felt a great strength and determination. Now Guillermo, clenching, struggled with his assailant. A table was overturned, and the two fell together with a heavy thud. Paco wrestled himself violently from the grasp of his antagonist, and sprang to his feet.

Guillermo arose more slowly, his heavy-bladed knife now drawn in his hand, clutched with the desperate grasp of failing strength. The two men walked about one another, each seeking an opening. Paco, with a light, ready step, every sinew of steel tensing for a lunge; Guillermo, with his immense bulk and strength in poise, ready to drive the great knife through his opponent's body. All at once Guillermo leaped for his rival, quickly, unexpectedly. Paco felt the flesh burn with a cut in his left shoulder, as he dodged the thrust meant for his heart. Before Guillermo could recover, Paco had driven his dagger deep into the vitals of his enemy, whose strength left him, whose knife fell from the useless hand with a ringing clatter to the floor. Its owner fell half on his face upon a darkening area beneath him. He struggled slightly, quivering with brute tenacity of life, unwilling to part with it. He breathed once, painfully, and then lay quiet on his side, the red blood upon his lips.

Paco stood erect, in the strained quiet of great excitement. He bent down and wiped his dagger blade upon the dead man's coat, then leaned forward toward the woman.

"Carlita, do you wish to go with me or with Guillermo?" he repeated significantly, pointing to the corpse with his dagger. The woman hesitated. Paco, knife in hand, would not have hesitated, and the woman knew it. She stepped forward, around the body.

"Guillermo's horse is outside," she said in a low voice. A minute later those inside the posado heard the hoof-beats of two horses crossing the bridge down the road. The two would stop at the padre's, then on to the mountains—and safety!



IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

A novel and extremely handy and instructive volume is the "Synchronic Chart of United States History," by George E. Croscup, B. A. It is a valuable epitome, most practically presented, of the history of this country, with diagrams, maps, statistical tables of political and economic progress. In fact, one may call it a descriptive index of American history. It is calculated to impress the salient events of this country's history upon the mind with much more lasting effect than the usual lengthy histories in narrative form. The tabular form, too, in which the events are presented, eliminates the element of bias or prejudice which is so frequent in ordinary histories. The chronological text is by Ernest D. Lewis.

A synoptic historical chart included in the work is one of its most attractive features.

Unfortunately, a number of typographical and other slight errors mar the work. For example, Washington is said to have married Martha Curtis, instead of Custis. The word "excess" appears instead of "excise." The State of Washington is said to have derived its name from "the father of his country;" so it did, but very indirectly, for it was directly so named after a small American vessel called the Washington, which, with a larger ship called the Columbia, visited and explored the Columbia River country over a century ago. The name of the larger vessel was given to the river, and that of the smaller to the adjacent land on the north shore.

These and other errors may readily be corrected by slight revision.

Winsor Publishing Co., New York. $1.50 net.

"Eve's Second Husband," by Cora Harris, which won instant favor among fiction lovers when presented in serial form in the Saturday Evening Post, has been brought out in book form. The story is an essentially human one, and true to nature. It is the narrative of a typical American woman, born and brought up in a small Middle-Western town, surrounded with the monotonous, homely characteristics of such a place. She first marries one of those faultless, "estimable" men, always strictly correct, always above reproach in his conduct toward her, his wife, and his fellowmen, but without vigor, without the fighting instinct. She lives with him an eventless, humdrum life, and when he dies, marries an entirely different sort of man —and loves him, despite his many faults. The story reveals woman-nature to the core and is full of sage advice to both men and women. Such doctrines as: "There are such things as respecting a man you despise and loving one you cannot respect;" "I have never seen a woman in my life who did not admire a reformed man more than she respected just a good man," "The way to hold a husband sometimes is to let him go for awhile and then grip him in a new place," are found all through the book.

Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. $1.50.

In neat pamphlet form, under the title "Hawaiian Memories," Blanche Howard Wenner has collected a number of pretty verses breathing the dreamy spirit of the tropical islands named. She is a poetess of much merit, and expresses in her verses the sentiments that Waikiki, Diamond Head, Kilauea and the many other features of the islands suggest.

Cochrane Publishing Co., New York.

Helen Reimensnyder Martin has written another entertaining novel, which holds the interest throughout, under the title, "When Half-Gods Go!" It is a tale of a lovable, but irresponsible husband, a noble, loyal, faithful wife, and another man and woman. The lives of all four are closely interwoven, and the element of tragedy, with a satisfactory ending, makes the book a strong one.

The Century Co., New York. $1 net.

It is refreshing to find a book among the many now being produced on the subject of war and armaments, which is at once logical, sensible and free from maudlin sentiment and emotions. Such a book is "War or Peace," by General Hiram M. Chittenden, U. S. Army, a graduate of West Point, and an officer with an enviable record as a soldier.

General Chittenden, although a military man by education and profession, is an earnest advocate of universal peace, but he is practical and sees that universal peace is something to come, but not immediately. He points out, far better than the vast majority of peace advocates, the real evils and the real follies of war, and suggests steps and remedies that are feasible. Yet, even after his disclosure of the false logic of war advocates, and his condemnation of war in the abstract, General Chittenden points out that for the United States, or any *one* nation to disarm at the present time would be suicidal.

Among intelligent, well informed, thinking people, "War or Peace" will do more to advance the cause of universal peace than a thousand rabid, molly-coddling sophistries and appeals from the sentimentalists.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

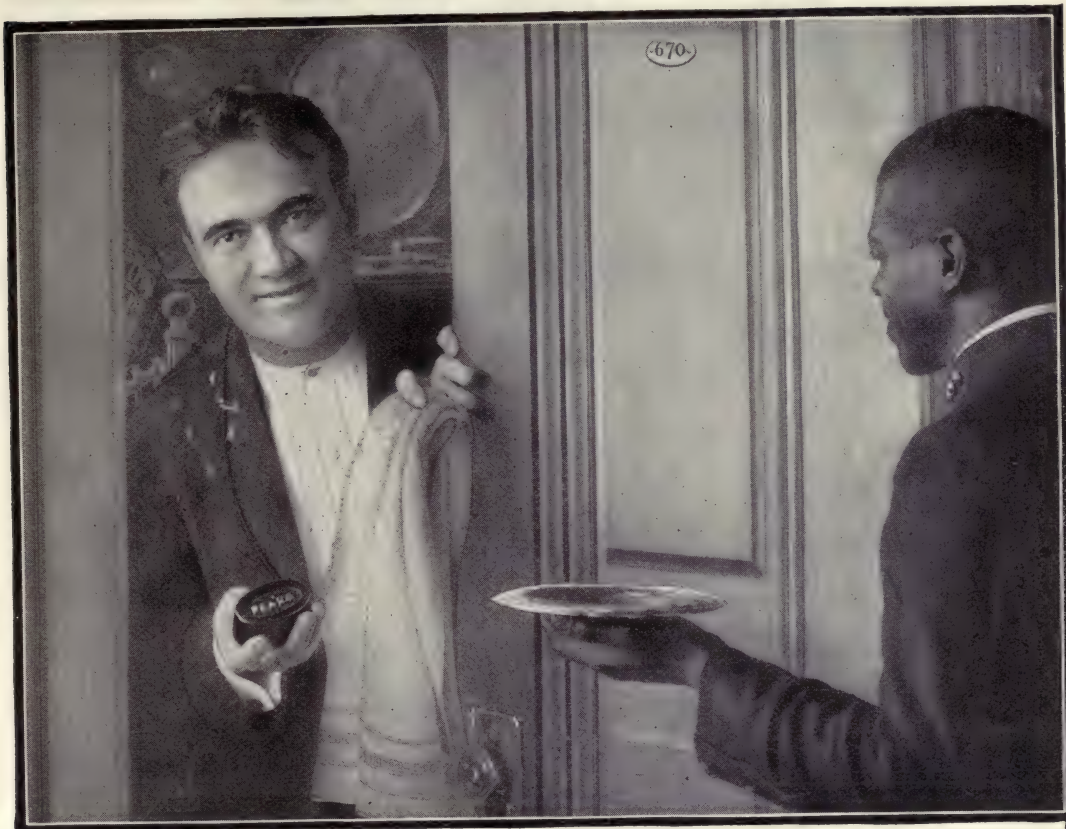
Another story with occultism as its motive has appeared under the title, "The Dweller on the Threshold." It is by Robert Hichens, who presents in it the idea of one person so influencing another that the latter's character becomes transformed. The leading characters are a clergyman who dabbles with the occult, to his own discomfiture, but ultimately with benefit to religion, as it is made to appear; the clergyman's curate, two scientists, erudite and experienced in hypnotism and other psychologic phenomena, and a few minor characters. The gist of the tale is in the last sentence of the book, where it is said: "A little science sends man far away from God. A great deal of science brings man back to God."

The Century Co., $1.10 net.

Under the title, "Fundamentals in Education, Art and Civics," George Lansing Raymond, L. H. D., has presented a scholarly treatise on the important subjects named. Among the various chapters are those devoted to such matters as art and morals, the laws of English orthography, national probity, the function of technical expression, and the like. It is clearly written and instructive in the extreme and is valuable to orator and musician, teacher and student, artist and poet.

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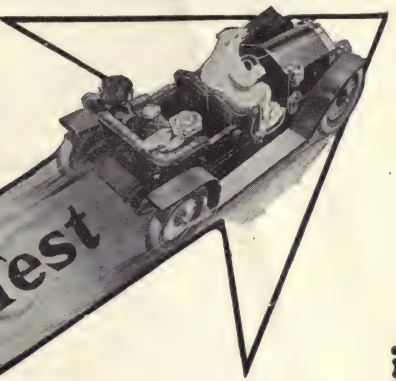
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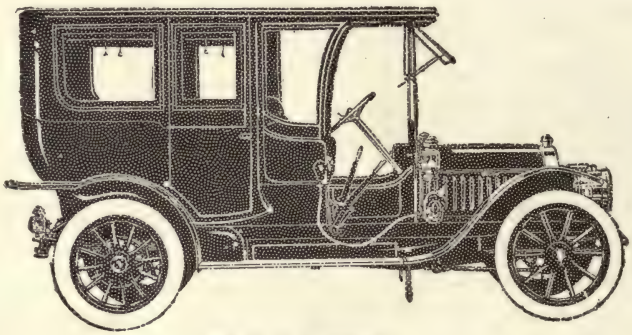
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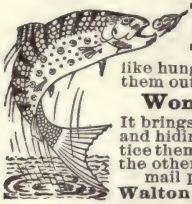
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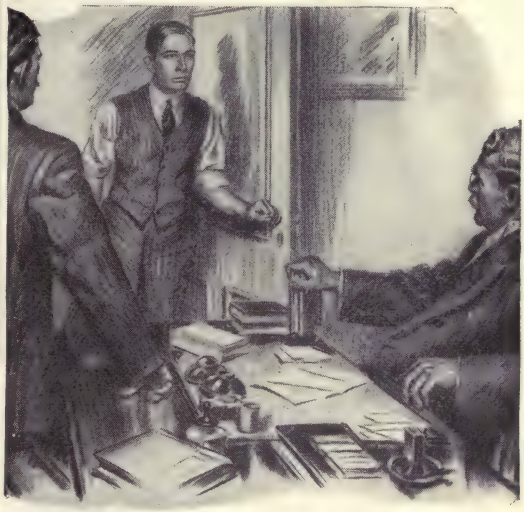
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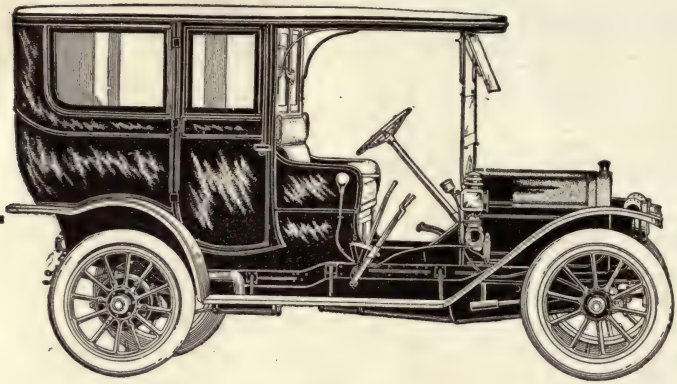
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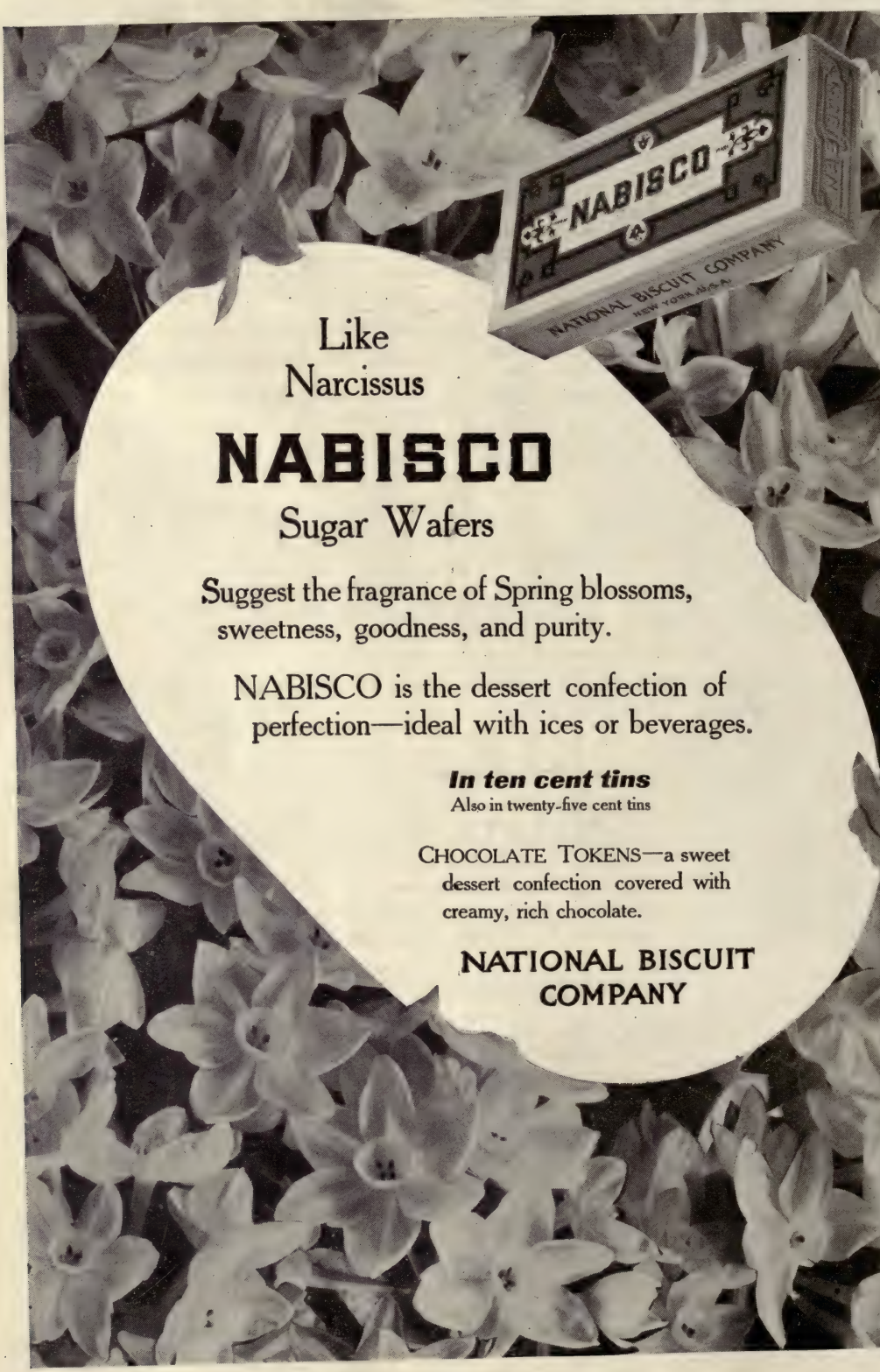
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CHINA, A NEW NATION

Within recent years, there have come increasing numbers of impressive reports of the so-called "awakening" of China to modern Occidental methods of commerce, manufacture, justice, diplomacy, transportation and military activity. Long considered by the great mass of the American people as a remarkable example of isolation and anachronism, a leviathan inert and sleeping while other nations, Oriental as well as Occidental, marched forward with lengthening strides along the path of progress, the great Chinese Empire is now giving indisputable evidences of taking the stand among the great nations of the earth to which it is entitled by its vast wealth, its incalculable resources, its commercial and industrial abilities and the intelligence of its people.

With a view of learning at first hand, from an unbiased and discerning source, the extent of this great Chinese awakening, and its significance to the United States, the publisher of the Overland Monthly last year sent Mr. C. E. Ferguson to China as a special representative to investigate and report upon the conditions as he might find them.

Mr. Ferguson recently returned from his mission, and his observations more than confirm the reports that have been made by others describing the present Chinese progressive movement. Received by leading Chinese officials, merchants, manufacturers and representative men generally with the utmost hospitality and cordiality, the Overland Monthly's emissary was given every facility to acquaint himself with conditions, with the result that this magazine now places before its readers an array of facts that cannot fail to convince any one of the tremendous importance to Americans of the impending advent of China to the front rank of the great civilized nations of the world.—THE EDITOR.



Li Yung Yew, Consul-General of China, San Francisco.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CHINA

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

CHINA IS NOT merely awakening—she is quite awake, at least as far as her ruling and educated classes, and great numbers of her masses are concerned. Centuries ago, when Greece and Rome were semi-barbarous, and the Northern European races were savages pure and simple, China was civilized. Printing, gunpowder, the magnetic compass were known and used in China long before they were used in Europe. Era for era, her civilization appears to have been in advance of that of any other nation until the civilizations of Greece and Rome approached their zeniths. China looms as the most interesting figure among the nations. For, after even slight study, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that China is destined to exert the greatest influence upon the world's history during the present and coming centuries.

The Chinese Empire covers a larger area than the United States. The area of the latter, including Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico, is 3,626,533 square miles; that of China over 4,000,000 square miles, in which are great fertile, well-watered valleys and plains and lofty mountain ranges. The Empire is one of vast agricultural and mineral wealth.

Most Americans are wont to regard China as a land of primitive methods; a land of pack animals and hand carts, of junks, 'rickshaws and sampans. Such it was not many years ago. Now it is eagerly adopting Western methods. Railroad building is going on apace. Steel bridges, steel buildings and other elaborate feats in engineering are being pushed to completion, and others are projected. The telegraph, the tele-



K. Owyang, Vice-Consul of China, San Francisco.

then stood still; stood still for over twenty centuries, and permitted the white race to outstrip her in every direction, save, perhaps, in philosophy and some of the mechanical arts.

Like Japan, but a few years later than that wonderful empire, China became aroused during the latter part of the 19th century to what had been taking place elsewhere in the world during her long period of isolation and slumber. Now China



His Royal Highness Prince Tsai Tao, Peking, brother of Prince Regent.



His Highness Prince Pu Lun, President of Commerce and Labor, also head of Parliament



His Excellency Captain Wu, Secretary to His Excellency the Viceroy of Kwang Province, Canton, China.

phone, electric cars, automobiles, electric lighting facilities, enlightened newspapers and myriad modern devices for communication, transportaton and manufacture are being introduced broadcast. At the great national university at Peking, the Tung Wen Kwan, thorough instruction, by competent teachers, is being given to thousands of progressive young Chinese in the English, German, French and Russian languages; in mathematics, astronomy, meteorology, chemistry, electricity, physiology, and Western literature and history. A wave of education along Western lines is overspreading the whole Empire, as in the case of Japan. Thousands of intelligent young Chinese are being sent to American and European institutions of learning to acquire the latest and best forms of education. The seeds of modernism, of progress, are being sowed daily, too, throughout the breadth of the Empire by the coolies, the artisans and the small tradesmen, who return or write from foreign lands to their stay-at-home compatriots, telling of the conditions that exist in the white man's lands.

The potential military and commercial strength of China is impressive. Awakened Japan has been the marvel of the world. What, then, of an awakened China, with ten times the population and many times the wealth and resources of Japan? Already China has the nucleus of a splendid army, trained and equipped on the most approved European models. European and Japanese officers are instructing these troops, and only recently the American Congress has authorized the admission to West Point and Annapolis of a number of Chinese students, just as Japanese students were admitted to Annapolis for many years. China has, besides, military and naval schools of her own, where others of her young officers are given up-to-date education. The Chinese soldier needs



General Lee Gene Yung, Vice-President of General Staff, Chinese army.

little food; he can endure great and prolonged hardship and fatigue; he has no fear of death and he is quick to learn. With proper leaders, whom he is getting, he can compare favorably with the best soldier on earth.

The Chinese is an accomplished agriculturist and merchant. He is shrewd and far-seeing, and knows what he wants and what others want. China offers to the other nations tea, rice, silk, linen, cotton and pottery. Chinese embroidery, filigree work, lacquer ware, carved ivory, wood, gold and silver, bronze and porcelain vases and other utensils and ornaments, are unexcelled.



His Highness Prince Tsai Hsun, uncle of the Emperor of China and brother of the Prince Regent.

These commodities, which are but a few of those produced by China, are eagerly sought by the other nations. But China wants agricultural and manufacturing machinery, and a great variety of the manufactured goods of Europe and America.

Trade with China is a prize eagerly sought by every commercial and manufacturing country. With such a vast population, China offers an unsurpassed market to the world. Her consumers, as they learn more of other people, demand more. Great as it is now, the Chinese market is rapidly expanding. When China is threaded with railroads and with fleets of steamers plying her magnificent canal and river systems, when her fields and mines are developed by modern methods, her commercial possibilities seem almost illimitable.

It is the United States that should reap the major part of all this. Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia and Belgium are straining every nerve to win the commercial supremacy in China that the United States should have, and will have, if Americans will only do a little awakening themselves. These European nations keep trained agents in China, to study the Chinese character and the Chinese wants. These agents advise their principals at home of the conditions, and the principals carry out the recommendations of their agents. A Chinese purchaser knows what he wants, and will patronize the tradesman who furnishes it. The European makes a study of Chinese conditions. The American does not. He seems to think that there is not much to be done in China, and that anything will do for the Chinese, anyhow. This is the height of folly. It is commercial suicide, as has been shown, and is being shown, by the result, which is the invasion and practical monopoly of the Chinese market by Europe, when America is the nearest and most natural provider and customer.

Still more—and this cannot be too









His Excellency Taotai Tsai Shao-Chi, educated in the United States, and his home in Tientsin, containing four hundred rooms. His Excellency is noted for his hospitality to Americans.









From top to bottom—Arbor, reception room, garden and veranda of Tientsin home of His Excellency Taotai Tsai Shao-Chi.

deeply impressed upon Americans—*China would rather deal with the United States than with any other nation.* This country is closer to China than any European country, and the interests of the two nations on the Pacific are closely interwoven. The European nations have bullied and robbed China for generations. They have seized her territory, have imposed galling treaties and agreements upon her, have inflicted at the cannon's mouth the most disproportionate penalties for wrongs actual or trumped up. On the other hand, the United States has never had the slightest disposition toward territorial aggrandizement in China, has never acted the bully toward her, but, on the contrary, voluntarily returned to China the large indemnity paid for the damages and expense suffered by Americans during the Boxer rebellion of 1900. China and the United States should naturally be friends. Their respective interests should not clash, but should be mutual. China has a grievance against us on the ground of certain features of the Exclusion Law, and to some extent this grievance has good foundation. This may be remedied, should be remedied, and, let it be hoped, will be remedied. With a modification of the Exclusion Law, the only element of friction between the two countries will be removed.

China, then, wishes to enter into the most amicable national and the closest commercial relations with Americans, if Americans will only do their part. Farseeing statesmen and economists have predicted that the Pacific Ocean is to be the scene of the world's next great military and commercial struggles. China controls this ocean on one side, the United States on the other. They should be in harmony, if not allied, in war, and should divide the commerce in peace. We produce what China wants. China produces what we want. The essential elements of equitable trade are present. Both nations should profit. Americans should not be so blind to their own interests as to permit Europeans to control the field of Chinese trade.

What Americans most need at this time is a realization of what the twentieth century China really is. The ignorance of China that prevails throughout the United States is a remarkable misfortune. Few Americans are aware that in China there are not only railroads and steamship lines, but imposing modern buildings, great manufacturing plants, electrically lighted streets, mammoth tunnels, and other engineering wonders of the first class, public libraries, museums, numerous educational institutions that are daily producing advanced thought, sound banks, commercial chambers and improved governmental and commercial systems.

China is on the threshold of the door through which Japan has triumphantly passed. Japan has been the surprising revelation of the present generation. Far more may be expected of China, with her teeming millions of people and dollars. The wealth of China, tangible and potential, is beyond computation. She is a nation of farmers, artisans and merchants, the prime elements of a wealth-producing country, with the raw material in plenty. During the past century or two she has lost the warlike tendencies of the more remote past, and has suffered in consequence. She proposes to suffer no more. Profiting by the example of Japan, China is preparing to defend herself against aggression. That she herself will ever

Illustration on opposite page.

Upper left—His Excellency Taotai Tsai, Tientsin. Upper right—Chien Ming Hsun, acting customs taotai, Tientsin. Center—His Excellency Chen K. Lung, Imperial Commissioner of Trade for North China and Viceroy of Chihli. Lower left—His Excellency Soan Tan Sun, taotai of industry, Tientsin. Lower right—His Excellency Wang Ko Min, diplomatic commissioner for Chihli province.



Five prominent Chinese officials—names on opposite page.

become an aggressor is not likely, for China is self-sufficient and not quarrelsome or ambitious for foreign conquest. She wants to pursue the arts of peace, but she has learned enough of foreign aggressors to prepare herself to resist further imposition upon her.

To imagine the Chinese an inferior race is an absurdity of the ignorant. There are no more intelligent people on earth. They have a perspicacity, a process of reasoning peculiar to themselves, and it brings results. It is more than likely that they understand us a great deal better than we understand them. In barter and in negotiation the Chinese are the match of any white race.

Let it be conceded that the yellow and the white races are different, that they are not assimilable one with the other. Let each remain in its own sphere, yet let each give the other its due. America and China will find it to their common interest to be friendly and to enter into close commercial relations. The time may come when each may need the other's co-operation, or even help.



His Excellency Chang Yen Chun, Viceroy of Liang Kiang.



Top—Editorial department garden, Commercial Press, Shanghai. Center—Employees leaving the Commercial Press building, Shanghai. Bottom—Editorial Staff, Commercial Press, Shanghai.

Awakened China is to be reckoned with most seriously. She is a new addition to the family of the great nations, of which it is not wholly impossible that she may one of these days become the greatest. It behooves us of the United States to acquaint ourselves better with our aroused gigantic neighbor on the other side of the Pacific.

Americans themselves should awaken.

CHINA'S MESSAGE TO COLUMBIA*

BY TSAI TING KAN

Columbia, Thou who art so young and fair,
Whose brow the print of Liberty doth bear,
Whose soul doth ever dwell on Peace and Love,
Lift thou humanity to realms above.

Lift not as men of pride in days gone by,
Who aimed to mount the heav'ns, to Heaven defy;
Those sons of ancient Babel did but sin—
With low ambition purple heights to win.

On cunning art and strength they reckoned high,
On crumbling stones and mortar did rely;
But might and muscle naught to them availed,
For they were scattered and their work has failed.

But thou, Columbia, fair and noble maid,
Wast rear'd by Heav'n, the hand of God to aid;
For thou must gather back each exiled race,
To reunite the brothers face to face.

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ADVANCEMENT OF AMERICAN TRADE INTERESTS IN CHINA

BY JULEAN H. ARNOLD, American Consul, Amoy, China

THE AMERICAN merchant at home is recognized the world over as a model of enterprise. He manages his business with an intelligence and foresight unsurpassed anywhere else on the globe, but immediately the keen, alert American business man reaches out to conquer new fields and to compete in foreign markets, he seems to be transformed into a different being. That energy, foresight and intelligence so characteristic of his efforts at home seem to have deserted him in his attempts at competing in foreign markets.

The American merchant at home prides himself upon his attention to the details of his business; boasts of his promptness in filling orders; and of his ability to serve the trade with the goods they demand; advertises himself as a purveyor of good goods; and challenges his customers to discover any particular in which he is not giving and doing that which he



Ancient gate, Peking.



Chien Men gate, Peking.

advertises. Foreign trade to the average American merchant is still a sort of a romance. He would like to embrace the world as his market and carry upon the pages of his ledger accounts with foreign firms, but when it comes to the real business of soliciting this trade, filling their orders, financing his business with them, and retaining their patronage, this successful American home merchant apparently discharges the whole matter with a minimum of attention, with the result that the foreign firms find it to their interests to deal elsewhere.

Why, then, is it that the average American merchant is not a success in a foreign market? There are two reasons: firstly, he does not interest himself in the foreign market to a sufficient degree to understand it and make it a success; and secondly, he does not apply himself to supplying a foreign trade with the same intelligence which he exhibits in catering to a home trade.

How is the American merchant to transform his dream of conquest in foreign fields into a reality? Firstly, by taking a genuine interest in the foreign field and making a study of it, and secondly, by giving to the foreign market the same intelligent consideration which he applies to his home business.

In what way can the American exporter interest himself in China as a field for exploitation, and how is he to study the demands of this market most effectively? Naturally, the first essential is to ascertain whether or not China offers to him a market for the particular line of goods which he is handling. Many articles of foreign manufacture find a market in China now which a few years ago were un-

known to the Chinese consumer. Hence, to study the customs returns of trade only would not accord one an index to the potential wants of the Chinese consumer. Twenty years ago, China knew practically nothing about condensed milk. To-day there is scarcely a city in the Empire where condensed milk cannot be obtained. Because there is no demand now for an article does not necessarily mean that such a demand cannot be created by an intelligent system of educating the Chinese public to recognizing the virtues of that article. There is probably no better illustration of an effective educational trade campaign by a foreign concern in China than that conducted by the British-American Tobacco Company.

Probably no more than twenty years ago, cigarettes were almost unknown in China. The British-American Tobacco Company studied the situation, decided that China offered a good market for cigarettes and entered upon an intelligent, enterprising policy of creating a demand. They suited their products to the purchasing power of the people, and by a persistent campaign of education carried on through men who, in many instances, spoke the language of the people, extended the sales of their products to the very remote parts of the Empire. Last summer, while on a tour across the Shansi, Shensi and Szechwan Provinces in West China, the writer found scarcely a town of any size in that remote part of the Empire which was not placarded with the posters advertising the British-American Tobacco Company's products. This concern has two large cigarette factories, one at Hankow and another at Shanghai, supplying the demand it has created in China for its products. Of its success in China, the British-



Principal street in Tientsin.

American Tobacco Company can well say: "I came, I saw, I conquered."

Contrast with the intelligent interest displayed in the study of China as a possible field for its products by the British-American Tobacco Company, the unintelligent methods resorted to by a large American firm which some years ago cherished a dream of adding China to its field of conquest. This concern sent one of its young salesmen to China with instructions to study the field and report upon the possibilities of establishing an agency there. The young man spent much of his time about the Shanghai and Tientsin hotels and had more to say about sport than about the business for which he was sent to China. Although he had met but few influential Chinese or foreign business men of any prominence, yet he informed the writer that he was reporting to his company that there were no chances for them in a business way in China. The mistake this company made was in sending out a man not equal to the task. If the concern in question, a company capitalized at several millions, really thought it worth while to send a man to China to study the situation, they should have sent one of their big men, a man who carries with him a passport to the best mercantile society, and who has the brains to size up a situation after a reasonable amount of observation and study. Establishing a branch in a country with a population of 400,000,000 just entering upon the dawn of modern civilization, and among competitors of all nationalities is not a question to be entrusted to an inferior man. If it is not worth the attention and study of the biggest man in the establishment then it is certainly not worth the money spent in sending out an ordinary salesman. In this particular case the line of goods handled is one which already commands a large market in China, and one which, with China's industrial development, is going to offer immense opportunities. When this salesman heard that the London, Hamburg and Osaka merchants were already in the field, he threw up his hands and exclaimed that there was no room for the American.

The American exporter looking to China for a market can secure much valuable assistance at the beginning of his investigations from the American Consuls stationed in this country. Extra-territorial jurisdiction has resulted in placing the foreign consuls in China in a position of greater relative importance and prominence than foreign consuls enjoy in any other country. In addition to this, the fact that the Chinese official is held in an exalted position by the masses in China, has resulted in placing the foreign consuls, who by treaty are accorded a rank equal to that of the highest Chinese official in the port, in positions of great respect in the mind of the Chinese business men, so that, ordinarily speaking, the foreign consul is *persona grata* in the treaty port to which he is accredited. Hence the position of a foreign consul in China is a strong one, and one capable of meaning much to the trade interests of the country he represents.

The Department of State, working in conjunction with the Department of Commerce and Labor, is doing all in its power to secure from its Consular Service a maximum of usefulness in promoting American trade interests. Each year every consulate must prepare and send to the Department of State for publication in the monthly Consular Reports, an annual trade report covering the trade conditions in its respective district, with special emphasis upon such commercial features as affect American trade. From time to time the Department calls for special reports, often in response to requests from the Department of Commerce and Labor or the Department of Agriculture, or from commercial associations or bodies.

Each consul makes a number of special commercial reports to the Department of State from time to time, upon subjects in his district of interest to American trade. Furthermore, the



The Pai Low, Chinese gateway.



Main entrance, Nanking Exposition.

Department of State instructs the consuls to send to it promptly any items of interest covering opportunities for American trade in their respective districts. In addition to these, each consul replies promptly to all commercial inquiries addressed to him by American merchants. For instance, the Amoy Consulate has replied to nearly 500 during the past two years. These replies are mailed to the Department of State for transmission to addressees, the Department of Commerce and Labor selecting from them as well as from all other commercial reports from consuls such matter as it may deem of general interest to American exporters for publication in its Daily Consular and Trade Reports, which are distributed to all American merchants applying for them.

In order to render still further assistance to American business interests, the Amoy Consulate has installed a library of American trade publications in a room in the consulate, set aside for that purpose. All American trade catalogues and commercial publications, which are received, are carefully indexed and placed upon the shelves of this library. A catalogue of these publications is revised and printed each year and mailed to each of the merchants resident in this district. The preface to this catalogue reads as follows:

"There is established in the American Consulate a Library of American Trade Catalogues, American Business Directories and American Trade Journals.

"The public is cordially invited to make use of this library at all times during the regular business hours of this Consulate.

"This catalogue contains a complete



General view of exposition grounds, Nanking.



Water works, Shanghai.

list of all American trade catalogues, American business directories and American trade journals at present on file in this library.

"A supplementary list of all trade publications received subsequently to the issuance of this catalogue will be kept on file at this office for the use of the public."

This library now contains 484 American trade catalogues and American trade journals and business directories. Suppose a Chinese merchant should call at this office and express a desire to consult its trade catalogues covering patent lamps. An English-Chinese clerk is detailed to accompany and assist him in his inspection of all catalogues bearing upon this subject. By means of this library, a number of local merchants have been connected with American dealers, and corespondence and trade have resulted therefrom. While the writer is of the opinion that catalogues without samples and salesmen are not as effective as some American merchants are inclined to believe, yet they have their place and accomplish a purpose.

There is still another means by which the Amoy Consulate attempts to assist the American merchants. As Amoy is an outport, her import business is not so large as to warrant the establishment of agencies there as in a commercial center like Shanghai. In view of this fact, the consulate transmits any new items concerning trade opportunities at this port to the American Consul-General in Shanghai for circulation among the American merchants resident there. An effort has been made to interest the American merchants in Manila in the trade opportunities along the China coast. It has been suggested to them that they effect the organization of an American mercantile association there,

in order that there may be transmitted to such association all items of business interest in the Amoy district; but these merchants seem unable to form a harmonious organization. Recently this consulate interested a wealthy Chinese, who is building in Amoy a palatial residence costing $100,000, in Philippine hardwood for interior woodwork. Samples of the various woods were procured from the Bureau of Science of the Philippine Islands. As a result this gentleman has decided to place an order for Philippine woods; but there is no American mercantile association in the islands to which the consulate may transmit a request for bids. Similarly, a Chinese here wished to purchase an electric lighting installation and a pumping plant for his residence, and wanted it in a hurry. The Amoy Consulate tried to connect him with American dealers in Manila, which is reached by direct steamers from Amoy running every five days, but none of the American dealers there seemed to take an interest, so the order was finally placed in Hongkong.

With this brief account of some of the methods by which the American Consular Service in China is trying to advance American trade interests, the manufacturer and exporter in America can readily see that the Consular Service can be of much assistance to him if he will but co-operate with that service in its effort to advance American trade in the Far East.

When an American manufacturer or exporter wishes to investigate the possibilities of engaging in business in China, he will do well first to address the resident American consuls for their opinions and advice regarding his proposals. Should he receive proper encouragement, then he might enter upon more thorough methods of investigation by sending one of his *first class* men to make a special study of the field and the opportunities it presents.

Some of the errors which some of the American merchants have fallen into in their efforts to establish themselves in China are:

1. Entrusting an agency for the sale of its goods to a competing concern whose main object in accepting or soliciting such an agency is to keep it out of the market.

2. Entrusting an agency for the sale of its goods to a foreign concern in preference to a firm of his own nationality.

3. Entrusting the agency for the sale of its goods to a concern which has in its employ no persons having a technical knowledge of its lines of business.

The Standard Oil Company could give excellent examples of the unsatisfactory results of entrusting the sale of its goods to firms handling other lines of business. For instance, in Amoy, since the Standard Oil Company took its business over from its foreign agents and placed its own men in the field, about eight or ten years ago, its sales have increased one thousand per cent. The British-American Tobacco Company has had a similar experience. In fact, this is the experi-



Street scene in Tientsin.



General Chin Chee, Director-General Nanking Industrial Exposition.

ence of most of the successful American ventures in the Orient. Hence it is extremely important that the American manufacturers and dealers who cannot put their own men out here to handle their goods, be very careful to whom they entrust their agencies.

The manufacturer and exporter who, after a study of the field, decides to put his own representative in China should effect some arrangement whereby a number of young men in his firm may be accorded an opportunity of learning the Chinese language, at least to such a degree as to be able to read an ordinary Chinese newspaper and converse freely in Mandarin, the language spoken by about three-fifths of the Chinese people. These young men should also be put through a course of training which will teach them much concerning Chinese customs, Chinese etiquette, Chinese ways of doing business, and Chinese commercial geography. The Chinese people are among the most gregarious on the face of the globe, and their social qualities are highly developed. As a result, business and social intercourse go hand in hand, and the man who can cultivate a social acquaintanceship and friendly intercourse stands a better chance of doing business with them than otherwise. One cannot deal with a Chinese merchant in the same brusque, frank, hasty manner in which one American merchant may deal with another. It is useless to try to hustle a Chinese customer and to try to land an order with the despatch common in American business practice. The Chinese prefers to do his business over the teacup rather than over the telephone. The American merchant at home studies his trade, and prides himself upon his knowledge of the people whose trade he seeks. Why should he not likewise, when attempting to establish in China, study the Chinese people, learn their language, customs and business practices? Unless he does these things he need not expect big things in his future trade relations in this wonderful country.

I believe the Associated Chambers



H. C. Hwang, Director of Works, Nanking Exposition, Nanking.



Peking cart.

of Commerce of the Pacific Coast of the United States could do much to assist in advancing their trade interests in China by the establishment in Peking or Tientsin of a training school for instructing a certain number of the young men of the Pacific Coast firms in the Chinese language, customs, etc. After such a school is once established a second institution of a similar nature may be established in Canton for those who wish to train young men for business relations with the Cantonese people. Thus, if a wholesale hardware firm on the Pacific Coast wished to establish itself in China, it could detail a young man of steady habits and promising ability in its employ to a two years' training in the American Chinese business training school in Tientsin or Canton, where, under proper supervision, he may acquaint himself with the Chinese language, customs and business practices. Young men trained in this manner could be of inestimable value to the firms doing business in China, for these firms could thus in time man themselves with a corps of assistants who would be of great help in putting their business in China upon a far more intelligent and more satisfactory basis than could possibly obtain otherwise.

The American merchant should be extremely careful in choosing his young men for the Far Eastern service. The influences for evil are far greater and the influences for good are far less in China than at home. Hence, it is very necessary that a young man of steady habits be chosen in preference to one of a weaker type. The salvation of young men of foreign birth in China is athletic sports; hence the young man sent to the East should be of the type which takes to outdoor

sports. He should be encouraged actively to engage in some branch of athletics during his residence in the Far East. Much of the success of Great Britain in the Orient may be attributed to that apparently inborn desire of most British young men to keep physically fit. In Shanghai they have two or three hundred tennis courts, football, cricket, rowing, swimming, riding and hockey clubs.

Throughout the year, hundreds of Britishers may be seen every morning before sunrise on the roads leading out of the Settlement, riding their ponies, and every evening on the tennis courts or at the cricket, football, hockey, rowing or swimming clubs actively engaged in sports. In some respects, no doubt, one may go too far in sports, make of them a primary consideration and relegate business interests to a secondary place. But this is a matter which can be easily adjusted. The fact remains that the American business man in sending young men to China could do no better than to take a lesson from his commercial competitors in keeping a young man in such a physical condition as to be of greatest value to himself and to his employer. This is a matter the true significance of which is often appreciated only after some years of residence in the Orient, and then often too late to be of use to the individuals concerned.

Next after the character and training of the men who are despatched to China to represent the American exporter, we might consider some of the details of the methods of doing business. Those desiring to do business in China should bear in mind that competition here is on an international basis. Merchants of all nationalities are competing for the business of the Orient. If the American merchant



Chair used in Peking.

will apply to his business in China the same intelligent consideration, the same spirit of enterprise and progressiveness which characterizes him at home, provided he has an article adapable to Chinese wants, he should be able to compete very successfully with the merchants of all other nationalities. If the American exporter looks to China as a dumping ground for goods which do not come up to the samples, refuses to adapt his goods to the demands of the people, does not pack his shipments in such a manner as to guarantee against breakages and damage from the weather, he cannot expect to make a success of his business venture in China. It should not be necessary to dwell at length upon these details, for they are really the A B C 's of successful foreign trade, but any American Consul in China can recite instance after instance of failures upon the part of American exporters to recognize these simple truths. The Chinese buyer is as keen as any other in the world, and like any other good buyer, can be fooled but once.

A Chinese engaged in an extensive hardware business in Manila visited this office a few days ago. In speaking of his relations with foreign exporters, he stated that although he preferred to deal with American merchants, yet he had experienced so many instances of failure upon the part of the American dealer to respect his requests when ordering goods that he is obliged to order from British and German exporters. He contends that the American exporter proceeds on the theory that he knows what the foreign buyer wants better than the latter himself knows; hence, insists in sending him goods he did not order, or refuses to adapt his goods to the latter's demands.

It seems it is difficult for the American manufacturer and dealer to take cognizance of the fact that foreign peoples have tastes and ideas that are not always in harmony with those obtaining in America. If the Chinese consumer wants his door locks so that the key-hole is above the knob, why not turn out such an article, rather than try to convince him that his idea is all wrong? After all, having the key-hole above the knob would undoubtedly find favor with a large class in America; at all events, the Japanese and German manufacturer will respect the wishes of the Chinese consumer if the American will not.

Several years ago, while the writer was in Formosa, a dealer there ordered a number of American bicycles for Japanese and Chinese trade. He specified plainly in his order that the Japanese and Chinese cyclists wished the drop-frame wheel, as the horizontal bar of diamond frames interfered with the style of clothes worn by them. Hence this dealer placed his order for drop-frame wheels, but the American exporter happened to be short of the latter, so substituted diamond frame wheels. Numerous instances of a similar nature might be recited, all tending to show that the American exporter must learn to respect the peculiar demands of the trade which he is trying to reach, if he would reach that trade effectively.

An institution which could be of great assistance to American trade in the Far East in a general way is a strong American merchant marine. At present our merchants who are compelled by economic circumstances to have their ships built abroad are forced to fly a foreign flag if they would operate their steamers upon a paying basis. We need a merchant marine to assist in bridging the waters which separate us from the Orient. By a system of ship subsidies, Japan was greatly aided in her efforts to sever the commercial ties of her insular possession, Formosa, from the China Coast, and to divert the island trade to Japan proper. Great Britain's and Germany's trade in the Far East is greatly assisted by subsidizing merchant marines. The fact can hardly be disputed that a strong merchant marine is essential to an extensive foreign commerce.

Another factor which can assist



A typical Chinese street scene, showing 'rickshaws, barrows and other characteristic vehicles.

greatly in helping American trade in the Far East is the publication of strong American newspapers in the principal treaty ports of China. The Shanghai Times, a daily edited by an American, appears worthy of the support and encouragement of all who would see American interests advance in the Far East. The Far Eastern Review and the American Asiatic Association's Journal of Shanghai are publications which are assisting materially to further these interests. It is only natural that it remains for American publications to give such prominence to American news items as will most effectively assist in establishing American prestige in the important trade centers in China.

With the acquisition of the Philippine Islands, America finds herself at the very doors of China and Japan. Under American occupation, Manila has become one of the busiest and most progressive cities in the Far East. The American people can well be proud of the noble work being done in these islands by her Government officials.

American capital is gradually seeking investments in the islands, and American business houses of the most substantial type are rising one after another upon the Escolta in Manila. It is the American business house in Manila which is in a splendid position to open up extensive commercial relations with the cities of the China coast, but the American business interests in the Philippine Islands must effect a harmonious organization if they would make the China coast trade mean the most to them. They should form an organization such as the American Association in Shanghai, and go after this trade in an intelligent manner. They are in a better position to reach this trade than are any other foreign concerns, with the possible exception of the Japanese. Up to the present, no such organization has been effected, but it is to be hoped that these firms will not suffer more time to elapse before combining in a harmonious organization bent upon advancing American trade interests along the China coast in a most intelligent and progressive manner.

American trade interests in China will be effectively advanced only when the American exporter gives to this problem the same intelligent consideration which he bestows upon his business at home. China is witnessing the dawn of modern civilization. Her industrial development is only beginning. Now is the time for the American manufacturer and exporter to secure a footing in this market. Now is the time for him to establish himself on the ground floor of China's commercial progress. It is a problem worthy of the best brains of the exporting public. Let the American manufacturer and exporter send his men of big calibre to study the situation if he would hope for big results. Probably there was never a time in the history of America's relation with China when the Chinese people manifested more friendliness toward the American people than at present.

Let the American exporter follow up the good work done by the Honorary Commissioners of the Pacific Coast Chambers of Commerce on their recent triumphal commercial tour through China. This commission was accorded a reception unparalleled in hospitality and friendliness of spirit. The tour of this body of business men should mean much for the future of American trade in China. Now is the opportune time for the American exporter and manufacturer to give this market his earnest consideration. May he see his opportunity and grasp it in an intelligent manner.

THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA

BY WEI-CHING W. YEN

Second Secretary of the Imperial Chinese Legation in Washington

This article is one of a series of papers published by the American Association for International Conciliation. It is an excellent presentation, by a distinguished and highly educated Chinese official, of the Chinese attitude of sincere friendship for America and the Americans.—EDITOR.)

THE Hon. John W. Foster, in a magazine article on China and her present conditions, asserts that "probably in no previous period of the history of the human race has there been awakened such concentrated attention to one portion of the earth and its inhabitants." One might add to this dictum and declare that from the very begin-



Ming pagoda, Imperial Gardens, Peking.

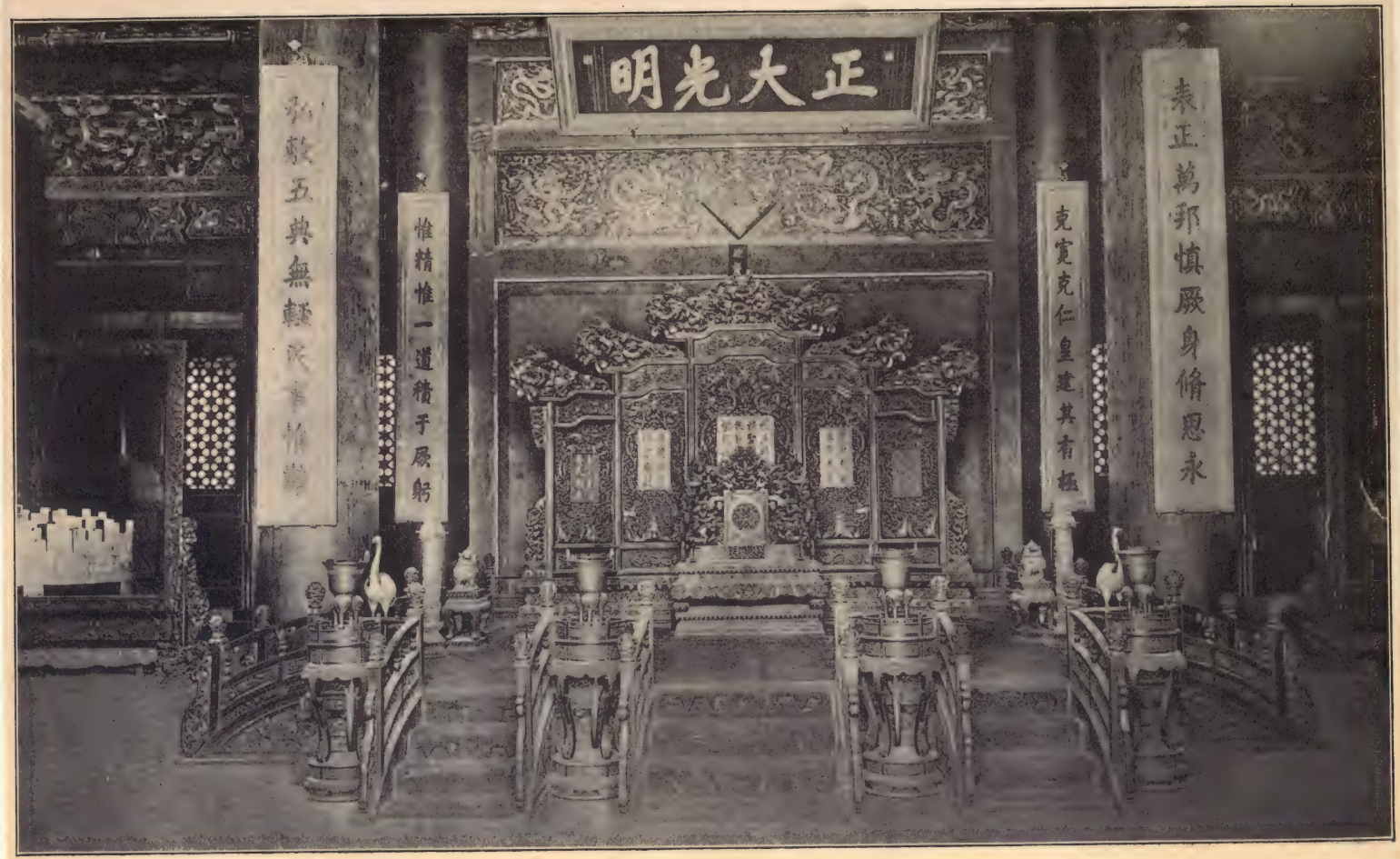
ning of China's intercourse with the West, her people and her civilization have been a fruitful and apparently interesting subject to contributors to magazines and makers of books. She has been lauded to the skies by some and picturesquely abused by others. One author inscribes in a weighty volume the distinctly peculiar and ridiculous phases of Chinese life, and by his amusing stories adds to the gaiety of the nations. Another, a distinguished statesman, contents himself with an inventory of the mineral wealth of the Empire, and hopes to rouse the interest of his countrymen through the spirit of commercialism. Between the globe-trotter, who spends his week in each of the principal treaty-ports, and the missionary, who has lived in Chung Kuo so long that he actually becomes homesick when he visits his native land, there has arisen a literature on things Chinese that is at once bizarre and learned.

The singular feature of this outpour of printed matter is that it is almost entirely the result of the labors of foreign writers. Until very recent years, there were very few of our people who had mastered foreign languages, and who could express their views of the past and present of their country to the West. Nor did the Government realize, and, indeed, has not yet realized, the tremendous advantages of inspiring and paying for "write-ups" to secure the good-will and approval of the world. Whether she is praised or abused, China has pursued the even tenor of her way, acting according to her best light and to her sense of right and wrong.

We have a saying that between right and wrong the public is an equitable judge; or in the words of Sir Robert Hart, "they (the Chinese) believe in right so firmly that they scorn to think it requires to be supported or enforced by might." That this saying is based on a correct philosophical conception and that our belief is also the guiding principle of the great men of other nations is proved by the numerous foreign statesmen and writers that have rushed to our defense whenever the honor and fair name of China have been unjustly assailed or her actions misconstrued. Nothing in the history of the foreign relations of the Empire has afforded us more gratification and filled us with more pride and hope than the staunch friendship and deep affection which so many foreigners, generally the ones that know us best, have for China.

It is hardly possible to restrain a smile when we read that "no one knows or ever will know the Chinese, the most comprehensible, inscrutable, contradictory, logical, illogical people on earth." This sounds something like a characterization, in a comic paper, of woman, and is not to be taken seriously. The fact is, we are very much like other human beings, with to be sure some peculiarities, due to centuries of segregation from other nations. But we have essentially "the same hopes and fears, the same joys and sorrows, the same susceptibility to pain and the same capacity for happiness." With increased and better acquaintance of the world through travel abroad and reading at home, the representative men of our country will lose many of the traits and discard many of the customs that seem peculiar to Westerners. Indeed, we have already a class of cosmopolitans, men who have enjoyed educational facilities abroad, and who are as much at home in London or New York as in Peking.

In recent years, a revolution has taken place in our world of thought. Always a nation that delighted in books and worshiped literary talent, we have had a literature equal in extent and quality to that of Greece or Rome. Very few Westerners who have mastered our language have not echoed and re-echoed the sentiment that "untold treasures lie hidden in the rich lodes of Chinese literature." This mine of intellectual wealth has been enriched by the translation of the best works of the West. John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Spencer, Darwin and Henry George, just to mention a



Throne in the Imperial Palace, Forbidden City, Peking.

few of the leading scholars of the modern age, are as well known in China as in this country. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest is on the lips of every thinking Chinese, and its grim significance is not lost on a nation that seems to be the center of the struggle in the Far East. Western knowledge is being absorbed by our young men at home or abroad at a rapid rate, and the mental power of a large part of four hundred millions of people, formerly concentrated on the Confucian classics, is being turned in a new direction—the study of the civilization of the West.

Socially an agricultural people is being transformed in a sudden into a manufacturing and industrial nation. New desires have given birth to new wants: the railway and the steamship must take the place of the mule cart, the sedan chair and the house-boat; gas and electricity supplant the paper lantern and the oil lamp; the roar of the loom bewilders the factory girl who has been used to the hand-weaving machine; and the smoke of factories and arsenals threatens to soil the blue of our skies and make hideous the exterior form of nature as it has done in the West. The foreign trade of Shanghai is already greater than that of Boston, while the greatest seaport in the world, measured by the tonnage of its vessels, is the island of Hongkong, a stone's throw from Canton.

There is a public opinion in China now that makes itself heard and obeyed. No longer is it possible to hold to the conception that China stands for a few men in power and that their will is the law of the land. As Mr. Elihu Root has recently expressed it, "The people now, not Governments, make friendship or dislike, sympathy or discord, peace or war between nations." The people of China are gradually coming to their own, and with the elaborate preparations now being made for a constitutional government, it is only a question of a few years when a Chinese parliament becomes an established fact, and another member of the human family added to the ranks of liberal government.

There are many reasons why China and the United States of America should be the best of friends. Geographically, we are the two continental countries situated on the opposite shores of the Pacific Ocean. With the annexation and the acquisition by the United States of the Hawaiian and the Philippine Islands, we have become next-door neighbors. The completion of the Isthmian Canal, an event looked forward to with great interest by the whole world, will bring the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi Valley weeks nearer the trade of the Orient. It is a logical consequence and a consummation devoutly to be wished that the relations between the ancient Empire and the young Republic should grow more intimate every day.

From the time of Caleb Cushing, the American Minister who arrived in China in 1844, bearing a letter from President Tyler to the Emperor Taokuang, Chino-American relations have always been friendly. If, as the Emperor Taokuang used to command his ministers of State to impress on the foreign representatives, the Celestial Empire prides itself on keeping good faith in its promises and agreements, the United States has also taught China to believe through experience that it may be trusted to do what is right and just. The several treaties concluded between the two nations have been on the one hand honorable to the United States, and on the other, fair to China. When China desired to establish diplomatic relations with the Powers, it was also an American, the Hon. Anson Burlingame, that was given the coveted position of an envoy. The refusal of the United States of America to participate in the opium traffic, or in the coolie trade, the absence on her part of any desire to encroach on the territorial rights of China, her action in contending for the integrity of China, the recent remission of a part of the Boxer indemnity, and her willingness, in general,



Imperial summer palace, Peking.

to give China a square deal, have not failed to make a very favorable impression on our people. If there is one commendable quality in our people conspicuous by its presence, it is that of not forgetting a good turn, and the good offices of this country are and will be appreciated by us for many years to come.

The twentieth century is pre-eminently the century of international commerce. The struggle for fresh markets, to dispose of the surplus products of the field and the factory after the full supply of home consumption, is a very keen one. China, with her teeming population gradually being infected with the desires and wants of the twentieth century, but possessing only the facilities of an agricultural people to gratify them, will become the biggest buyer of the world in the near future. A large share of this trade will come to America, if the statesmen and merchants of America are wise enough to seek for it. Ultimately, the national welfare and prosperity of the United States must depend on foreign markets and the securing of the commercial prize of the Orient is a *coup* worthy the attention and thought of all patriotic Americans. In this competition for commercial supremacy, the good-will of our people is an asset not to be despised by this nation.

It would be a reflection on the intelligence and character of the people of the United States, however, were an appeal for closer relations between the venerable Empire and the young Republic to attract attention and derive interest simply through the spirit of commercialism. The present century is the century of internationalism, remarkable for the growth of exchange of ideas and ideals, as well as of merchandise and commodities. In no former age has the civilization of the East come into such close contact with that of the West. The East has made and is making an honest effort to study the thought and the institutions of Europe and America, while this country in particular of the nations of the West is endeavoring to understand the spirit of the East. China has had a civilization of four thousand years, and has contributed much to the progress of the world. Scores of discoveries, which have helped to increase the happiness and welfare of mankind, must be credited to us. But best of all, the Confucian school has evolved a type of manhood with many virtues to commend and deserving the serious study and imitation of other nations. Chinese civilization, being based on a moral order, has imbued its exponents with a profound respect and love for the moral relations. It is true very often the spirit of the teachings of Confucius is lost in the empty forms of ceremony and idle phrases of etiquette, but the centuries of discipline could not but leave its imprint on our people. We find, therefore, often a spirit of ministerial loyalty to the Emperor, of filial piety to one's parent, of devotion on the part of wives to their husbands, of affection between brother and brother, and of constancy to friends that are not emphasized in other civilizations. Simplicity of living, patience under suffering, industry, contentment and an optimistic spirit, persistence in one's undertaking and the power to endure are some of the virtues which have made Chinese civilization so stable and so venerable. Then there is the devotion to and worship of letters, politeness towards all, respect for and obedience to the law, and last, but not least, the love for peace and tranquility. If, therefore, China is poor in mechanical appliances and scientific knowledge, she may be wealthy in those virtues which add to the happiness and quality of the life that is lived. In the words of an eloquent writer, Europe and America, looking across the ocean to the Far East, should be anxious, "not, indeed, to imitate the forms, but to appropriate the inspiration of that ancient world which created manners, laws, religions, art, whose history is the record not merely of the body, but of the soul of mankind, and whose



A unique ornamental structure in the Imperial Summer Palace, Peking.

spirit, already escaping from the forces in which it has found partial embodiment is hovering even now at your gates in quest of a new and more perfect incarnation."

In the hundreds of Chinese students in this country that are earnestly and industriously absorbing the best the colleges and universities can impart to them, there exists a mighty bond of union and an unwritten alliance between China and America. These young men, as one of them strikingly expressed it, form a bridge across the broad expanse of the Pacific Ocean, on which American learning, American ideals, American institutions, American inventions, and American manufactures are and will be conveyed to China.

The influence of such strong young men, the future leaders of China, over their country's predilections and policies will be enormous. Having been fully saturated with American ideas and ideals, they will transport them to and distribute them among their own countrymen. "They will be able to modify the public opinion of their countrymen that half a century of ordinary contact with the Occident cannot modify. They will be able to insure a peace and trade in the Far East that treaties and military forces cannot insure. In one word, these students will be the most effective instruments through and with which American civilization or rather American university education can exert its wonderful influence on the new China."



Ha Ta Men, Peking.



Great wall, near Nankou, China.

AMERICAN PROSPECTS IN CHINA

BY T. C. WHITE

(No American in China is better posted on Chinese affairs than Mr. T. C. White, who has lived in China for years, is in the United States Consular Service, speaks the Chinese language fluently, and has a Chinese wife, who was the First Lady-in-Waiting to the late Empress Dowager. Mrs. White is the daughter of one of China's greatest statesmen, and is a woman of the highest cultivation. Under these circumstances, Mr. White's article is of peculiar interest and value.—EDITOR.)

General Condition.

SINCE THE rather abrupt close of the Russo-Japanese War in 1905, business in China has been in a more or less unsettled condition, owing to the unsettled state of affairs which naturally follows the close of a big war, and to the fact that the import firms and business houses in China were carrying such immense stocks of general cargo on hand, which they expected to sell to the belligerents. They found, however, that instead of selling, it was necessary for them to carry their imports for a considerable length of time before disposing of them, which involved serious loss and caused a general depression in imports. In 1907-8-9, just when business was beginning to pick up a little, exchange rose to such a high premium, and gold became so dear that very little import business was done compared to former years. Exchange has improved of late, and in consequence business generally looks brighter, and as there does not appear to be any immediate prospect of gold becoming dear again, business should steadily improve.

American Imports.

It would be very difficult to give a fair estimate of what our imports to this country amount to per year, owing to the fact that a very large part of these imports are carried in foreign bottoms and are given in the customs statistics as being from the countries to



Central police station, Shanghai.





Mr. T. C. White, of American Consulate, Shanghai, and Mrs. White, formerly Lady Yu, First Lady-in-Waiting to the late Empress Dowager.

which the ships carrying the cargo belong. Suffice it to say that at the present time, American goods imported into China are as nothing compared with those from other countries, and it is of the utmost importance that our business men and manufacturers should spend time and money to ascertain why this is, and what methods other countries have adopted in order to get the trade of China. Germany is an excellent sample of what can be done by studying a situation thoroughly, spending plenty of time and money, and pursuing trade systematically and persistently. They are undoubtedly in the lead at the present time, and their trade is steadily increasing. They are gradually forging ahead of the British and getting their trade. How is this being done?

First, because of the fact that Emperor Wilhelm and the German Government have considered trade prospects very carefully and used every effort possible to induce their merchants and manufacturers to send competent representatives to China and other countries to study carefully the situation and business methods and to familiarize themselves thoroughly with conditions existing in the countries where they wish to do business. The methods for extending their trade and enlarging their business in China which have been adopted are quite evident to any one who may care to look into the subject, and the systematic way in which they have organized their campaign is most praiseworthy and sure to bring success. In each of the consulates in China they have one or more men who do nothing but look after trade prospects and give all assistance possible to their merchants on the spot.

Germany has been the most successful of any of the countries represented in China in securing Government contracts. This has been accomplished through the efforts and assistance of their Minister in Peking and their consular service. They have established a reputation for being very painstaking in the execution of their contracts and delivering goods as ordered, and seeing that they are up to standard in material and finish. In the past few years, Germany has cut into the English trade to a very great extent by these thorough methods, and owing to the lax way in which the English merchants are attending to their trade. The fact of the matter is, that all of the countries doing business in China will have to wake up, or their trade will be cut into more and more every year by the Germans.

America is and has been doing absolutely nothing to get into this market, notwithstanding the fact that the most friendly feelings are entertained toward us by the Chinese people. The students who have been sent to America are returning with glowing accounts of our country and people, and are asking why it is that our merchants do not make some effort to do business with this part of the world, and well they might, for the prospects for America in China were never so bright as just now.

Business Methods.

It is absolutely foolish for our business men and manufacturers to think that they can send a man out to China with his gripsack and samples, as we do at home, for such a thing would be an utter impossibility. American ideas of business and its methods are as different from the Chinese as day is from night, and in order for us to trade with this country, it will be absolutely necessary for us to organize a campaign similar to that of Germany, spend time and money in sending out bright, wideawake men to study the situation thoroughly, and to adopt the methods of trade obtaining out here. It is, of course, very difficult for our people who have never been in China to appreciate the true situation, and it will only be by actual experience in the field that the proper knowledge will be gained. There never was a time in the history of China when her people were so much interested in foreign goods, and the time is now ripe



The Bund, Shanghai.



Bubbling Well road, Shanghai.

for a very large trade with this country, and American manufacturers with little trouble will find that the Chinese are willing to meet us more than half-way. It is only within the last few years that China has come to realize that America is purely and simply a commercial nation, seeking trade only, and not, like the other first-class powers, all of whom have a slice of China's territory. They now know that any dealings they may have with us will be on a strictly business basis of barter and sale, with no strings tied to their contracts, as is the case with many of the contracts made between China and other countries.

One of the quickest ways that can be suggested for our manufacturers who really desire to establish a permanent trade in this market would be for a number of them to combine and establish a permanent exhibit of their goods, preferably in Shanghai, which is the entry port for all imports supplied to the northern part of China and the Yangtse Valley, where Chinese merchants could come and see what they are buying. The Chinaman is like the man from Missouri: he thoroughly believes what he sees. This would cost quite a considerable amount of money, but distributed between a number, would make the cost pro rata comparatively small. By doing this and putting the exhibits all under one roof and having competent men to look after the business, advertising, distributing literature and catalogues in both Chinese and English, success would surely follow. Up to the present time very few Chinese merchants have had a chance to see and know our goods.



Wall of the Chinese city, Shanghai.



China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company's steamers alongside wharves, Whangpoo River, Shanghai.



Loading cargo into barges, China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company's wharves, Shanghai.



Chien Men, principal street in Peking.

The market of China, being so far from manufacturing centers, it has been found necessary to give the Chinese merchants extended credit on their purchases. These credits range from ninety days to six months, and instances are known where nine months' credit has been given, and one of the great drawbacks against buying goods from our people is that they will scarcely give credit at all. In view of the fact that France, Germany and England will and do give these extended credits, makes it absolutely necessary for us to fall into line if we desire to compete.

Numerous complaints have been made that our manufacturers seem to be so little interested in the prospects for trade out here that they have been very careless in the manufacture of articles sold to China, not using proper material up to the standard of their samples, finishing their goods very roughly, and, in the case of machinery and articles of a kindred nature, where it is necessary to ship them out here knocked down, they have not marked them properly, and in some cases not at all, so that great difficulty has been experienced in assembling. Another very important item is substitution. This is one of the greatest faults our people are guilty of, and the one thing that the Chinese merchant will not stand for. He insists on having just what he orders, or he don't want anything, and this fact cannot be too strongly impressed on our manufacturers. It is just these things that the Germans have taken the greatest pains to guard against, and in consequence their goods are proving very satisfactory. Our manufacturers have been extremely careless about these matters, and seem to have the idea that they can ship anything out here and it will be all right. That time is now past, and the Chinese merchant, who is one of the cleverest business men in the world, has learned to know what foreign goods are, and what he wants, and how he wants it. Time was when the Chinese would buy any old thing, but competition, coupled with the fact that they are now more familiar with goods of foreign manufacture and know what they are buying, makes it absolutely necessary that the greatest care should be taken in the execution of orders and contracts. In interviews with the Chinese, the fact has come to light that our goods do not compare favorably with those of other countries for the reasons given above. These reasons are of vital importance and cannot be ignored.

There is another thing that is of



Along the waterfront, Shanghai.

just as great importance as those already mentioned, and that is packing goods properly for shipment to this market. Our manufacturers do not or will not pack their goods properly, and many, many complaints are received every year about packing. In some instances buyers have even refused to take delivery of goods from the Customs House, as they were useless. Our manufacturers have a great deal to learn on this one point, and will do well to take lessons from the manufacturers of other countries. The climate of China is quite different from that of America, and goods that would reach their destination in America in safety, would arrive in China absolutely spoiled, especially goods of a perishable nature. Another thing: all cargo upon arrival in China is carried by hand on the backs of coolies, and gets rather rough handling, and has necessarily to be packed in very strong cases to withstand this handling. Volumes have been written on this one point of packing goods for the China market, but so far our people have not seemed to grasp the idea of what is necessary.

Another item which puts us at a great disadvantage in competing with other countries is the excessive freight which we have to pay on our shipments. As one of the directors of a large railroad here has said: "It costs more to carry freight over two States in America than it would cost to bring it from England to China." This, of course, adds considerably to the cost of our goods, and should not be lost sight of by our manufacturers competing for trade in China. They should take great care that their goods are a little better than those of any other country.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the several points mentioned above, and if our people will only give them the greatest attention and consideration, and go into the China market in the proper way, there is not the slightest doubt that an immense trade can be developed between China and America.

Another thing that should be strongly brought to the attention of our people is the fatal mistake of giving their agencies to merchants and traders from other countries.

It stands to reason that a merchant or trader is going to push the goods from his own country above those of any other. He understands them better, knows just where they come from and they are from the place of his birth. It is a known fact that our goods are seldom or never pushed by people



Vharves on Whangpoo River, Shanghai.

of other nationalities having our agencies, and in some cases they take these agencies in order to keep our goods out of the market. This has been the grave into which many of our manufacturers have put their goods, and it is high time that they were made to realize it and to know that this sort of half-hearted way of trying to enter a market will never take them very far.

The first Government contract which America has ever received is a central battery telephone system of the Western Electric Company, which is to be installed in Peking. The representative of this company spent seven months in Peking in order to secure this contract, which will give a fair idea of how long it takes to do business here, but it pays. The Secretary of the Board of Posts and Communications, when interviewed, said that if this system proved satisfactory, it would undoubtedly be installed in Tientsin and Canton. This contract was secured by the representative of this company through the assistance and influence of a returned American student. This is only a drop in the bucket compared to what could be done if our manufacturers were properly represented out here, and many of the officials in Peking and the Provinces have said that it would please them very much to have our people come out here and do business with them, and are offering us all kinds of encouragement. Still, America makes no move.

It seems a great pity that our people cannot be made to realize what an immense market China would be for their products, and how favorably disposed the Chinese people are towards us. China to-day wants many things —railroads, telephone systems, electric light plants, electric cars, an army and navy, Government buildings, carriages, motor cars, and numerous other things, and if our people would only realize this they could get their share of this business if they would only take the trouble to come after it. The manufacturers of France, Germany, England, Russia and Japan have permanent headquarters in Peking, with a staff of bright, capable men continually watching the situation, standing ready at any time to go after any contracts that are likely to be given out. America is the only country not represented, and should be in the lead.

We hear this every day from the Chinese people themselves. A great many of the young men who are secretaries of the different boards in Peking are returned American students, and all stand ready and willing to do all they can to assist us. Also, many of the secretaries to the Viceroys and Taotais in the provinces are American students. All have a warm spot for their Alma Mater, as they put it themselves.

There is no doubt that if our people can have these facts brought to their attention they will become interested, and desire to get a share of the trade of one of the greatest countries in the world to-day.



WHY THE CHINESE EXCLUSION LAW SHOULD BE MODIFIED

BY THOMAS B. WILSON, L. L. D.

FROM NO reasonable view-point could the Chinese exclusion act be justified. The United States has the inherent right and authority, as all nations have, to establish standards of worthiness for residence and citizenship, but it has not the right to discriminate in favor of or against the subjects of another country. The exclusion law as it stands is class legislation in that it designates a certain race of men, citizens of a mighty and in many respects a highly civilized country, as being unworthy of recognition as fitted to enjoy the privileges of travel, residence or citizenship in the United States. No legislation has ever been attempted in this country that pointed out a logical reason why Chinese should be discriminated against any more than Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen or the people of any other European nation. And if we try our best to find an excuse for putting Chinese in a rejected class we are invariably driven to confess that all our antagonism is the legitimate fruit of a spirit of prejudice that is not only without foundation in fact but reflects upon our worthiness to enjoy the blessings of a republican Government, whose substructure itself rests upon the fundamental political principle and declaration that "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" constitute an "inalienable right of all men."

But, as a matter of fact, the United States, as all nations do and always have done, exercises the inherent right to exclude foreigners from the enjoyment of and participation in the privileges and benefits accruing to residence or citizenship, but the United States goes so far as to contradict and deny the spirit and the letter of its chief fundamental, and declare that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are blessings and privileges to be withheld by the Government from a whole race, not, however, because the excluded race as a whole is wanting in industry, sobriety, moral sense and ethical culture, or that their civilization is so far below and inferior to our own that social or business contact would be contaminating to us, but in reality, we are influenced by unreasonable prejudice against a people whose history recites achievements in art, literature, philosophy and science concerning which the Anglo-Saxon and the Indo-Germanic peoples are still digging in the foothills of analytical and synthetical philosophizing. To exclude such a people from our shores does not reflect upon their genius or intellectual attainment nearly so much as it does upon our unwarranted assumption that we are self-sufficient in and of ourselves to grapple readily with and master any problem of life. It is not "too much learning that hath made us mad," but rather our egotism and ignorance.

Nevertheless, as we raise the hue and cry against giving Asiatic scholars and philosophers and captains of industries a polite welcome to our shores, let us be honest enough to give their ancestors thanks for digding out of the mountains of wisdom a basis for the system of theosophy upon which the people of all civilized countries have builded their religious and ethical standards of conduct of

life. Exactly what part China has played in the game of civilization during the ages one could hardly guess, but if we turn to her own intellectual expansion and study her precepts for the regulation of human conduct, we shall not find it difficult to locate the beginnings of the fundamentals—the ethical codes—of the world's civilizing machinery and its elevating influence in the domestic, political and religious life of humanity, and we shall find that the beginnings of the fundamentals were deep-rooted in the eternal law of ethical causation. Ages ago, China began to evolve her truer and better self out of humanity's jungle influences and animal ambition, and for nearly six thousand years the growth of the nation and people, although apparently slow at times, has always and in all generations been a steady and healthful growth to higher and still higher levels of intellectual unfoldment, and to-day the middle and upper classes of China are firm-footed in the highway of human progress. The soul of China responds to thought. Shall such a people be excluded from our fields of commercial and industrial activities and opportunities simply because some of us harbor unjust and barbaric prejudice against them?



Liang Kwo Ying, Imperial Chinese Consul at Honolulu.

We say again that there exists no occasion for an act or a law or a public sentiment commanding or favoring the exclusion of Chinese from our shores. The underlying principle and genius of every Government in the world includes the right of the nation to stand at its doors and close and bar them in the face of would-be incomers whose presence as residents or sojourners would be objectionable. That right is inherent in the Government of every nation, and it is the inherent right of every nation to establish a standard of personal moral character by which to measure the fitness and worthiness of the stranger to enter and enjoy the benefits of residence. But it would be a crime against the moral law of the world to measure the fitness and worthiness of the stranger to enter in through the door according to the prejudice that may exist because of his nationality. That would not be an exhibition of hospitality, much less of a high order of civilization.

It is true, therefore, that the United States is in need of no act of the Government nor of a treaty agreement to exclude Chinese. The right of the Government not only exists by virtue of the independence of the nation to refuse entrance to Chinese, but to deport them, too, when it is found that their presence would be undesirable. That right of self-protection is the strength of our nation's substructure, as well as its superstructure, for it is the kind and quality of a nation's subjects that makes it as stable as the everlasting hills, or unstable and weak as a forest of reeds. No American nor Chinese who is loyal to his fatherland would agree to have our doors opened wide to the people of China without reference to who they are or what their character may be, and right at that spot the masses in

the United States and the better class of the masses of China are in perfect accord. All broad and fair-minded Americans ask for no better protection against invasion by Chinese coolies than the refusal of the American consulates in China to recommend applicants for their industry, honesty and general worthiness to take up their residence in the United States, and also impress upon the mind of such applicants that if they gain entrance to the United States by any device other than the way prescribed, they surely will be imprisoned until they can be deported.

On the other hand, the middle, the upper, the professional and merchant class should have a consul's certificate for the asking, but unless such certificates are promptly recognized and accepted on presentation at our ports of entry, and the bearers of them permitted to go their way without a moment's detention, the whole business would be worse than mockery. It would be a crime against worthiness and what we are pleased to call "inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." If, however, the Government deems it the wiser and better policy to retain the exclusion act, the enforcement of its provisions with a discriminating sense of justice should be required of immigration officers, and not according to arbitrary and inflexible rulings of Government agents who read and interpret the law in the light of their own narrow-mindedness and unreasonable prejudice. But if detention station agents are too stupid or too full of hatred to be trusted to enforce the law in the spirit of justice and fair dealing, it certainly becomes the duty of the President to have the treaty so modified that the barbarous and humiliating features attending the enforcement of the act would be eliminated. That is to say, it is the President's duty to instruct immigration agents who have to do with incoming Chinamen to relax their arbitrary restrictions, and while so instructing his agents let him order that the detention and examination station be located in San Francisco itself, and not on Angel Island, miles away in San Francisco bay, where incoming Chinese are put to the greatest trouble and inconvenience to substantiate their right to enter the United States. The President, if he proposes to act at all in the premises, could do nothing less than instruct the authorities at the detention station that the existing arrangement between the United States and China grants no authority to exclude other Chinese than the coolie class, and that Chinese merchants, educators and managers of business enterprises, in fact all Chinese above the coolie class, when vouched for by the American consul at the port of embarkation, are entitled to go their way upon landing without detention or molestation



Ong Foon, merchant. Native of San Francisco, Cal.

of any kind. That is the spirit of the purpose of the Chinese exclusion act, and no one knows better that that is so than President Taft, and so long as he permits the nation's immigration officials to interpert the exclusion law according as they personally like or dislike the incoming foreigner, he will hardly be able to make China and the United States believe that he is not himself actuated by a spirit of hostility and prejudice. Let a ruling be made by the President of the United States that a certificate of good character of a Chinese in his home country, when vized by a Consul of the United States stationed in China, shall be accepted as *prima facie* evidence by our Chinese immigration supervisors that the owner and holder of such certificate has a right to land.



Look Tin Eli, Vice-President and Manager of Sing Chong Co., and President of Canton Bank, San Francisco. Is a man of great ability and very popular.

It is worse than foolish to try to better the conditions at the detention stations by removing or suspending this or that agent. The fault is in the barbarism of the system, or rather in the liberty given Government agents to interpret the Exclusion Act to suit the occasion and interpret it according to their own likes and dislikes and fancies. And in this connection it might be said that the exclusion policy does not contemplate or provide for the introduction of what is called the "third degree" to confuse Chinese to the end that they may be inveigled into statements sufficiently contradictory to furnish an excuse for treating them as criminals, at the same time blocking avenues through which they could reach witnesses who would testify to their good character and honesty of purpose in coming to America. That such conduct on the part of immigration agents is low, brutal and inhuman no one will deny. As long ago as in 1892, United States Circuit Judge Billings quashed several indictments against certain Chinese who were under arrest for being in this country without certificates of identification. The ruling of the court was that even if a Chinese person named came into the country unlawfully, he could not be held or regarded as a criminal, much less punished as such, but he could be lawfully deported. According to Judge Billings, then, the giving of the "third degree" is a criminal act on the part of immigration officials, and is deserving of the severest punishment. But it would seem the standard of efficiency in the Government's Chinese immigration department is ability and inclination to heap indignities and abuse upon incoming Chinese, especially upon subjects of the Chinese Empire who compare fav-

orably with the Anglo-Saxons in scholarly attainment, in scientific research, in mechanical ingenuity and in business integrity. The Chinese symbol of submission, the queue, has departed forever from China's civilization, and in its stead China is assuming an attitude becoming men of moral force and strength of character, and the time will surely come when they will assert their rights in a voice having no uncertain sound.

The conclusion of the whole matter will be found in the wise saying of an Oriental sage of the ages ago. His pupils asked: "Master, what is Truth?" The master replied: "Justice is the final measure of Truth." The United States has never been altogether truthful nor just in its dealings with China. We, as a nation, protest that we want commercial interchange without stint with the Chinese, and yet when their very best and most distinguished men of affairs come to our shores we hurry them off to detention stations, and treat them as little better than criminals, and load them down with indignities in the name of and by the sanction of an "exclusion treaty," that has had no binding significance for seven years. Who is to blame for all this injustice and false pretenses? Look to Washington and not to Peking for the finger-marks and foot-prints of guilt.

THE LOST DAY

BY MARY M. BERGHOLZ

(*Mrs. Bergholz is the mother of the American Consul-General at Canton. Her home in that city is the scene of many entertainments to traveling Americans, to whom the hospitality of herself and her son is well known in the Orient.*—EDITOR.)

Sunday came with songs and praises
 As we steamed across the sea—
Monday brought us Honolulu—
 Lovely spot it is to me—
Tuesday was a day of gladness,
 Blue the sea and soft the air—
Wednesday came with smiles and ripples,
 All because the world was fair;
Thursday, we saw fishes flying,
 Whales were spouting as we went.
Friday was a day as perfect,
 But at night said Captain Bent:
"Saturday will give us trouble,
 Serious trouble it will be,
And as all are gay and happy,
 I'll just drop it in the sea."
"Lost, lost," cried a maiden, weeping;
 "Six days in the week there'll be."
"Not so," said the captain, smiling—
 "Returning, it comes back with me."

THE CHINESE STUDENT'S VIEW

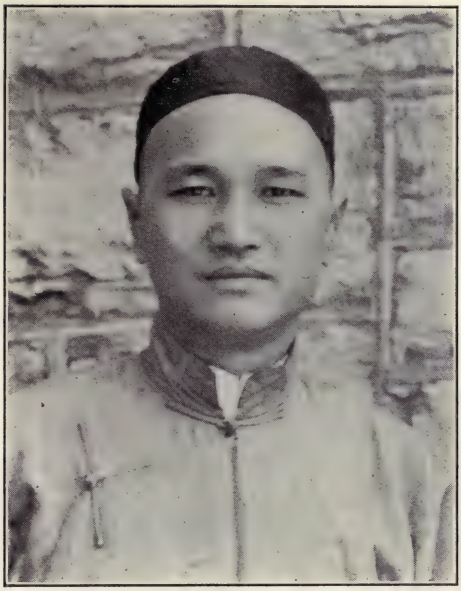
BY DR. W. W. YEN

(The influence upon progressive thought in China of the many students sent from that country to be educated in the United States is great. At a banquet recently given in Peking to Secretary of War Don M. Dickinson, Dr. W. W. Yen, one of the secretaries of the Wai Wu Pu, and a Yale graduate, expressed clearly the attitude of the bright young Chinese toward a Chinese-American rapprochement, at the same time describing the great benefits derived from the American education of his countrymen. His address is given here.—EDITOR.)

MR. TOASTMASTER, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen. — Shakespeare said somewhere that some men are born great, some men achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them. And so to-night some are born orators, like Secretary Dickinson, some achieve the art of speaking, like our popular toastmaster, while others like myself have speaking thrust upon them. I am asked to respond to the toast, "The Returned Student." Following the method of preachers, I shall begin by explaining the wording of my text. So much you know depends on the manner of reading a sentence. I remember hearing a boy once read from his primer the remarkable statement, "Here is a warm doughnut. Step upon it." Upon looking at the book, we found that it said, "Here is a worm. Do not step on it." Now, there are returned students and returned students. There are some who returned but are not students, and there are students who have never returned, but who have settled down in the land of their adoption. Then there are returned students from other countries. To-night I am to confine myself to returned students from the United States. Moreover, I shall content myself only with a brief survey of the general movement, and avoid as much individual mention as possible. If I were to try to trace out for you the entire history of the movement of students towards the United



His Excellency Spencer T. Lai Sun. Graduated in 1880 from Yale, being one of the original one hundred and twenty at that college; Associate Director Bureau of Foreign Affairs, Nanking, China, Province of Ling Kiang.



His Excellency Tsai Ting Kan, director of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs of the Province of Chihli, Tientsin, China. Educated in America, one of the original one hundred and twenty students which came to America to attend college. Is noted for his wonderful hospitality.

States from its earliest days, it would take too much space and time. My remarks would then be as long as the genealogy of a certain famous family in China. The family history takes up several hundred volumes, and in the latter part of the second volume is this note on the margin, "About this time the world was created." In the very beginning of intercourse between China and the United States, very few young men cared to cross the ocean. The parents in those days knew nothing of "Meiko," and it was rumored that the country was inhabited by wild people who would make short shrift of our lads.

In 1844 a remarkable, intellectual lad was taken to America by Mr. Brown, a missionary. This Cantonese boy subsequently entered Yale University and graduated with high honors in spite of his extreme poverty and inadequate preparation. His name is Yung Wing. It was during his undergraduate days that he conceived the grand idea of organizing a Chinese Educational Mission, the object whereof was to send Chinese young men to the United States to be educated, so that on their return they could regenerate their mother country. The scheme was finally approved by the Imperial Government, sixteen years after Mr. Yung Wing's graduation, and the first detachment of thirty boys arrived in New England in 1872. Altogether there were four detachments. But the scheme was too progressive for the



C. Joshua Zee, M. A., Hon. Sec. World's Chinese Students' Federation; Chairman Management Com. W. C. S. F.; General Manager World's Chinese Students' Journal; author of "Diplomatic Relations of the United States with China;" Dean and Professor of International Law and History, of Imperial Polytechnic College, Shanghai, China.

times to become successful, and the Mission was disbanded when the first batch of students were in the Junior year of their college. It seems that the "Americanization" of the young men filled Peking with alarm. * * * With powerful friends, they have by sheer strength of purpose, by strict observance of duties, by an exhibition of patience, intelligence and fidelity, a number sacrificed their lives in the wars with France and Japan. The men who devoted their attention to technical subjects have also reflected the highest credit to their alma maters, and to-night we have with us the doyen of Chinese engineers. Dr. Jeme Tien Yow, chief engineer of the Peking-Kalgan and the Szechuan Railways. Of course, it is to be understood that



Chinese students sent to America, their expenses defrayed by Boxer indemnity fund returned by the United States to China. In the center, seated, is Chow Tee Chi, Director of Bureau of Education, with two associates.

overcome all obstacles, and not a few have attained positions of honor and trust. Two have been appointed presidents of Ministries, two are now envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary; several have served in important positions under viceroys and governors, not a few have distinguished themselves in developing the telegraph service in China, and lastly, other students, though few and far between, proceeded to the United States both before and after the disbandment of the Educational Mission, but none of them were supported by the Government. In the past decade, provincial governments and educational institutions have once more begun to despatch young men to America, and at the present moment there must be

some five hundred Chinese students in the States. According to present arrangements, large numbers are to be sent every year till 1940. And so as the years roll by, the number of students educated in America will increase and multiply till we easily have hundreds and thousands. The gathering here to-night is an eloquent witness of the influence the United States is already exercising through her adopted sons, who are now engaged in practically every branch of service of the Imperial Government. We have here represented diplomacy, finance, army, navy, education, railway and mining, and what not. The attitude of the American returned student, I am emboldened to say, is very friendly to the United States. Touched by the same sympathies, nourished by the same alma maters, taught at the foot of the same professors, and inspired by the same hopes and ideals, is it strange that the bond between the Chinese student and the land where he spends his youth and early manhood should be of the closest and most lasting nature? Nor would it be quite natural if, during the hours of relaxation, an occasional American cocktail should not find its way down a Chinese throat, nor a mild and friendly session with a well-known American game of cards occupy the attention of American educated Chinese officials in Peking. Those of us who are in diplomatic life naturally advocate friendship with the United States; in the army, regard the training of West Point as indispensable; in the navy that the American navy cannot be beat; and our ships should be ordered from Philadelphia. Returned students from America propose the use of American books and employment of American teachers in our schools. Our respected friend, Mr. Jeme, has introduced more American wrinkles and curves into China than any other person present to-night.



His Excellency Lew Yin Tien, Taotai of Police for Kwangtung Province, Canton.

In short, then, we are to be the interpreters and expositors of America to our own people. Not, however, I hope, like that of the man who interpreted Shakespeare's "To be or not to be: that is the question," as "Can do, no can do, how fashion." I think we are able to bring to our own people a knowledge of the American people that no amount of explaining in books or by Americans themselves could accomplish. We constitute a bridge across the Pacific Ocean over which American education, American ideals, American machinery and manufactures, and all that is best of America pass to the Flowery Kingdom. We constitute the strongest link in the bond of friendship between China and the United States, strong because it it based on intellectual and disinterested reasons.

CHINESE CHILDREN IN AMERICAN SCHOOLS

BY REV. JOHN HOOD LAUGHLIN

Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States

SHALL CHINESE children attend the American schools of San Francisco?

Three parties there are to give reply: the Chinese, the residents of San Francisco, and the law of the State.

The Chinese reply is, so far as I have been able to ascertain, a unanimous affirmative, for the following reasons:

1. Their children make better progress in the mixed than in the exclusively Chinese school. The mingling with American young people, both in school and out, at play as well as at work, compelling the constant use of the English language, gives them an earlier and better command of it than could possibly be obtained from books, or from the requirements of the school room alone. The Chinese school deprives them of this important aid; for, outside of the preparation for lessons and the reciting thereof, their mutual communications are in Chinese, entirely so during recess, and out of school hours generally. Those of us who have attempted the acquisition of a foreign language are well aware that no other method can compare with a close and constant mingling with the people to whom that language is native. Progress in English promotes progress in other studies, for that is the language in which their text books are written. The greatest handicap to their education is thus early and rapidly removed.

Other things, too, of great importance are to be acquired in the American school, such as American manners, customs and modes of thought, which add greatly to the comfort and happiness of these young aliens, and will make of them much more valuable assets of this republic of ours when their years of manhood and womanhood have arrived.

2. Segregation they regard as a humiliating discrimination. They alone of all the hodge-podge of national products in San Francisco are set off by themselves.

"Why?" they ask.

"Because you are Asiatics."

"But so are the Japanese," they reply. "But what of that? Why should the accident of birth in Asia disqualify us from entering an American school?"

"Because your lineage and training are so foreign that you can't assimilate with us."

"Are you sure we can't? Have you given us the chance? Have you allowed us to live anywhere but in Chinatown?

"Are not our native-born sons and daughters now dressed as are yours, conducting themselves in much the same fashion, taking an interest in your fiestas, your business and your politics?"

"You are an inferior race—ignorant, uncivilized, behind the age."

"If all that were true, would it not furnish the very best ground for our petition to enter your schools? Our *need* is so great."

"But you haven't the brains to acquire an education."

"Did not the first two Chinese students who ever came to this country—about 1844—both get high honors, the one in Yale College, the other in the University of Glasgow? Do not our boys and girls now, whenever pitted against the American, give a good account of themselves? Before the earthquake, when they were assembled in the American schools, some of our boys were at the head of their classes, and some of the girls in similar positions in theirs. In spite of having to do all their work in a foreign language and in spite of the closed American doors, many of our boys have worked their educational way from grade to grade, through college, university, law school, medical school, divinity school, and now exhibit the same marks of culture that are to be observed in the scholars of any race."

"Your children are ill-behaved."

"That is strange, for at home we certainly teach them to revere authority, and our race is said to be cele-



His Excellency Hsu Shih-Chang, President of the Board of Posts and Communications. A native of Chili Province; he has filled the posts of Grand Councillor, Minister of Government Council, President of Board of Police, President Board of Interior, and other high offices. Appointed first Viceroy or Governor General of Manchuria in April, 1907, and in May of this year was transferred to Peking, as head of the Railway Board. In August he was also appointed to the office of Director General of the Tientsin-Pukow Railway. One of China's capable and honest executives.

brated for its obedience to law. Moreover, the teachers in your public schools like them, want them, and kept secretly admitting them for some time after the edict had gone forth from the Board of Education that they were to be excluded."

"Your children are untidy in their habits."

"Indeed! Are the admitted ones all tidy? Have you not read of the little European attending school on the East Side of New York who was so uncleanly of habit as to emit an odor, whose teacher, in protest, addressed a note to the boy's mother, and received the prompt reply: 'Jimmie ain't no rosebud; you're ther to teach him, not to smell him?' But really, we *try* to keep our children clean, and they would emulate yours in this respect if allowed to associate with them."

"We do not believe, in short, that we are an inferior race so far as are concerned mental power, trustworthiness, and a real ambition for nobler,



His Excellency Taotai Chan Tien-Yu, C. E., M. I. C. E., Etc., the builder of the Kalgan Railway, the most difficult engineering task in China. Graduate of Yale University, more familiarly known under the Chinese rendering of his nickname, "Jimmy," given him at Yale by his fellow students in 1883, which he continues to use under the style of Jeme Tien-Yu.

loftier attainments. Please, then, O men of San Francisco, born and bred under a more favorable sky, do not continue to impose upon us this burden which you impose upon no other who comes to your shores."

The trend of the foregoing dialogue has already indicated that the reply to the inquiry at the head of this article, coming from San Francisco's *Americans,* is "No." Not unanimously, however. Since the beginning of this segregation there has always existed a "remnant" unconvinced that it was a fair treatment of the young Chinese. More intimate acquaintance with the Chinese people through the opportunities of more than half a century, has led many others to doubt the wisdom—not to say kindness—of a closed (schoolhouse) door. They have learned that there is in the Chinese young people good that might well be imparted to our own. Diligence in study, for example. Most of these Chinese students are in earnest. Education is with them a matter of hunger and thirst. They are ready to work and sacrifice for it. Glad are they to earn their board and lodging by waiting on table, or doing the morning and evening chores of a family, and study far into the nights, year after year, until they have obtained the coveted prize. They thus bring into the school room a spirit which would provoke our Anglo-Saxon students to greater diligence, lest they be left behind in a race with a foreign people. At this moment the best student in one of the departments of the University of California (the professor in charge being the judge) is a Chinese who, a few years since, came to America knowing but little, if any, English. Students of such ambition, diligence and ability could not but prove of tremendous stimulative influence to our own boys and girls if brought into immediate competition with them.

Their *manners,* too, might be introduced into our schools to their great advantage. They reverence learning, and pay the highest respect to their teachers. All over China it is expected of the school-boy that he conduct himself with the dignity and decorum which belong to the scholar. By unanimous voice of the nation, rudeness, violence, wrangling, are, to scholar and student, proscribed. Happy for this nation if something of the same standards of etiquette were introduced to the young America of our public schools!

Some careful observers have learned, again, that this enforced segregation has entailed serious losses. To our population, in the first place. The large majority of Chinese families driven to Oakland and other cities by the great fire of 1906 have never returned. The reason is found, chiefly, in the greater school privileges granted to them by those cities. The Chinese population of San Francisco is now



His Excellency Chan Wang Chang, Taotai of Industry, Kwang Tung Province, Canton.

about ten thousand, as compared with fifteen thousand before the earthquake. That figure will not grow larger until San Francisco is prepared to show them the same kindness in educational matters that is shown them by other cities, and that San Francisco shows to other nations. A serious phenomenon this for our city, which bids for the visits of tourists, to whom there is no attraction in San Francisco which begins to compare with Chinatown, its people, shops, stores and commodities.

Loss of *commerce*, in the second place. The loss of some of the population is by no means so serious as is the loss of good-will. That loss comes from unfair discrimination, and its consequences are momentous. It shows itself in the hostilities between the schools of the different races. It used to be that the white boys would fill their pockets with stones, board a Clay street car, and fire their missiles at the Chinese boys as they passed their school. Now, I am told by the policeman on the beat, it is the Chinese schoolboys who, armed with the same weapons, lie in wait for the white boys as they come from the Washington street school. A belligerent, vengeful spirit is engendered where one of mutual respect and friendliness might easily prevail. It is the same injustice felt that rankles in the minds of adults, and expresses itself, from time to time, in hostile attacks upon American commerce. Every Chinese who returns to his country ought to be a traveling salesman, a promoter, a booster for America. Carrying with him an American watch, clock, fountain pen, can of condensed milk, in his trunk; a gold tooth in his mouth; the very commodities calculated to excite the astonishment, admiration and cupidity of his countrymen at home, he could, if he would, be the medium of large orders for similar goods, in an ever-increasing volume. He would if he could honestly feel that the Americans had treated him well and been his friends. No people on earth are so ready to make a return for a kind act as is the Chinese; they would rejoice to repay kindness by augmenting the volume of American commerce if they felt that they had received the kindness. Not that all kindness has been denied them, or that they think so, but relatively! They know, and we know, that no other nation has been denied so many of the advantages of residence in America as they. Humiliated and outraged by what they feel to be a long series of unfair discriminations against them, they are not



Lu Gene Hun, Peking. Educated in America. Brother of General Lu Gene Yung, Vice-President of General Staff Imperial Chinese Army, Peking. Was one of Mr. Ferguson's interpreters in Peking.

likely to utter words of friendship and trustfulness such as would lead their countrymen to invest in American goods; on the contrary, their adverse reports have been known to create boycotts against American goods in the past, and such are not unlikely to oc-

cur in the future. Self-interest, then, might make us willing to reconsider the question of closing our schools against the Chinese.

But there are higher considerations as well. Fair play is one of them. Anglo-Saxons, especially, have always stood for that. We instinctively sympathize with the under dog. We delight to see the bully beaten. Now the Chinese are Chinese through no fault of their own. They were simply born in China. The blame is not theirs that they have been bred in a different civilization, and to a different education and custom. They have come to our shores; they seek for their children *our* civilization, *our* education, *our* customs. Nowhere can they get these so readily, so perfectly, as in our American schools. To be excluded from those schools simply because they are Chinese cuts them to the quick; they suffer. Are we not fair enough to compassionate their suffering, and promptly grant them what they so much desire and need? I think we are. We are San Franciscans—Americans. We bear malice toward none; we have charity for all.

Another of the higher considerations is, regard for the Golden Rule. Have any of us forgotten it? Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. In other words, put yourself into the Chinaman's place. Subject to all the impositions of a despotic Government, preyed upon, "squeezed" to the uttermost by every local official and his harpy retainers, who are largely dependent for their living on bribes and extortion; dwelling in an over-populated land where even in a good season millions go through a portion of every year with appetites unappeased, and a crop failure means deadly famine; where education is the luxury of the few; hearing of the Golden West, with its channels of opportunity; where, by the willing worker, a comfortable living may be earned; where the rulers are the servants of the people, and justice is meted out to all; where the gospel of love to fellowman is known and preached and practiced; the asylum of all nations; the land of the free and the home of the brave; you hastily pack your meagre belongings and—come. If a merchant or teacher or student or official or tourist, you are allowed to enter. If you belong to one of these classes you may also bring in your family. Whatever other disappointments you may meet with, you soon discover the unexaggerated excellence of America's schools, San Francisco's ranking with the very best, and that education is the road to usefulness, wealth and fame. With your own eyes you see welcomed into the public schools of all grades the children of all nations—all except yours, because you—have—been—born—in China. Does iron enter your soul? The Chinese classics, too, contain the Golden Rule, in a negative form. Do *not* unto others what you would *not* that others should do unto you. We re-



U. K. Cheng, Councillor of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs, Nanking.

gard this as weaker than ours; but even this is strong enough to utterly condemn the practice of which, by the closing of our school-doors to Chinese children, we, the people of San Francisco, are guilty.

One more high view-point from which to consider this question is that of the missionary. To one who knows, the good the Western-educated Chinese youth can do, and has done, for his nation, to keep back from him the very best we have, seems a crime against humanity and God. Back in the seventies, through the influence of Yung Wing, Chinese Minister to the United States, more than a hundred Chinese boys were brought to this country and placed in various schools in the East. They were only ordinary boys, taken from the middle classes. Notwithstanding the depression of far exile from native land, with consequent homesickness; in spite of having to do all their work in a foreign language, they held well their own in the rivalry with American students, entered Harvard, Yale and other colleges, and when recalled to China by orders of their Government, quickly showed that the American education had qualified them for high positions. Some, as naval officers, fought their ships to the very last, and went down with them, in the battle with the French at Foo Chow. Some, as army officers, showed the same valor in facing the Japanese at Yalu. Many have throughout the years remained at posts of duty and influence, ever promoting the welfare of their country, and showing themselves to be manly, intelligent, wise leaders of men. One of them is Tong Shao Yi, who but recently visited this country as special embassador from his sovereign to ours. Other more recent products of our American educational institutions have gone out to China, and as civil and mining engineers, lawyers, doctors, teachers and diplomats are of immense value to the nation in its present struggles for progress and reform.



His Excellency Chow Tze Chi, Acting Minister in Washington during 1907. First Secretary to Prince Tsai Hsun, and going to be First Secretary to Prince Tsai Chen. Was Consul General in San Francisco and Havana, Cuba.

Men have been accustomed to say, until recently, that the Chinese, as a people, lacked patriotism. Their loyalty was not so much to the country as to the province in which they lived; still more to the county, and strongest of all, to their own town or village. Now their praises are sung because they have lately attained the larger patriotism of fealty to emperor and nation. That, we feel, is like ours. But there is a larger loyalty still, lying ahead of us, as well as of them. Few of us have reached it—world patriotism. The patriotism which loves and

labors for the whole world; which regards all nations as kindred, sympathizes with the sorrows of all, proffers the helping hand to all, exults in the prosperity and elevation of all. That patriotism—that missionary spirit—if we had it, would open wide our school doors to the children of the world. Even China's—lone China's—would be no exception.

The third party to answer the question at the head of the article is, the law of the State. It speaks with no uncertain voice. "The governing body of the school district shall have power to * * * establish separate schools for Indian children, and for children of Chinese or Mongolian descent. When such separate schools are established, Indian, Mongolian or Chinese children must not be admitted into other schools." The possession of the separate school settles the question. The children of that nationality for whom it is maintained "must not be admitted into other schools." But, fortunately for our contention, the Chinese school building in San Francisco is a flimsy wooden shack, scarcely fit now to house the pupils. The question of erecting a substantial structure must soon face our city Government. How opportune, therefore, to reconsider the whole matter, and, perchance, let the shack decay, build no substitute, thus satisfy the State law, and delight the hearts of a worthy people by treating them as we treat the rest of the world.



His Excellency Guan Shu Hsun, Acting Viceroy of Liang-kuang.

"I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift."

RECEPTION TO THE AMERICAN BATTLESHIP SQUADRON AT AMOY

BY JULEAN H. ARNOLD

American Consul, Amoy, China

(No better evidence of the good-will toward Americans felt by the Chinese, both official and public, can be offered than the reception given at Amoy in 1908 to the squadron of the battleship fleet which visited that port. The exhibition of friendliness then and there given to the Americans made a deep impression upon both officers and men of the squadron, and the detailed description of it given herewith by the American Consul at Amoy should convince every citizen of the United States that the kindliest feelings should exist between this country and China.—EDITOR.)

APPARENTLY the same typhoon in which the American battleship fleet was caught off the north coast of Luzon on October 15th and 16th, 1908, passed up the Formosa Channel, and was forced in on the China Coast by the strong northeast monsoon which was then prevalent. Although Amoy did not receive the full force of this typhoon, yet the wind and rain which raged during those two days was of such force as to demolish completely the mat buildings erected on the Parade Grounds for the entertainment of the men. I cannot commend too strongly the work of the Chinese commissioner, Dr. Mark, upon this occasion. Although unable to obtain a sufficient number of coolies to go to the Parade Grounds while the storm was raging, that the wines, stores, decorations and other materials might be saved from being carried away by the terrific freshet which swept over the grounds, Dr. Mark, with a few foreigners and five Tientsin police worked in water up to their waists while the storm was at its height, rescuing these materials from being washed into the sea.

After the storm had subsided, the entertainment grounds certainly presented a disheartening appearance. Within but ten days of the date scheduled for the arrival of the battleship squadron, these grounds were one mass of ruins and covered with mud and water, while the electric plant which was erected to supply light for the occasion was under water for two days. Those in charge of the preparations were not discouraged, but sent to Canton for a shipload of men and materials, and by working continuously night and day during the ten days were enabled to have all preparations completed by the morning of October 30th when the American squadron arrived.

The Chinese Reception Committee.

The Chinese Reception Committee consisted of the following named officials, in order of their respective ranks:

Imperial Commissioners, appointed by the Throne:



His Excellency Li Chun, Admiral of the Kwangtung Province.

His Imperial Highness Prince Yu Lang, Prince of the Third Order.

His Excellency Liang Tun Yen, Vice-President of the Peking Foreign Board.

Ordinary Reception Committee:

His Excellency Sung Shou, Viceroy of Fukien and Chekiang Provinces.

Rear Admiral Sah Ting Min, I. C. N., in command Chinese Navy.

Major-General Hung Yung, I. C. A., in command Fukien Division.

His Excellency Shang Ch'i Hen, Provincial Treasurer, Fukien.

General Sung Tao Jin, in command of the Tenth Division, I. C. A.

Honorable Chien Yu, Taotai and Special Commissioner appointed by the Foreign Board, Peking.

Honorable Dr. George Mark, Taotai and Special Commissioner appointed by the Foreign Board, Peking.

Honorable Liu Ching Fen, Taotai of Amoy.

Honorable Chen Sh'i Chu, Senior Secretary to the Board of Rites and of the Staff of H. I. M. Prince Lang.

Honorable Tang Kuo An, Senior Secretary to the Board of Commerce and interpreter to H. I. H. Prince Lang.

Honorable Taotai Tso, Commis-

sioned by His Excellency Tuan Fong, Viceroy Liang Kiang Provinces.

Honorable Taotai Li, Commissioned by His Excellency Tuan Fong, Viceroy Liang Kiang Provinces.

Honorable Taotai Wang, Commissioned by His Excellency Tuan Fong, Viceroy Liang Kiang Provinces.

Honorable Lu Ching Ko, Taotai.

Colonel Hsieh Tang Fu, I. C. A., Amoy.

Honorable Kuan Yuan Shan, Taotai, Staff of H. E. Sung, Viceroy Minchi Provinces.

The Imperial Commissioners arrived at Amoy several days in advance of the visit of the battleship squadron. Acting under instructions from the Legation, the American Consul called upon the Commissioners upon their arrival and places his services at their command. Captain Reeves, U. S. A., Military Attache to the American Legation, came to Amoy representing the Legation and accompanied the Consul to all functions connected with the reception.

The Arrival of the Fleet.

Late Thursday afternoon, October 29th, Rear-Admiral C. P. Sah, I. C. N., went with his flagship to the outer harbor to meet the American battleship squadron and assist in bringing it in. Friday morning, October 30th, at 9:30, the squadron steamed into the inner harbor amidst a cannonade of salutes from the Chinese forts. At 10:30, Admiral Emory, commanding the second squadron, sent a ship's launch to the American Consulate for the Consul, who, in company with Captain Reeves, went aboard and presented his compliments to the squadron commander, to Rear Admiral Schroeder, and to the captains in command of the ships. At 11:30, Rear-Admirals Emory and Schroeder, accompanied by the American Consul and the Naval and Military Attaches called upon the Imperial Commissioners and Rear-Admiral Sah at the reception hall. In the afternoon, Rear Admirals Emory and Schroeder and the captains in command of the ships returned the Consul's call at the Consulate.

Program of Entertainment.

The program for the entertainment of the fleet was carried out in the following order:

Friday, October 30th—Arrival of battleship fleet. Exchange of official visits.

7:00 p. m.—Chinese dinner at Reception Hall to officers of fleet by Imperial Chinese Commissioners.

7:00 p. m.—Chinese dinner to 2,500 men of the fleet.

Officers and men of fleet on Parade Grounds.

Saturday, October 31st.—2,500 men entertained ashore.

9:30 a. m.—Football game.

12 m.—Luncheon on board U. S. S. Flagship Louisiana to Imperial Chinese Commissioners and Chinese Reception Committee by Rear Admiral W. H. Emory, U. S. N.

12:30 p. m.—Luncheon to officers and 2,500 men on Parade Grounds.

2:00 to 5:00 p. m.—General reception on board U. S. S. Flagship Louisiana.

2:30 p. m.—Baseball game.

6:00 p. m.—Boxing contests on Parade Grounds.

7:00 p. m.—Chinese dinner and entertainment for officers and 2,500 men.

Sunday, November 1st—No official program.

At noon luncheon served ashore for officers and men. The admirals and captains in command and Imperial Commissioners lunched on board Admiral Sah's Flagship, "The Hai Chi." At 4 p. m. tea served at Nan Pu To Temple.

Monday, November 2d.—2,500 men entertained ashore.

9:30 a. m.—Football game (semi-finals.)

12:00 m.—Reception to officers and Chinese officials at Foreign Club, Kulangsu, by Amoy foreign community. 1:00 p. m., luncheon at Foreign Club. 12:30 p. m.—Luncheon to 2500 men on Parade Grounds.

2:30 p. m.—Baseball game on Par-

ade Grounds (semi-finals.)

5:00 p. m.—Ladies of foreign community "At Home" at Foreign Club, Kulangsu.

6:00 p. m.—Dinner and Chinese theatricals on Parade Grounds.

8:00 p. m.—Dinner by American Consul to Imperial Chinese Commissioners, Chinese Reception Committee and officers in command of fleet.

9:00 p. m.—Dance at Foreign Club to officers and ladies, followed by supper and display of fireworks.

Tuesday, November 3d—Her Majesty the Empress Dowager's birthday anniversary.

2500 men entertained ashore.

9:30 a. m.—Boat races.

11:30 to 12:30.—Reception by Chinese officials at Reception Hall.

1:00 p. m.—Luncheon at Reception Hall to officers and foreign consuls by Chinese local officials, gentry and Chamber of Commerce.

1:00 p. m.—Luncheon for men on Parade Grounds.

2:30 p. m.—Field sports on Parade Grounds.

7:00 p. m.—Dinner to officers, men and foreign community on Parade Grounds.

9:30 p. m.—Grand display of fireworks.

Wednesday, November 4th—2500 men entertained ashore.

9:30 a. m.—Final football game, won by U. S. S. Virginia.

12:30 p. m.—Luncheon to officers and 2500 men on Parade Grounds.

2:00 p. m.—Final baseball game, won by U. S. S. Kentucky.

5:00 p. m.—Presentation of prizes by the Imperial Commissioners, Viceroy Sung Shou and Admiral Sah.

7:00 p. m.—Dinner and entertainment to officers and men.

Thursday, November 5th.—Departure of Battleship Fleet.

Entertainment for Men.

The particularly pleasing feature of this program was the prominence given to the entertainment for the men. Upon the recommendation of the American Consul, the entertainment



His Excellency Chan Kan-Tung, Canton, China; Secretary to His Excellency Admiral Li Chun, Kwang Tung Province.

for the men took on the nature of a carnival of sports. Several months before, a telegram was sent to New Zealand to Admiral Sperry, requesting that the ships of the second squadron play off the preliminary games in a football and baseball series previous to their arrival at Amoy, so that the finals might be played here. This was done, leaving the interesting games of the contests to be played off at Amoy. Two beautiful gold cups of Cantonese manufacture and design, costing $2,500, were given as trophies in these contests. The baseball cup was won by the U. S. S. Kentucky, and the football cup by the U. S. S. Virginia.

The prizes in the boat races were won by the U. S. S. Louisiana, while the cup for the aggregate number of points in the field contests went to the U. S. S. Kentucky. The men were dined and entertained during all of their time ashore. Nothing was left

undone in the way of caring for them. Those who had in charge the arrangements for their entertainment were constantly addressing the American Consul for suggestions as to what might be done to add to their pleasure. At the expense of the Chinese Government, the American Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Foochow was invited to come to Amoy with his assistants to help in caring for the men. Two mat buildings were erected for his use. In these buildings the men were provided with writing materials, postal facilities, souvenir post cards, facilities for the exchange of their money, general information bureau, interpreters, etc. Late papers and magazines were provided for them in a comfortable reading room. The Imperial Commissioners expressed themselves as deeply grateful to the Young Men's Christian Association for the services it rendered on this occasion.

In addition to the carnival of sports, Chinese theatricals and Chinese jugglers were in continuous performance in two theatres especially constructed for the men. The actors and jugglers were brought from Canton and Shanghai especially for the occasion, and represented some of the best talent which China produces.

Food, drinks and cigars were furnished free to the men at all times; dining accommodations for 2500 men having been provided in the mat building.

It was the consensus of opinion among the officers in command of the ships that the men were entertained more lavishly and enjoyed themselves more at Amoy than in any other place on their cruise. When these sentiments were conveyed to the Imperial Commissioners, they expressed themselves as greatly pleased, as the Foreign Board in Peking had expressly instructed that every attention be bestowed on the men.



Legation street, Peking.

Entertainment for Officers.

The entertainment for officers centered itself in the gorgeously decorated Reception Hall especially built for the purpose. The veranda on the front of this hall was converted into a garden of beautiful flowers, plants and dwarfed trees imported from Canton. The interior was tastefully decorated. All of the hangings were richly colored Chinese silks. Huge bolts of the finest qualities of various colored Chinese silks were most tastefully strung from the ceilings, in a mass of harmoniously blending colors. Flowers, plants, exquisite Chinese hardwood furnishings, and beautiful Chinese tapestries assisted in giving to the interior of the hall a true Oriental aspect, yet so arranged as to impress the spectator with the richness and simplicity of the entire plan of decorations. In an annex leading from this reception hall, H. I. H. Prince Lang and H. E. Liang Tun Yen, Imperial Commissioners, resided during the visit of the fleet to this port. Adjoining the reception hall and facing on the athletic fields was a stand from which officers and men could view the sports.

Carriages and ponies were brought from Shanghai to convey the officers from the boat landing to the entertainment grounds.

The events as set forth in the program above convey a sufficiently clear idea of the character of the entertainment accorded to the officers, hence it is not necessary to enter here into a detailed account of it. There are, however, a few features connected with this entertainment which may well be commented upon.

Speeches.

One of the features characterizing the various functions connected with the reception was the absence of speech-making. The Imperial Commissioners came from Peking under instructions to be brief in their remarks, and in their responses to toasts for the reason that it was not deemed advisable to give the outside world an opportunity of mistaking the sentiments expressed on this occasion. It would appear that for a similar reason Admiral Emory confined his public remarks to but few words.

Gifts and Prizes.

Although no expense was spared in making the reception a complete success, and in doing everything possible to please the visitors, yet to add to the good impression made in the minds of the visiting officers, very beautiful and costly gifts were presented to the ships and to the officers in command. Each of the admirals received a beautiful Chinese silver bowl probably worth about $500 in gold. These were presented by the Chinese Reception Committee. H. E. Yang Shih Hsiang, Viceroy of Chi-li Province, presented each admiral with a set of costly silk embroidered Chinese tapestries and scrolls. H. E. Tuan Fong, Viceroy of the two Kiang Provinces, presented each admiral with some beautiful Chinese porcelains. H. E. Sung Shou, Viceroy of Fukien and Chekiang Provinces, presented to each admiral a pair of Foochow lacquer or cloisonne vases. The local Taotai also made presentations to the admirals. Each ship was presented by the Chinese Government with a beautiful Chinese-made silver bowl. Each captain in command, as well as the military and naval attaches and the flag lieutenants were presented with a set of Cantonese hardwood chairs set in mother of pearl. Each officer of the squadron was presented with a beautiful souvenir cloisonne vase, in which was worked the American and Chinese flags. Each man in the fleet was presented with a souvenir cloisonne Chinese cup and saucer.

As for prizes, besides those mentioned in describing the sports, each member of the football and baseball teams which played in the finals was awarded a magnificent silver replica of the gold cup won by the winning ships. Individual silver prizes were awarded in all the field events. I believe a safe estimate as to the aggre-

gate value of all presents and prizes to be about $12,000 in gold.

Schools Visit Ships.

Upon the recommendation of the American Consul, the pupils of all the Chinese schools were invited to visit the battleships on one of the afternoons during the visit of the fleet. Admiral Emory ordered the ships' boats to transport the children to and from the ships, and officers were detailed to show them about the vessels. It is needless to say that the children appreciated the courtesy very much indeed.

Decorations.

Aside from the rich decorations which beautified the interior of the reception hall to which I have already alluded, the entertainment buildings on the parade grounds were most gaily attired in masses of bunting, flags and flowering plants. These buntings and flags represented none but the Chinese and American colors, and to the credit of the Chinese, it may be said that there was not an American flag among the thousands used in the decorations which did not have the 46 stars arranged in accordance with the official order.

Spirit Prevalent During Reception.

A remarkably friendly spirit prevailed among the Chinese during the entire course of the festivities. There appeared to be but one idea prevalent in the minds of the Chinese who were in charge of the arrangements, and that one idea was a desire to please. Anything to please their guests was the theory upon which they worked. The American Consul was continually approached during the preparations and the reception and asked to suggest any corrections in the methods of entertainment or any additions to the program which might tend to in-



Driveway in Shanghai.

crease enjoyment on the part of the guests.

Telegrams expressive of friendship and good wishes poured into this office from all parts of China addressed to the admiral in command of the American fleet. The sentiments expressed in these messages were all of the most friendly nature, and certainly are not to be interpreted by the American Government as otherwise than most gratifying. Probably one of the most gratifying of these telegrams was that received from the Chinese Press Association, Shanghai. This telegram reads as follows:

"Admiral Sperry, care American Consul, Amoy: Chinese Press Association of Shanghai extends hearty welcome and desires to express best wishes for continuance of cordial friendship between United States and China. Shunpao, Sinwenpao, Universal Gazette, National Herald, Eastern Times, Public Opinion, China Times, Seal."

Considering the fact that among the signatories to the sentiments expressed in this message are two Shanghai papers which three years ago took a leading part in the Anti-American boycott, America can well congratulate herself upon these expressions of friendship which upon this occasion emanated from the pens of the editors of these journals.

The sentiments conveyed by these telegrams are undoubtedly indicative of a keen desire on the part of the thinking public in China to maintain friendly relationship with America.

Impressions Which the Visit of the Fleet Left in the Minds of the Hosts and Spectators.

When His Imperial Highness Prince Lang was preparing to leave Amoy to return to Peking, I called upon him on board Admiral Sah's flagship, the Hai Chi. H. I. H. was extremely cordial and chatted for half an hour or more on the impressions which the visit of the fleet had left in his mind. Briefly summarized, these impressions may be stated as follows:

1. H. I. H. stated that his visit aboard the U. S. S. Flagship Louisiana was the first opportunity ever accorded to him of visiting a modern battleship. Although he had visited Japan three years ago, yet he had not at that time had the occasion to go aboard a battleship. He stated that he was much impressed with the enormous size of a modern battleship, and, as he stood in the turret watching the loading of a twelve-inch gun, he was deeply impressed by the speed and ease with which one of these immense guns are operated. He was also greatly impressed when told that the life of a modern battleship was little more than five years, this fact bringing to his mind most forcibly the speedy progress being made in modern warfare.

2. H. I. H. stated that he was deeply impressed by the splendid discipline which the officers exert over the men.

The conduct of the men during the entire time while the squadron was here was most exemplary; in fact, so H. I. H. said: "The conduct of the men was extraordinarily good and reflects greatly to the credit of the American navy and the American nation."

3. H. I. H. commented very freely upon the contrast exhibited in the characters and manners of the two great American admirals, as he termed them. Said H. I. H.: "Admiral Emory personifies cordiality and politeness, and his manners are distinctly pleasing, while Admiral Schroeder personifies solidity and reserve, being a man of but few words, yet possessed of a remarkably keen intellect."

When asked what he hoped would be the outcome of the fleet's visit to China, H. I. H. stated that he trusted that it would mean the joining of hands by the two great Pacific powers, America and China, in an effort to eradicate all racial distinctions in the future advancement of civilization. H. I. H. stated that he confidently believes that the United States desires

to act with justice and fairness toward China in all her dealings with that country, and feels certain that China will reciprocate in this action.

These, then, were the main thoughts as expressed in H. I. H.'s remarks, and it may be said that they typify the expressions of all the Chinese who participated in this reception.

Equally interesting were the expressions on the part of the foreign community. The one idea which seems to have been indelibly impressed on the mind of the entire foreign community is that one having to do with the splendid conduct on the part of the officers and men.



Race course, Shanghai.

This is doubly interesting, owing to the fact that practically the entire community expected the men to conduct themselves in a manner similar to that of the sailor off an ordinary merchant ship. Many Britishers came to me during and after the visit of the fleet and expressed themselves as greatly surprised over the excellent character and conduct of the men of the American navy, declaring that, judging from the men who came to Amoy, the personnel of the American navy is superior to that of the navy of any other country. One Britisher expressed himself as most pleasantly surprised because "the men sat about the Y. M. C. A. headquarters writing letters and post cards to their mothers, sisters and sweethearts," whereas he had expected that they would be carousing about, drunk and disorderly. Our country can indeed be proud of the men who make up her navy. The conduct of the men here at Amoy was a revelation to both Chinese and foreigners, and we cannot but be proud that it was thus. If the cruise of the U. S. Atlantic squadron accomplished nothing else, it was certainly worth while in that it was shown to the world that the American navy is made up of good staunch American men.

Orderly Condition of the Community

Previous to the arrival of the U. S. Atlantic Squadron at Amoy, there were apprehensions on the part of the foreign residents here lest the coming of the fleet would mean the presence of a class of undesirable characters who would hope to profit by the sale of liquor and the running of games of chance. Two months before the date set for the arrival of the fleet, this office obtained the co-operation of the foreign resident consuls, the Municipal Council and the Chinese authorities in a refusal to grant any new licenses for the sale of liquor and in the prohibition of the sale of liquor or the conducting of games of chance in proximity to the entertainment grounds. The Chief of Police of the International Settlement warned all suspicious characters that the least infraction of local ordinances would result in their arrest and prosecution. Although a number of undesirable characters did come, yet none of these profited by their stay here. The peace and good order in the community was not disturbed by their presence, as is attested by the fact that it was not necessary to make an arrest or to prosecute a foreigner in any of the consular courts incidental to the coming of the fleet to this port.



His Excellency Y. C. Tong, Superintendent of Imperial Chinese Telegraph Administration, Shanghai, China. His Excellency is also one of the original 120 who graduated at Yale in 1880, and is the agent in Shanghai who passes upon all the students coming to America to be educated.

OUR CONSULAR REPRESENTATIVES IN CHINA

(The importance of China in a diplomatic and consular sense has long been fully recognized by the Department of State, and the men chosen to represent the United States in that country, especially of late years, have been the cream of our foreign civil service. The American Consular representatives in China are often called upon to deal with questions quite peculiar to that country, unlike any that obtain in other lands.—EDITOR.)



American Consulate, Tientsin.

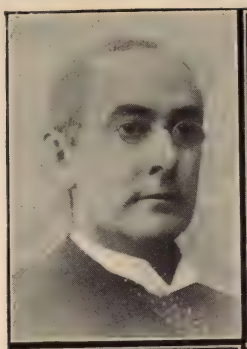
FLEMING D. Cheshire, Consul-General-at-Large for Eastern Asia, including the Straits Settlements, Australia, Oceanica and the islands of the Pacific, was born in New York March 4, 1849, and has been in the consular service since 1877, when he was appointed acting interpreter at the Consulate at Foochow. He served as interpreter also at Canton, Shanghai and elsewhere, and was appointed Vice-Consul-General at Shanghai in 1880; interpreter to the legation at Peking in 1884; Chinese Secretary to the Peking Legation in 1900; Consul-General at Mukden, 1904, and was given his present post in 1906.

E. Carleton Baker, Consul-General at Antung, is a graduate of the University of California, 39 years of age, and a native of China. He was appointed Vice and Deputy Consul and Marshal at Foochow in 1906, and was given the same offices at Amoy, 1907, and at Foochow again in 1908. He was assigned to the Antung post in 1909.

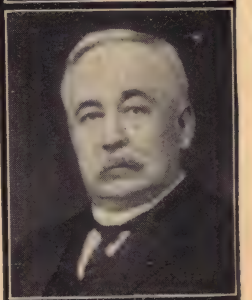
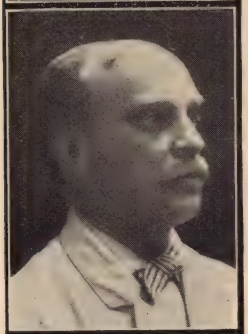
Amos P. Wilder, Consul-General at Shanghai, is a Yale graduate, born in Maine, February 15, 1862. For twelve years he was connected with the Wisconsin State Journal, becoming its president and editor-in-chief. He was appointed Consul-General at Hongkong in 1906, and at Shanghai in 1909.

Wilbur T. Gracey, Consul at Nanking, born 1877, was educated in the public schools of Boston and Salem, Mass., and was a commission merchant before his appointment to the consular service in 1899. He has lived 20 years in China.

Samuel L. Gracey, Consul at Foo-












Left hand column, top to bottom: Fleming D. Cheshire, Consul-General-at-Large for Eastern Asia; E. Carlton Baker, Consul-General, Antung; Amos P. Wilder, Consul-General, Shanghai; Alvin W. Gilbert, Vice-Consul in Charge, Nanking; Charles F. Brissel, Vice-Consul, Amoy.

Top: Wilbur T. Gracey, Consul, Nanking.

Bottom, left: Samuel L. Gracey, Consul, Foochow. Right: R. S. Greene, Consul-General, Harbin.

Right hand column, top to bottom: Julean M. Arnold, Consul, Amoy; S. S. Knabenshue, Consul-General, Tientsin; A. W. Pontius, Consul, Chungking; George E. Anderson, Vice-Consul, Hongkong; Leo Allen Bergholz, Consul-General, Canton.



American Consulate in Amoy. The only property in China owned by the United States.



American Legation, Peking.





Left to right: Ha Wing, clerk; Myrl C. Myers, Vice-Consul-General; Leo Bergholz, Consul-General; Horace J. Dickinson, marshal; Lam Ying Chee, interpreter. American Consulate, Canton.

chow, and father of Wilbur T. Gracey, was born in Pennsylvania in 1835 and educated in the Philadelphia public schools and Boston University. For thirty years he was a clergyman, was an army chaplain and served two terms in the Massachusetts Legislature. He has been in the Consular Service for twenty-one years.

Roger Sherman Greene, Consul-General at Harbin, is a native of Massachusetts, a Harvard graduate, and has been in the Consular Service since 1902, serving at Rio de Janeiro, Nagasaki, Kobe, Vladivostok and Dalny. He was appointed to Harbin in the year 1909.

Julean M. Arnold, Consul at Amoy, was born in California in 1876, and was educated in the public schools and at the University of California. He was appointed a student interpreter in China in 1902; Vice and Deputy Consul at Dalny in 1904; Deputy Consul-General at Shanghai in the same year and at Foochow in 1906. He was assigned to the Consulate-General in Shanghai May 5, 1906; appointed Consul at Tamsui June 22, 1906, and Consul at Amoy May 1, 1908.

Samuel S. Knabenshue, Consul-General at Tientsin, was born in Ohio, November 1, 1845; taught in the city schools of Lancaster, Ohio; was political editor of the Toledo Blade for twenty years; was appointed Consul at Belfast, Ireland, in 1905, and Consul-General at Tientsin in 1909.

Albert W. Pontius, Consul at Chungking, is 33 years of age, received a business college and high school education and acted for a time as a drug clerk. He has been in the Consular Service in China since 1903, and was assistant to the Chief of Division of Far Eastern Affairs, in the Department of State, in 1908, receiving his present appointment in 1909.

Leo Allen Bergholz, Consul-General at Canton, is a native of Vermont, born in 1857, attended the public schools and studied in Germany; attended the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., 1878-82; was appointed private secretary to the Minister to China in 1882, and has been in the Consular Service since 1883, serving at Chinkiang, Beirut, Erzerum and Dawson City.

George Everett Anderson, Consul-General at Hongkong, is a native of Illinois, born in 1869, and educated in the public schools and Shurtleff College, Alton, Ill., later taking a law course at Wesleyan University. He was managing editor of the Peoria Journal and editor-in-chief of the Springfield News; was appointed Consul at Hangchow in 1904, Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro in 1906, and Consul-General at Hongkong about a year ago.



THE FOREIGNER IN BUSINESS IN CHINA

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

(The author of this article was a war correspondent in the Philippines during the Spanish-American war in 1898; was at one time editor of the Overland Monthly, and is an authority on matters pertaining to the Orient, Mexico and other foreign lands.—EDITOR.)

THE GROWTH of commercial relations by Western nations in China has been phenomenal, and whenever that growth has been retarded, it has always been because of the lack of study of the people with whom the Occidental has desired to trade. For the same reason trade has been retarded all over the Orient. It has always been the custom of the English, in the beginning, to lead in the trade relations with Oriental people, and there has always been a long period during which an attempt has been made to force the Oriental to adapt



Section Nanking road, Shanghai.



Top row, from left to right: Mok-Cho-chuen, compradore for Butterfield & Swire, Hongkong; Chun Koo Leang, with Butterfield & Swire, Shanghai; Ng Hon Tse. Center: Ho Fook, compradore for Jardine Matheson, Hongkong and Shanghai. Bottom row, left to right: Wong Kam Cho, merchant of Hongkong; Hongkong compradore; Quan Kai, compradore of Pacific Mail. Stemship Co., Hongkong.

himself to the peculiar ideas of the British. Other nations have had the same failings, and, of course, Americans have not been altogether exempt from faults, and in individual cases have even made worse mistakes than any of the traders of the old country.

For just such reasons, most of them, finding their origin in a desire on our part to coerce the Chinese into taking up with our ways, we have lagged behind the trading nations who early took the lesson to heart. It is only of very recent date we have come to the conclusion that we must adapt ourselves to the ways and the wishes of the Far East if we are to enjoy any of its immense commercial interchange.

Nevertheless, America and Americans, despite their very evident ignorance of conditions, their inadaptability, bumptiousness and overbearing manner have always enjoyed greater popularity than any other nationality temporarily or permanently domiciled on Chinese soil. This is probably due to the fact that Americans have never, to any very great extent, interfered or meddled with the internal or purely home affairs of China by force of arms, except by request, and then only as disinterested arbitrators.

Nearly every other nation has gained some sort of territorial foothold on Chinese soil, and there is always a suspicion in China that the European nations are jockeying for more and yet more territory, with the ultimate object in view of the dismemberment of the Chinese Empire.

Who shall say with certitude the suspicion is not well founded?

It cannot be said that any of the good feeling toward Americans resident in China is due to the treatment accorded the resident citizen from the Celestial Empire in the United States. Our acquaintance as a people has been with the coolie class, which most of us consider an undesirable element, and even these we have chosen to misunderstand and malign. We have chosen to accept for many years the appreciation of the Chinese character given that nationality by the hoodlum element of the city of San Francisco, through a close study and neighborliness with the coolie, and we have later on taken the estimate at par of the more rabid members of the Asiatic Exclusion League to the exclusion of any sane view regarding any Chinese, of any grade in society.

Three factors have helped quite recently to change matters. Presidents Roosevelt and Taft have taken a decided stand against any injustice to the Chinese, and, *mirabile dictu*, the California farmer has suddenly discovered that he has always looked upon "John Chinaman" as a man and brother, and absolutely necessary to his welfare. The Chinese are no more, however, as farmers in California. Injustice, cruelty and the exclusion laws have driven them well-nigh all away.

And in the face of the terrific things we have done to them in California, the Chinese still esteem us more highly, as Americans, if not as Californians, than any other people. Is it because the Chinese are more clear-sighted than we are ourselves? Americans are made welcome with an open-handed hospitality everywhere in China. American merchants and

Illustration on Opposite Page.

Chinese Business Men.—Left hand column, top to bottom: Fong F. See, English editor Commercial Press, Shanghai; Yuen Hung Kee, International Banking Corporation, Shanghai; Lin Gay Pun, compradore, Davies & Thomas, Shanghai. Middle column, top to bottom: Yu Ya Ching, compradore of Netherland Trading Society and Director Ningpo Commercial bank; Chew Shing Ching, chief Manager Sin Chun Bank, Shanghai; Compradore Asiatic Petroleum Co., Shanghai. Right hand column, top to bottom: Chun Koo Leang, Butterfield & Swire; Chu Sze Yuen, David Sassoon Co.; Lee Tsze Fong, compradore, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Shanghai.



Chinese Business Men.—Names on opposite page.

manufacturers, American promoters and soldiers of fortune, are received with open arms, and it is to our shame that there have been many instances when that open-handed and wonderfully patient hospitality has been woefully abused. In the face of such instances, our popularity has not waned, it is strange to say, and Americans have continued in high favor. A greater and more careful study of the needs of the Oriental people, and especially the Chinese, would lead to an increased development of trade relations.

It does not take a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, to predict an enormous increase in trans-Pacific trade in the next few years, and when the Panama Canal is opened, England will have to look hard to it that she be not almost entirely dispossessed of her commerce with China by her eldest child.

Mr. K. Owyang, a profound modern Chinese, Vice-Consul-General at San Francisco, who has served his country well in the United States, and who has not only mastered the English tongue, but who has also made himself master of our methods of deduction and thought, which is a more difficult task, writes on this subject from the standpoint of the learned internationalist and legalist.

I have before me a long treatise on "China's Entry into the Comity of Nations." It is in the manuscript. In this document, which I hope some day to see in book form, Mr. K. Owyang says:

"This view satisfies the economist. The independence and sovereignty of States has ever been asserted as the fundamental condition upon which the law of nations rests, and the freedom from interference by other nations is still held to be the supreme right of such independent sovereign nations.

"But international law is no longer held to be a defense against war or conquest. It has become an organized power establishing mutual relationships among the nations which become closer and more intimate as the discoveries of science become more frequent. The negative conception of the law of nations, i. e., to refrain from doing harm, is gradually proving to be defective and is giving way to the broader, nobler conception, viz., to benefit and to help. Thus the old theory of the independence of States is being substituted by that of the interdependence of States."

I might go on and quote Mr. Lee Owyang at great length, but I much fear that I would lose the indulgence of my readers. The above is given merely to illustrate the fact that "Young China," as represented by such men as Mr. Lee Owyang, has a great problem to solve, and that not the least difficult of the knots to unravel is the motive of action to be found among Western people, developed to a far greater degree than among any Oriental, which is found in selfishness and self-aggrandizement, its concomitant. Our policy heretofore has been to demand the most favored treatment for merchant and missionary, and to regard the entrance of the like in the United States of North America with suspicion. A disciple of the Confucian theory or a merchant from the

Illustration on Opposite Page.

Chinese Business Men.—Left to right, top row: Woo Tu Yu, compradore of Arnhold, Karberg & Co., Shanghai; Assistant Compradore Chinese-Russian Bank; Chu Li Chi, Secretary Chinese Chamber of Commerce, Shanghai. Middle row: Y. C. Bao, manager Commercial Press Works; Y. K. Zea Sih Vang, compradore Chinese-Russian Bank; Shen Tun Ho, Shanghai business man; Yih Ming Tsat, compradore Yokohama Specie Bank, Shanghai. Bottom row: J. D. Wong, director Chinese Chamber of Commerce, Shanghai; Ting-kwei Chang, Commercial Press; Chu Pao San, leading business man of Shanghai.



Chinese Business Men.—Names on opposite page.

Celestial realm has met with scant courtesy, while the Buddhist is received with a certain scorn. Finally, the laborer, the coolie class, was ousted, and by dint of continual cruelty, his predecessors of superior class and desirable, who had found foothold, were decimated and driven away. It is most edifying and a monumental example of the irony of fate to note that the element driving away the Chinese coolie is the same class which is industriously agitating for the uplift of the Mexican peon. The peon will continue to be "a man and a brother" as long as he stays at home and does not constitute himself into an invading, threatening industrial horde. The element is the same which, decrying and denying admittance to the Chinese of



Arnhold, Karberg & Co.'s office building, Shanghai.



Left to right: *W. H. Dietrich, J. W. Gallagher, Arthur B. Hykes, of United States Steel Products Co., and Z. S. Dong, compradore.*

any class, still takes joy in meddling and muddling the affairs of Mexico, a friendly nation.

Speaking of China and its entrance into the comity of nations, Mr. Owyang says:

"Providing the other powers are willing to give her a 'square deal,' this youngest sister in the family of nations may safely be trusted to do what is right and just."

China has not waited, as far as our American enterprises or our ex-patriates are concerned. She has always extended the open hand of welcome. To us have always come the foremost positions and the preferments in granting concessions. She has not allowed the violence of mobs to sway her ancient wisdom. She has always seen beyond the To-day into the To-morrow. Old as the ages, her vision as a nation is clear. She is the sage of the world, and out of the East, as always in the past, will come a great light when sympathy and not passion and prejudice, selfishness and greed will rule this world of ours. In some respects, we are many, many thousands of years behind the Chinese in civilization, estimating such civilization at the Western ideal.

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT

The Foreigner and the Chinese

BY C. E. FERGUSON

Special Representative of the Overland Monthly in China

AMONG THE Americans who have always seemed to see the Chinese as they should be seen and who have known how to make good in China is the great firm of Robert Dollar.

Had I the space, I would give my readers some of Mr. Robert Dollar's views on the subject of immigration, but I am forbidden to do so, and must hasten on with my subject.

The Robert Dollar Steamship Company, although known in San Francisco, is not as well known as it ought to be, and in fact this statement is true of all the American or foreign firms who have attempted the pioneering in business in China.

This steamship company has a fine service with China. In trading with the Chinese the company has had men who have made the study of the Chinese character a care, and who have mastered the needs of the Chinese with a wonderful, tactful and profitable patience.

The success of Mr. Dollar and the success of his company is due to his large and sympathetic character, to the trust reposed in him by the Chinese, and to the close attention he has given to affairs in the Far East.

Captain Robert Dollar, of San Francisco, a man of much literary ability, is the head of the great firm.

Another firm which has made its mark in Oriental affairs, and especially in China, is that of J. W. Gande & Co. This firm has had two houses, for the past twenty years, one in Shanghai and one in Hongkong. These two establishments do a very thriving business in wines and spirits. The firm is representative of the Remington Company in the Far East.

The bottling department is modern in all of its activities, and has a storage capacity for a half million of bottles. The company is agent for all the leading wines and liquors of the world.

Gillette, the man whom the magazines have made world famous, and whose face is as familiar to readers as that of any distinguished citizen of America, has reached the Far East, and the Gillette Safety Razor is known everywhere. The sale of the Gillette razor is on a rapid increase in China, and finds favor, as well with the Oriental as with the Occidental. The Chinese are right up with the times when it comes to a personally conducted shave.

Caldbeck, McGregor & Co. is one of the largest firms in the Far East, and they are doing an immense business in China. They were organized in 1864, and have branches in Shanghai, Hongkong and Chefoo, and agencies in Chefoo, Weihaiwai, Kiaochau, Hankow, Foochow, Taiwan, Canton and elsewhere. From these places the immense liquor trade of this pioneer firm is handled.

Shewan, Tomes & Co., with head offices at Hongkong, is one of the representative great foreign firms doing business on an enormous scale in China.

Shewan, Tomes & Co. does the agency business for five steamship lines; it is representative of a dozen or more insurance companies. It is the sole representative of a long line of industrial companies from all parts of the world. It represents American



Exterior and interior views Gillette Safety Razor Building, Shanghai.



Maurice Katz.

and British factories. It is the agent of the Green Island Cement and of the Hongkong Rope Manufacturing Co. It represents the American Steel and Wire Company, J. C. Brill & Co., Frazer & Chalmers, and other American firms.

The photographic firm of Denniston & Sullivan is known from Siberia to the Antipodes. Its place of business is 373 Nanking Road, Shanghai. Here may be found, at wholesale and retail, all kinds of stationery, books and periodicals.

Shanghai is not behind the times in the particular of illumination, for foreign and local enterprise has provided the Shanghai Gas Company, an up-to-date purveyor of gas for illuminating and domestic purposes. This company is serving a fine quality of gas, and it is supplying thousands of satisfied customers.

Identified with the history of Shanghai one will find the name of Olivier & Co. an enterprising and successful firm. They are engaged in general business, but at the present time they have the agency for several world-famed automobiles. This is one of the most successful exporting and importing houses of Shanghai, and the name is known all over the Far East. Chinese and European goods of all kinds



Stockyards of Katz & Co., Shanghai.

are carried in stock in large quantities by this firm.

One of the oldest houses in Hongkong is that of David Sassoon & Co., which has been in the general merchandise business in China for more than half a century, its special lines being Indian cotton yarn and Indian opium.

The firm of Dallas & Co., established in Shanghai in 1853, does a heavy import and export business in that place, and in all the treaty ports. The firm deals in all kinds of goods in its import trade, but confines itself mainly to antimony in its exports, and to the Rainier beer of Seattle in its imports.

For over ten years the China Mutual Life Insurance Company has been making wonderful strides in its field. It is a Hongkong corporation, and has nearly $40,000,000 insurance in force. Policies are issued in practically all of the latest approved forms, and the moneys of the company are carefully and safely invested. No less than 90 per cent of the profits are distributed as dividends among the policy-holders.

The China Import and Export Lumber Co., organized in 1884, employs over four hundred men at its headquarters on the Yangtszepoo road, Shanghai. Its saw-mill has a daily output of about 70,000 feet of worked lumber, and the whole plant is of the latest and best pattern. Several planing machines of American manufacture, similar to those in use on the Pacific Coast of the United States, are installed and operated by the company. The company has a building department, which erects wooden structures of every kind.

Steamship companies vie with one another for the trade of the Orient. The Hamburg-American has not been backward in the business, and since 1901 has had an agency in Shanghai, known as a central office, and this office has had branches in other places, notably at Tsingtau.

This famous company maintains a fortnightly service in freight between



George H. Corse, Jr., agent of American Railroads, Shanghai.

China and European ports, and weekly passenger service.

The steamers are modern in type and fast. The company, in addition, maintains a coastwise service.

The Shanghai Life Insurance Co. has some of the leading Chinese men of affairs upon its directorate, and is doing a large and growing business. It has over fifty branches and agencies throughout the Far East and is steadily extending its activities. The secretary and actuary, Mr. Arthur I. Israel, is well known in San Francisco, where he was born.

The firm of E. D. Sasson & Co. is an offshoot of that of David Sasson & Co., the founder being a son of David Sasson. It deals largely in opium, in cotton yarn and in textiles, having five big



J. W. Gande, Shanghai.

mills of its own in India. The central house is in Hongkong.

There are few docks or marine engineering plants in the world the equal of those of the Shanghai Dock and Engineering Co. The company has facilities for building ships of large tonnage, and for doing all kinds of repair work in the best fashion. Marine engines and boilers and machinery generally is constructed and repaired in excellent manner at the company's works.

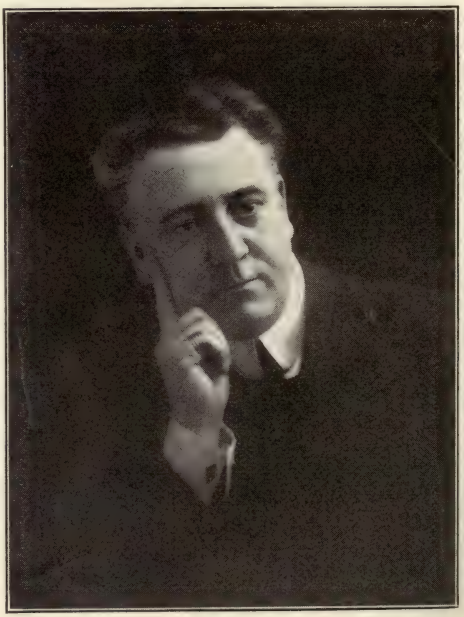
Katz & Co., general importing and exporting, is a leading firm with head offices in Shanghai, with branches at Chefoo, Tientsin and elsewhere. It exports over 25,000 head of cattle and 4,000 tons of dressed beef annually. During the Chinese-Japanese war it imported $10,000,000, gold, worth of American foodstuffs. It also has a soap factory in Shanghai.

The great packing house of Swift & Co. long ago entered the Chinese market, and now maintains a large industry there in dressed and canned meats and by-products.

General importing and exporting, particularly of raw and waste silk, is carried on extensively by A. R. Burkill & Sons, Kiukiang Road, Shanghai. The company is also the agency for the Anglo-French Land Investment Co., and other big concerns.

F. A. van der Loo & Co., manufacturers' agents and commission merchants, 2 Jinkee Road, Shanghai, is one of the new firms to establish a business in China; it was formed in 1909. It is doing a thriving business, and is the agency for the following American firms: The Kyn-Scheerer Co., New York, surgical instruments, hospital supplies; Horlick's Malted Milk Co.; Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo., proprietary medicines; James B. Clow & Sons, Chicago, sanitary plumbing.

German, Dutch and English firms: Farwerke W. A. Hospelt, Koln-Ehrenfeld, dry paints; Messrs. Hecht Pfeiffer & Co., Berlin, sundries; Maatschappy De Veluwe, Nunspeet, for paints and varnishes; Industrieele



J. H. Harris, Shanghai.

Maatschappy Trompenburg, Amsterdam, Spyker motorcars; A. Hillen, Delft, cigars; L. J. Akker, Rotterdam, proprietary medicines; Pharmaceutische Handelsvereeniging, Amsterdam, proprietary medicines; Kon. Fabriek van Porcelein en Aardewerk, Rozenburg, 's Gravenhage, Dutch porcelain and earthenwares; Johs. M. Verschure & Zoon, Rotterdam, Dutch cheese; S. B. Whitfield & Co., Birmingham, for Lawson-Tait hospital bedsteads.

The main business is Veluvine, a Dutch patent oil paint.

Andrews, von Fischerz & George, 1 Foochow Road, Shanghai, are agents for Colgate & Co., New York; Victor Safe and Lock Co., Cincinnati, O.; R. & J. Dick, Ltd., patent belting, Glasgow; Oliver Typewriter Co., Ltd., Chicago; Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Co., Pittsburg; Burroughs Adding Machine Co., Detroit; O. & W. Thum Co., Detroit; Aug. Meitz, gas engines, New York.

The automobile was introduced into Shanghai several years ago, and it has made rapid progress. There are now about seven hundred and fifty motor cars in the settlement, and they are increasing fairly rapidly.

The Dunlop Rubber Co. foresaw that there were great prospects in Shanghai, and therefore they opened their own office there about two years ago. The Dunlop tire has become a very popular one, and they have, at least, eighty per cent of the entire trade. They have also a large vulcanizing plant where they carry out all kinds of repairs to motor tires and also retreading. The pneumatic tired ricksha is also getting to be very popular in Shanghai and in many other ports, and this well-known company is now supplying most of the tires for them, as they are so conveniently situated and can draw from their Kobe factory.

The Kiangnan Dock and Engineering Works is an example of the latter-day Chinese manufacturing enterprise, being a Chinese company which performs the largest and most important engineering work. Its docks and plant are up to date, and the output is of fine quality.



Chan Yinting, Compradore of Jelsen & Co., Hongkong.

The Ta Ching Government bank is a leading and successful financial institution, with modern methods, which is a good example of the strong banking institutions now to be found in China.

The Chinese Engineering and Mining Co., with head offices in Tientsin, is an important enterprise, extensively engaged in coal and other mining in Chihli province. It manufactures coke on a large scale, and likewise firebricks of a high quality. It has its own seaport at Chinwangtao, and handles a yearly output of a million and a half tons of coal, coke and firebrick, and ships Chinese coal to America and other foreign lands.

Fearon, Daniels & Co. are the people who handle paints, enamels and varnishes in Shanghai, and they are located at 9 Foochow Road. The firm is well and favorably known as an ex-

port and import house. They are agents for the celebrated Patton Sunproof Paints and Varnishes.

Mustard & Co. is another of the truly representative and successful foreign houses. They are in Museum Road, at No. 22, near the Foochow Road. They are agents for the Howe Scales, for "Wincarnis," the great tonic wine for which they are general distributing agents for all of China. They are also engaged in a general import and export business.

Whiteaway, Laidlaw & Co. is known in every household in China. They handle the Wedgewood china; they have the best selection of porcelain china in the Celestial Empire, and they do, in addition, a very large and comprehensive general import and export business. Whiteaway, Laidlaw & Co. is one of the foremost firms in Shanghai.

Arnhold, Karberg & Co. are agents for the Indian-African Line, and their steamers give a regular service from Hongkong to South African ports, with transshipment at Calcutta. This firm is also in the general import and export trade, and has been most successful. The enterprise of the firm has given it the sole agency for South Manchuria, China and Hongkong of G. H. Mumm & Co., Rheims, Mumm Champagne.

In another place we have mentioned Swift & Co. It should not be necessary to mention the products of this great concern, whose business ramifications are world-wide. Swift's has originated something which is not familiar to America for the Oriental trade, and that is the Sealtite Hams. The climate is such that it is necessary to pack the ham in a special coating which is impervious to atmospheric action.

The Swift & Co. fertilizers have found great favor in the Orient, owing to the intelligent manner in which their merits have been extolled by the agents.

The Swift & Co. office is also an agency for Libby, McNeill & Libby, for the Orient. The latter firm sends to the firm for distribution such products as extracts of beef, California fruits and vegetables, jellies, jams, pickles, milk, cream, olives and all other condiments. The Swift "wool soap" has found great favor in the Orient.

Mr. C. G. Hannan is manager, and Mr. A. G. Wolfe is assistant of the Shanghai office.



Driveway in Peking.

CHINESE RAILWAYS

BY THOMAS B. WILSON, LL. D.

RAILWAY construction in China is under very different circumstances and different encouragement from what such enterprises in this country have to encounter. All the great rail thoroughfares in the United States had their beginning in faith that the regions to be opened up to rapid and convenient transportation facilities would rapidly develop under the industry of immigration, and that very soon the new-comers would create traffic in paying volume, and that it would increase from year to year, thus making railway construction and investment that would steadily grow in revenues. It was this faith in the future of the then uncultivated regions on the surveys of projected railways that stimulated capital to launch such enterprises and wait for adequate returns from the venture. The hundreds of American railways that have landed their projectors in the death grip of receiverships and bankrupt courts testify to the uncertainty that attends railway construction in the United States through sparsely settled regions and uninhabited wastes.

But such uncertainties are not encountered in China. The projectors



Shanghai railway station and head office.



Chao Ching Hua, Acting Managing Director Canton-Kowloon Railway; First Secretary, Foreign Department, Chinese Imperial Railways; Secretary, Telegraph Bureau and Board of Posts and Communications.

of a railway in China know beforehand that their survey will be through a thickly-settled agricultural region whose traffic is already awaiting new and better transportation conveniences. This comes from the fact that in no other country in the world, perhaps, is so much acreage devoted to raising ground products as in China. So, when the projector of a railway in that nation sends out to locate a line he knows that he will find all along the route that every available acre is under careful and intelligent cultivation, even the hillsides being profitably cultivated by terracing them, and he will know in advance that traffic consisting of rice, wheat, corn, barley, millet, tea and the products of silk factories, cotton mills and other kinds of industrial enterprises will be awaiting the sound of his incoming locomotive. He will also find coal, iron, copper and other minerals in large quantities waiting for him. The only wonder is that the business men and capitalists of China did not long ago gridiron the empire with railways and improve its miles upon miles of waterways.

But China is now fully alive to the importance of a system of transporta-



Chinese railway train.



East Station, Peking.

tion facilities extending throughout the Empire's 4,000,000 square miles of territory. There is, however, some conflict of opinion as to how the system should be established, but it is pretty generally agreed that there should be one great center which should be the objective in construction and terminus of all trunk lines, and points on the trunk lines be made the termini of all lateral roads and branches, thus making "all roads lead to Rome"—the central point. Such a system is in accord with public sentiment, but naturally enough every city of importance, especially sea coast cities, want to be the chosen central point. The masses, it may be said, prefer that Peking, the Empire's seat of Government, should be made China's one great railway center, especially so because railway location will be made hereafter with reference to military as well as commercial movements. But in any event, China's system of rail thoroughfares will ul-



H. E. Sheng Kung-Pao, Sheng Hsuan Huai, Titular Vice-President of Board of Communications, etc., the former Director General of Railways, who signed the loans for the Canton-Hankow, Pekin-Hankow, Chou-Tai-Peinlo and Shanghai-Nanking Railways.

timately ramify the whole empire and the nation's dependencies; i. e., Manchuria, Mongolia, Thibet and Chinese Turkestan. Never before were the people of China so determined to put a stop to the habit certain neighboring nations, and more distant nations, a strong and reliable nucleus for the ultimate railway ramifications the Empire so much desires. But although the Government of China does not lose sight of the importance of railway construction in case of military necessities and convenience, it is to stimu-



His Excellency Shen Yuen Pei, Acting Vice-President, Board of Posts and Communications, Peking.

too, have cultivated of increasing their possessions at the expense of China's area, and the three thousand miles of railways already open for traffic and the projected mileage will give China late the founding of home industries and to expedite commercial movements that is the leading thought in the Chinese mind.

When speaking of China's com-

pleted railways and those under construction, it will be understood that the Chinese Eastern Railway, which runs across Northern Manchuria, connecting the Siberian railway with Vladivostok, and the north and south branch from Harbin to Port Arthur, are not included, the two roads aggregating together a little over 1600 miles of rails. The former road is temporarily under Russian control, and the latter under the control of Japan, the lease having been transferred to Japan by agreement at the Portsmouth Russo-Japanese peace convention. But both lines are to revert to China at the expiration of the agreement under which concessions were given to Russia to construct the lines. Of the railways completed or under construction in China, above 350 miles are under the ownership of China's capitalists, they having been financed by them. The remaining mileage and mileage under construction represents English, French and German capital. Thus it will be seen that China already has made a substantial and far-reaching beginning toward establishing a very extensive and comprehensive system of rail transportation lines.



His Excellency Liang Shih Yi, Director-General of Chinese Imperial Railways, and Senior Councillor Board of Posts and Communications, Peking.

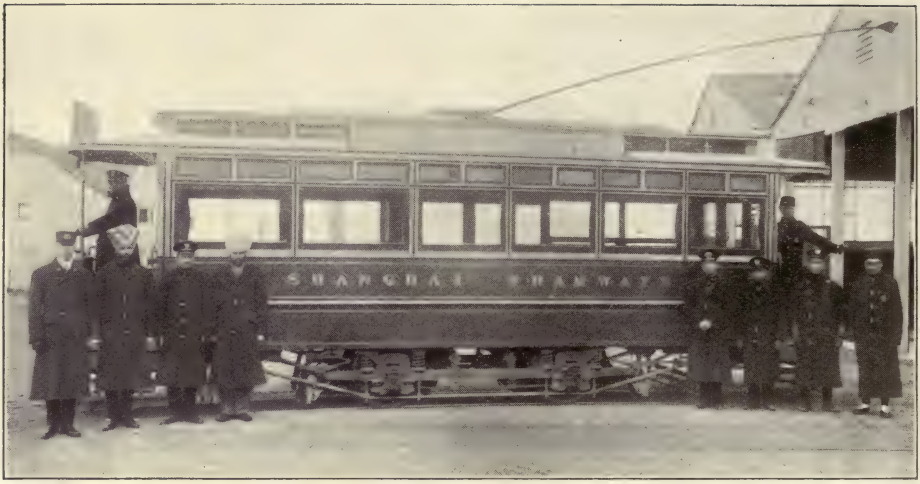
The construction of the Chinese-



Grand Wagons Lits Hotel, Peking.



Motor car and trailer, Shanghai.



Types of Shanghai tramway employees. From left to right they are: European, Sikh, Indian, Sikh, Portuguese, Eurasian, Chinese, Chinese.

owned railways show a wonderful proficiency in the science of engineering in driving tunnels and spanning gulches and rivers with steel structures. As a rule, the curves of these roads have an unusually long sweep, the idea seeming to be to give the roadway as many and the longest tangents possible, which adds to the cost of the original estimate, but lessens



Shanghai tramway conductors paying in their cash at the end of their day's duty.

the subsequent cost of maintenance of way and reduces the friction incident to moving trains. The first construction work on many American railroads, especially in prairie regions, would be rejected by Chinese engineers because of its want of stability. The original roadways on most of the railroads in Kansas and Nebraska were a fraud. The rule was to place the ties flat on the ground without a roadbed, and commence the operation of trains, and subsequently throw up a roadway, raising the ties and rails to conform to the "lifted" alignment of the bed. Later on, generally after winter rains and snows had pretty well settled the dirt-bed, the work of ballasting the ties would be undertaken. But no such construction would be tolerated in China. When the Chinese engineers pronounce a road completed, it is completed to the last detail, including convenient and commodious passenger stations and freight depots. The first cost of such construction is necessarily large, but subsequent reconstruction is thus avoided, which in the United States is often far greater than the first. Railroad building in China is a scientific proposition, and is under the supervision of engineers who stand the highest efficiency test that German and American technical and polytechnic schools could create in the mind of Chinese students.

With this understanding of the excellence of Chinese railway construction, it will be no surprise to know that the equipment of the Chinese roads compares favorably with that of our American railways. A whole train composed of Pullman sleeping and dining cars is not to be unexpected by one visiting that country, and the same care is taken to have the best in freight car equipment. Cars having a capacity of from 40,000 to 60,000 pounds are the accepted standard, and on some roads ore and coal cars have even a greater carrying capacity. But although China has planned for a very extensive system of railways, the initial work is in its very beginning, as compared with the United States system, which had nearly a century in building and represents a capitalization of almost fifteen billion dollars. Thus, while China has made an heroic beginning at nation-wide railway construction, and established a standard of excellence and permanency, it will necessarily be many years and require millions and millions of money to give the Empire an adequate system of rail transportation facilities. Nevertheless, the people and Government are resolved to modernize the Empire in all the ways that make for individual and national progress in the field of human activities.

TRAFFIC PROGRESS OF SHANGHAI TRAMWAYS.

Year Ended	Passengers	Per Cent Increase	Gross Receipts	Per Cent Increase	Gross Receipts per car mile	Per Cent Increase
					Cents	
June 30, 1909	10,652,286		$490,207		.23.72	
June 30, 1910	14,614,017	37.19	624,386	27.37	.32.29	36.13
Half month July 1910, multiplied by 24, one year	22,000,608	106.56	776,880	58.48	.38.96	64.24



CHINA'S PRAYER TO ONE OF MESSIAH'S KINGDOMS

BY PASTOR C. T. RUSSELL

Written April 1911, for the Columns of the Overland Monthly

THE CHINESE Empire, somnambulistic for centuries, is rubbing its eyes and getting truly wide awake. One of the most pronounced evidences of this awakening is the proposition to introduce the English language through the use of American school books and teachers. Another evidence is in the unifying of the empire the more through drawing together various great sections which heretofore have had too great independence for the national welfare. The third, and really one of the most important evidences of moral awakening, is the stand that is being made for temperance.

The intemperance, the intoxication which for a long time has been wrecking the Chinese is the use of opium. The Chinese are realizing that their whole national life and manhood is being undermined by the pestilential influence of this narcotic. They have gotten to the place of enacting laws against the manufacture of opium and against its cultivation in the poppy flower. More than this, they are praying about the matter. They are not praying to their gods, which they realize are unable to assist them; they are not praying to the God of the Christians and Jews, for they know little or nothing about him, except that they are told that he has a great fiery furnace into which their beloved ancestors have been thrown to suffer an eternal torture, and they, of course, would not think of importuning such a heartless god for relief from the opium evil.

Chinese Petitions Go to Great Britain.

The Chinese feel that they are themselves responsible for what opium is produced in their own land, and they are willing to take the responsibility for this and have made laws for its restraint. What they are praying about is, the *opium imports* which last year amounted to five million pounds of the horrible, soul-blighting stuff. A monster petition has been gotten up setting forth the evils of opium and how it is cursing their land and their people. This petition, signed by over two hundred thousand Chinese, forwarded to Great Britain, asking for aid, for relief, it is hoped may bring relief.

But who is Great Britain that this prayer of the Chinese on their own behalf, and as they say in the petition on behalf of the four hundred millions of their nation? Why should the petition, the prayer of these people, be addressed to Great Britain? What do they know about Great Britain?

Ah! they have missionaries who have brought them Bibles from the British and Foreign Missionary Societies. They have learned that Great Britain is one of the mightiest nations of earth. They have heard of her churches and their splendid choirs and their robed ministers and bishops and the House of Lords of which these bishops form a part, and the great British King who is the head of the Church as well as the Nation. They have heard that his kingdom is the kingdom of Messiah—that Mes-

siah the Son of God appeared on earth nearly nineteen centuries ago and established His kingdom, and that His kingdom to-day is represented by such nations as Great Britain, Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Russia, etc.

These kingdoms of Messiah, they are told, have reached a very high degree of development in their home lands, and are commissioned to conquer the Chinese and all other heathens, and to make them part of Messiah's Kingdom. The poor Chinese are perplexed. They have devil gods of their own, but they try to rid themselves of these. Our ordinary fire-crackers are manufactured by them for home consumption for the very purpose of driving out evil spirits; but the god of these Christians, they cannot understand Him.

According to the missionary, God holds out eternal torture or eternal life, and He has great Kingdoms on earth which represent His Government. These Kingdoms have manufactured most wonderful ships of steel, armed with cannon great and small which in a single discharge hurl tons of metal for miles for the destruction of life and property. They have seen these ships in their own ports, these ships which represent Messiah's Kingdom. They have heard their sailors, as representatives of that Kingdom, swear most blasphemous oaths. Their ambassadors afar have told them of the mighty power of these nations, and that sometimes one section of Messiah's Kingdom goes to war with another section of it, at a cost of millions of money and thousands of lives. Is it any wonder that the poor Chinese are confused and find it difficult to understand much about the Christians' God? And that Messiah's Kingdom is divided into quarreling portions—divided against itself? It is no wonder!

The Opium War and Treaty.

But it is not merely because Great Britain has more ships and more powerful guns than has any other section of Messiah's Kingdom that the Chinese are making their prayer to Great Britain that the importation of opium may be stopped, and that their people may be spared from the awful consequences of this intoxicant. Rather they petition Great Britain because a little more than a half a century ago, when they desired to regulate the opium traffic and to keep the trade in their own hands, the British branch of Messiah's Kingdom made war upon them, seized one of their principal ports and hold it yet, and at the muzzles of great guns compelled the somnambulistic Chinese to enter into a treaty by which the British would have the right to bring into China for sale to the natives as much opium as they desired.

It is relief from this treaty contract under which five million pounds of opium per year are introduced into their land that the Chinese pray to be relieved. Fifty odd years ago they made a similar prayer to the grandmother of the present king, Queen Victoria the Good, when she was head of the Church and Kingdom, and principal representative of Messiah in the earth; but, through her, Messiah's Government refused the cry. The Chinese are hoping that Messiah's Government may be somewhat more lenient now through its present representative, King George, and hence the prayer of the four-hundred millions of China to him.

"The Root of All Evil."

But what religious or philanthropic motive did Great Britain (Messiah's chief representative empire) seek to promote, when it forced the opium treaty upon China? Ah, it is needless to tell the story. It was money—the love of money, which lay at the foundation of that gross injustice which has done a hundred-fold more harm to the Chinese than all the Christian missionaries have done them good. But does the British Government deal in opium? Surely not. The British Government is interested merely in the peace and welfare of China and the whole world. It is a philanthropic

Government surely. It builds its great Dreadnaughts for the very purpose of blessing mankind, does it not?

Alas, things are not always as they seem. It is a beautiful theory that all the armies and navies are sustained simply and solely for the preservation of the world's peace. In reality they are built and maintained that the owners may hold to themselves special rights and privileges and opportunities for wealth which they fear to lose to others.

The secret of British interest in opium is British interest in India, from which the five million pounds of opium annually come, and which bring to India millions of pounds sterling, the life blood of the Chinese. But why is Great Britain interested in India? Is this another of her philanthropies? We cannot dispute that with the British sway in India has come a certain amount of good Government which has brought a certain amount of blessing. But neither can it be disputed that the British rule in India is not purely a philanthropic affair, but a selfish one, and that it has carried with it much misery to millions of lovers of opium among the lower classes of India as well as of China.

India has been exploited for the benefit of the wealthy Britons. The Government there established has not had for its chief aim philanthrophy, but the protection of British interests, British investments. True, the British have not been outwardly unjust in their treatment of the natives of India, as have some other branches of (so-called) Messiah's Kingdom been toward other heathen peoples, not so barbarous, for instance, as was the late Belgian king toward his subjects in the Congo district of Africa. He, as a representative of Messiah's Kingdom, it has been proven, caused the poor natives to be maimed and frequently put to death for lack of proper diligence in bringing in crude rubber from the forests wherewith to augment the millions of money in the king's treasury. Much more moderately, much more wisely, much more humanely, have the British representatives of Messiah's Kingdom dealt with the poor heathen of India. Indeed, it was to provide them an income, so that they in turn might make rich their protectors and rulers in far-off Britain that India's opium was forced upon the Chinese, and is still being forced upon them.

Why no Chinese Resistance?

Why do not the Chinese refuse to permit the landing of opium at their ports? Because the British would claim that this was a violation of the treaty. And why not violate the treaty and make a new one, or do without a treaty altogether—as other great powers would do? Because, as the Chinese well know, the British fleet would be gathered to their harbors, and the guns of this representative of Messiah's Kingdom of peace on earth and good-will toward men would blow millions of the poor Chinese into eternity and destroy all of their coast cities in revenge for the breaking of the treaty.

But why do not the Chinese appeal to other notable divisions of Messiah's Kingdom? To Germany, to Austria-Hungary, to France, etc. Why do they not tell these of their troubles and ask them to use their persuasive powers and great guns to compel the British to do them justice and grant them liberty? Ah! the answer is, that all these departments of Messiah's Kingdom have similar records or worse, each according to its size and opportunity. And those which have not already seized some of the heathen people to suck their life blood in the shape of trade are only awaiting favorable opportunities. Indeed, of all these so-called branches of Messiah's Kingdom, the British division is perhaps one of the most gracious and considerate.

What Must the Chinese Do?

The Chinese must wait for the true Kingdom of God, the true Kingdom of Messiah, of which they know nothing

as yet, of which the missionaries have not told them because the missionaries themselves are confused on the subject also. The hope of the Chinese and the hope of the whole world waits for the fulfillment of the great divine promise made to Abraham: "In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Three thousand years have passed since that promise was made, and yet it is the only hope of the world, and it has not yet had fulfillment.—Galatians, 3:29.

Thank God that a start has been made toward the fulfillment of that great promise. Thank God, a redeemer appeared amongst man whose sacrificed life is a sufficiency for the satisfaction of justice on behalf of the sins of the whole world, having passed under condemnation through one man's disobedience may surely be released from condemnation through the sacrificed obedience of "the Man Christ Jesus who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time."

But this sacrifice of Jesus was accomplished nearly nineteen centuries ago, says one. Where are the blessings which were to follow? Why have not all the families of the earth been blessed?

We reply that, following the resurrection and exaltation of the Redeemer centuries ago, there have come to mankind, flowing through his words and teachings, an increase of light and blessing, civilizing and humanizing in its influence. But aside from this, his words have been received here and there into the hearts of some of these who have been transformed by the renewing of their minds, and begotten again by the Holy Spirit, and Scripturally styled "new creatures in Christ Jesus." The class as a whole, as foretold, is but a "little flock." The first members gathered were Jews, but during the centuries here and there, the fore-ordained number has been in process of completion, its members all saints being gathered from every nation under heaven. Shortly, very shortly, we believe—this fore-ordained number will be completed, and will experience a resurrection similar to that experienced by our Redeemer. Thenceforth they will be like Him and with Him on the spirit plane of existence—"far above angels, principalities and powers, and every name that is named."

That resurrection of glory will mark a great change in earth's affairs. That spiritual class of saintly ones, from Jews and Gentiles, will represent Jehovah's blessing through Abraham's seed. Forthwith these, as the Messiah, head and members will be established in power and great glory. The dominion of earth will be given into the hands of this great Messiah, as per the second Psalm. The great time of trouble immediately following the transfer of earth's dominion will bless the world by the overthrow of all the injustice of the present time and by the establishment of righteousness upon a permanent basis backed by divine power.

The Scriptures declare that Messiah's Kingdom will cause all oppression to cease. Every good impulse will be cultivated, and every noble desire will be assisted, and a great resurrection or uplifting of the race will ensue. Oppressors and oppression will be overthrown, and the blind eyes of those who do evil and think that they do good will be opened.

The prayer of the Chinese and of all others oppressed will be heard and be answered by the true Kingdom of Messiah. Mammon no longer will reign, but will be dethroned suddenly and permanently. Instead of present ignorance, superstition, pride, ambition and selfishness will be reared the glorious dominion of righteousness. Israel, long outcast from Divine favor, will, according to the Scriptures, be the first people ready to enter into and co-operate with the Messianic Government. Consequently they will be the first to be blessed by it, but not the last; for through them the natural seed of Abraham, will proceed the blessing from the spiritual seed to every nation, people, kindred and tongue.—Galatians 3:29.

THE LOST TREASURE

BY M. B. LEVICK

THE TINY caravan crept blindly across the sand, toward the mountains in the east—hills bare and gaunt that yet seemed a vast oasis. Panting, the two men occasionally paused to rest, or with bleared and stinging eyes to search the shimmer for a waterhole. Each now and then laid a hand on the back of the burro.

The animal was stripped of much that a short while before had been thought indispensable. Their route was dotted with possessions, parts of their kit, weapons, clothing, even food; necessities that in the intensity of the struggle had become mere encumbrances.

Suddenly the men were aware that, as they labored through the sand, a guide had come to them, hideous, grim, foreboding. Circling easily, a buzzard swung ahead of the group. As the men saw it, their expressions of carefully nurtured courage became intensified. Neither spoke.

By and by the burro started forward crazily, stumbled, and sank with a clanking of the few implements on the pack saddle, as if the scant burden had crushed it. The men stood silently by the trembling, kicking body. They regarded it casually, beyond showing the pity they felt. Then Macon spoke:

"And we were trusting to the beast's instinct to find water!" From his tone he might have been chuckling over some reminiscence of gay years past.

As if with a struggle to force his words into the breadth of the desert, in whose immensity they were but two disregarded atoms, Harris said, "We can't leave the little brute here this way."

At the words, each visibly realized, in the fallen pack mule, the fate he had scrupled to leave unmentioned, too terrible for definite formation, even in his own mind, though ever-lurking, unexpressed. After a great while Harris went on: "I've only got two cartridges. Did you throw——"

"Good God!" broke in the other petulently, "I got rid of everything."

"Your knife?"

Macon pointed vaguely to the reaches they had traversed. Without response, Harris stooped and fired one shot through the animal's head. The sound reverberated through the heat. Breaking the silence that followed, the men heard distinctly the rustle of feathers.

With the bravado of a profligate, Macon drained the few drops in his canteen and let it fall. Then, stung by a belated thought of economy, he offered his conscience a compromise with the absurd idea that the bottle would serve as another landmark if they turned back.

Harris broke his revolver and caught the two shells in his hand. The empty one he tossed to one side, and for a moment watched it glistening where it fell. The other he slipped back into the cylinder.

They trudged wearily and the dazzling white rose about their boots at every step. Their bodies inclined forward as they plodded, like men heavily weighted. Neither looked behind. After an interminable march, Harris glanced at his watch. It was half-past four. They had been walking twenty minutes since the burro collapsed.

Suddenly Macon sat down heavily and tugged at his boots.

"I've got to get 'em off," he swore, "or I'll go loco."

Harris laughed when finally, with a last effort, Macon stiffly placed a socked foot on the sand and jumped with the pain of the heat.

"If I could only wash 'em," Macon suggested, plaintively, in a voice that seemed a tentative request for a privilege the other might grant. Harris gave him a sickening sip of warm water—water that did not quench the thirst—and himself tore a bit of cloth from the ragged cuff of his shirt and chewed it.

As he again faced the mountains, there came to him, momentarily, the notion that perhaps, eventually, of the water, now precious above all treasure, and the one remaining cartridge, the latter might be the more valuable.

From the top of a little roll of sand Macon spied a waterhole. Undoubtedly it was a waterhole; it could be nothing else. They had sought well, they told themselves in their elation, taking the credit of the achievement from Luck.

When they reached it, they found a bit of caked earth where water had been.

Harris wondered quaintly if their egotism had roused the wrath of the goddess of Chance, if she had sucked it dry to cheat them. Macon laughed a little, as one would laugh who had hoped against the inevitable.

But he could not laugh loud, because his throat felt as if a ring of pins were being contracted within it, spasmodically, the points entering further each time. He tried to spit. His throat closed and refused to allow the stiffened saliva to pass. He fought; his eyes screwed themselves tight shut with the strain; he could scarcely breathe. Finally he spat. Immediately the spiked ring contracted.

Harris, whose mouth felt much as if it were the little patch that had once been mud, placed in the groping hands of his comrade his canteen. As he guided it to the swollen lips, Macon tried to wrench it from his hands. A few drops were spilled. There was very little left. Words stuck huskily in the attempt at utterance, and neither spoke at the loss.

Walking, ever walking, without real destination, feeling vaguely that if they reached the mountains they would be given a new life, the pair stumbled on. Their wearied bodies called to them to await the end at rest; their wills, voicing the deeper, world-old instinct, bade them continue. Sometimes, for a moment, when halting, the prompting of the muscles was dominant, but ultimately the opposing force won.

They could see the mountains clearly, striated, jagged, rising high beyond the squatting buttes, even in their sage and greasewood-dotted barrenness fair beside the waste below.

Now and then Macon fancied he could make out, for a moment, with haunting clearness, streams running down their sides. Then the view would blurr into the old masses of color—blues, reds, browns, purples, amethysts, whites, but not one the shade of the sand that held them. Harris, too, was caught by the lure. Each felt that the other knew his vision. Every cool mountain scene that Macon had ever viewed was kaleidoscoped on his mental screen: all those memories he located in the range before him—glimpses from between trees of brooks with pebbles glinting on their beds, where one could drink and splash and wade and catch shining fish.

At six o'clock the two lay down, oblivious of the heat stored in the sand. A long while later, Harris got up and shook Macon, and they set off again. It was some time before Harris thought of the direction—to walk seemed enough. They had forgotten the mountains, remembering only the fancied streams. They corrected their course to the east, where the sun would again appear. Harris wished that they might wander through an eternity of nights rather than face one day.

At the prospect of another noon, he thought covetously of the remaining cartridge, half-impelled to surprise

Macon by sending the lead into his own head. "That would be one on Macon," he chuckled, picturing his companion's dismay. Then a flash of sanity illumined his outlook, showing the end of the mental path on which he had strayed, and he reassured himself soberly that he had not been in earnest. Yet later there came to him again promptings of the value of the bullet, if——

Harris placed his tongue to the mouth of the canteen and upturned the disc. Only the utmost will force prevented his emptying it. He gave Macon a sip; Macon gulped ravenously. Their skin cracked and their flesh burned with the fire that consumes the sleepless, brought to a fine point of agony. The pain of a touch was intense, yet they seldom cried out. To speak was more terrible than to bear the torture in silence.

But they could think—confusedly, feverishly, intensely. Once Harris wheeled to face another Harris that, pace by pace, followed him, whispering advice, hints, taunts, suggestions of a way out of it all—of the cartridge.

Self-appointed guardian of a weaker, Harris's strongest feeling was jealousy. The mines of the world he would have bartered for a drink, yet the little water in his canteen was Macon's freely. But in his covetousness of the cartridge Harris was capable of, not desertion, but murder.

The cartridge became dominant in his mind. At the moment when the agonies of his thirst were most cruel, the bit of brass and lead seemed to appeal to him with a personality. His protector, his liberator, it called to him: "Why continue?" He saw in detail the picture of his body on the sand, a hole in the temple, and nearby his companion dying the desert death. He laughed with satisfaction, yet felt a sense of pity for Macon.

"Poor Macon! He don't know the card I've got up my sleeve!"

Harris's sense of superiority was so great that he was impelled to tell the other how sorry he was for him. Then the idea of deliberately exposing the importance of his secret made the sweat on his brow turn cold. He glanced at Macon, fearful that his thought had been read, but his companion gave no sign of aught but weariness. This, to Harris, seemed strange.

He would fight for the cartridge; he would find the strength to throttle Macon if need be, but the cartridge and its swift peace was his, his by right, his by possession.

Dully, Harris sought to answer the query that it threw at him, "Why continue?" He trudged along without reason, mechanically, laboriously, animated by a motive almost forgotten, a power he could not realize.

The night was cool, but they found no water. When the sun came up the canteen was empty.

The tints of the desert in the increasing light were as the play of sunrise on water—on lakes deep-set in mountains; on little streams; on rivers; on water gently rippling under drooping trees, or rushing down rocks in foamy cascades, cold, ice cold, in the hills.

As day advanced, Harris found that he had forgotten to wind the watch which, through some obscure turning of his mind, had escaped sacrifice.

They rested frequently now. Lying full length on the sand, too exhausted to stir as they broiled, from under the brims of their hats they could see their goal, colorful, enticing, mocking.

Toward eleven o'clock, as the leader judged from the sun, Macon, attempting to rise after having long lain immobile, fell back, inert. Harris urged him on, striving feebly to help. He tugged, he shoved; each effort merely left him weaker. Raucously he endeavored to encourage. It was useless.

Choking in the dust, the prone man wriggled till he had turned.

"Go on. Don't wait," he gasped. Each word was a separate victory over gripping thirst. As his hand touched that of his companion he muttered "Good-bye." The catch in his voice was not caused by heat alone.

There was a spell of silence. Then:

"Give me the gun."

Each slowly turned his red eyes to his companion's. In each gaze was enmity.

The bond of the doomed, the brotherhood of the lost, their tie in the last span of life, stopped short of this death of the desert. Comradeship fell before that glittering gun and its single piece of lead; the sun-glint from it lit hatred.

Which one would live to die a victim of the desert?

Each recognized the issue vividly; Macon in a flash, intuitively; Harris no longer secretly, as something expected in the end, but defiantly now, as an unfair attempt at balking, a challenge.

Their brains cleared by concentration. One thing occupied them, and that alone, harsh and insuperable.

The men watched each other closely, alert in their exhaustion. A fever power rose in them, stirred by the prospect of the two fates that might be theirs. All the shattered remnants of their strength revived, welded into a terrible power by the heat of their passions.

Of a sudden, Macon, rising, flung out an arm; Harris whirled sharply to avoid it, and the revolver, loose in its holster, jumped and fell as Harris sought to grip a scrawny neck.

There, between them, was the reward of the stronger, the assurance of a quick end; it shone like a rare Jewel on the sand that each knew was his tomb.

As if by mutual assent, they kept their distances, awaiting an opening, cautious, guided by a calmness that hid and husbanded the white-hot might within them. The only sound was their panting.

Macon dropped to one knee, poised almost ruggedly, a hand's breadth gained upon his opponent. Then, lithely, Harris stooped. He had to fight to see through the swirl that came before his eyes with the sudden emotion.

Simultaneously two hands of bone and quivering sinew and crooked fingers snaked across the heaped grains and clasped the gun. The heat of the metal scorched, yet neither relinquished his hold. Two pairs of filmy, bloodshot eyes gazed steadfastly into each other across a span of heat, a span that was an abyss sinking to the hates of the men of a young world.

Still, like wrestlers in a pause, they waited. The vision of the two deaths was upon them—the death short and easy, a sudden dropping to sleep after the labors of hell; the other of agony such as no man has told.

The suppleness brought by the first surge of vivifying emotion was gone. Harris rose slowly, as an Atlas might rise from his dull posture. Contempt for his own carelessness, loathing for his antagonist—the scorn for a cheat—showed through the travail on his features. He swayed as he braced his foot. The hand that was not upon the gun was pressed to Macon's shoulder.

As he stood there, a gaunt being seeking but his own quick end, he might have been Death claiming tribute.

In the distance a black speck rose against the sky.

The mute inaction of the grapple wore on the men. The flame of their strength was dying, but in its final burst was battle.

Striving to rise, Macon pulled the other from his poise. Knee to knee, breast to breast, the pistol between them, they groped. Macon struck out—a pitiful, slashing blow that missed.

For a moment they paused. Harris dropped forward; his head fell, and with face buried in the other's neck he lay, relaxed save for his grip upon the gun, guarded only by instinct. So, for a full minute of truce.

Harris was not fighting a man: to him that thing on which he lay was not flesh and blood, but a demon hurled into his life by the perverse fate that had sucked the water hole dry as they approached; a being that had thwarted him in his flight for the hills, a thing that had held his feet at each step, had robbed him of strength, of aid, of life, of hope; that

had mocked as it held out the cheer of release in the single remaining cartridge.

He was recalled to the struggle as Macon jerked his arm, tearing away the revolver. Harris reached for it. He threw his body on Macon's fist, his arms doubled under his breast, frantic, goaded by the approach of defeat. They lay there, straining, interlocked, fearful of one false move. They counted each tiny fluctuation of victory, each never-ending second, each infinitessimal relaxation or strengthening. Their bodies scraped up little entrenchments about them; their free hands at moments grasped at the melting white and showers of grains fell upon them, blinding and choking. Yet for all of this their positions scarcely changed.

Harris stupidly thought out a plan, a bit of generalship. He released Macon, raising his body, and then dropped down again, both hands on that which held the weapon.

Involuntarily, Macon's fingers tightened on the trigger.

The hammer fell, and the bullet went singing over the shimmering sand. Far away, a little spurt of white marked the end of its course.

The report seemed muffled in the crushing silence of the desert.

For a long moment, Harris, dumbly, almost disinterestedly, gazed on that far-off spot where had ploughed its way futilely that which had been to him hope, a reward, a treasure above the riches of the earth.

The two men lay silent, aloof, breathing hard.

By and by Macon arose, staggered a few paces, fell, crawled forward, and pitched face downward, his mouth in the sand.

Against the sky were many winged specks.

A SPRING SONG

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

Over the way where green branches swing—
And bluebirds are chanting their matins—
There's a host of gay catkins in bonnets of white—
And soft, rustling gowns of gray satins.

They smile on their little brown thrones, so coy—
While a robin flaunts bold, his red vest—
And the pale silver wraith of a wind-kissed cloud
Sails away towards the pink-tinted West.

These sweet pussy willows—what song do they sing—
As they smile at us over the way?
O—listen—they're singing: "Rejoice, it is Spring—
And we wish you a glad Easter Day."

THE CONSCIENCE OF O'LEARY

BY LOUIS J. STELLMANN

MR. STOKES wants you," said the office boy.

"A'right," answered Tim (alias "Scout") O'Leary. He finished the magazine article he was reading, with the dignity befitting a "star," and then sauntered, languidly, toward the managing editor's office, which he entered without the formality of knocking.

"Want me, Stokes?" he asked.

The Clarion's editorial head swung about in his swivel-chair, laying down a pile of proofs as he did so.

"Tim," he said, "I want you to do a little high-class sleuthing on this Moreland case. Sit down."

O'Leary complied, looking both bored and reproachful. He had been cross-examining relatives, friends and associates of Alice Moreland ever since her disappearance, chasing vain clues over three counties and racking his brains for fresh surmises, daily, for a fortnight. High-class sleuthing indeed.

"Have a cigar!" said the managing editor.

O'Leary became suspicious. He lighted the weed in uneasy silence, while Stokes regarded him speculatively, over the tops of his eye-glasses.

"Do you remember the Durrant case?" asked the managing editor.

"Oh, yes," replied O'Leary. It was before his time, but he had heard of it as an international sensation. "Young medical student murdered a couple of girls, didn't he? Sunday-school superintendent, good family, and all that."

"Yes," said Stokes. "Now, this preacher, who's been so attentive to the Moreland girl, stands in just about the same light as young Durrant did—before they discovered his guilt. It's almost a parallel case."

O'Leary scoured his memory for details. "Great man for the ladies, wasn't he? Sort of Jekyll and Hyde personality? Yes, that's the Reverend Addison Tyler, from all accounts. But there's nothing to connect him with Alice Moreland's disappearance. I've put him through the third degree. There's no doubt the girl was gone on him—and that he's the limit for a preacher. I've been yellow as blazes on that point, but——"

"The important feature of the Durrant case," Stokes interrupted, "was finding the bodies *in the church.*"

"Oh!" exclaimed O'Leary. His worst suspicions were realized. 'You mean——"

"Exactly," said Stokes. "I want you to ransack the Church of St. Andrew from cellar to garret. Examine the floor. Look under the altar, in the closets, the organ loft, the steeple—every place that's big enough to hold a body."

O'Leary took a long breath.

"And don't let any one see you going there," Stokes went on. "This is very much on the Q. T. There's a chance for the biggest scoop in ten years—and a big bonus for you, Tim. The Durrant case wasn't exclusive. The bodies were found by church people. We don't want to wait for that. See?"

Tim O'Leary rose. "And what if I get pinched for house-breaking?" he inquired.

"We'll see you through," said Stokes, cheerfully. "You'll do worse than that before you get to be managing editor.

"H'm!" remarked O'Leary, with

feeling. "Could you loan me your jimmy and dark lantern? I haven't got any, myself."

Stokes turned on him, half-angrily. "Another thing you'll learn before you get through with this job," he said, "is to treat your chief with respect—even if he *is* your father's friend. Now scoot."

* * * *

Tim O'Leary sat on the altar rail of St. Andrew's, calling himself names the mildest of which, applied by another, would have precipitated an elegant ruction. He had burglarized a church. In the gloomy, twilight stillness of the House of God, professional zeal faded gradually into ever-increasing remorse. Perhaps if he had found a body—but he had discovered nothing more suspicious than some French novels in a drawer of the Reverend Tyler's study table, which he had picked with a knife.

"I've desecrated the altar cloth," O'Leary told himself in deep melancholy. "Blackguard that I am! The Altar-Cloth of God!" He had but a hazy idea of just what an altar-cloth was, but the phrase sounded well, and the accusation terrible enough to suit his self-condemning mood.

"Desecrated the altar-cloth!" he flung at himself again. "I'm going to get out of this place."

He climbed out of the window by which he had entered, and walked, rapidly, toward the car line. The church stood in a rather isolated part of town, some forty minutes' ride from the office. At the transfer point, a saloon beckoned, and no car was in sight. O'Leary charged through the swinging doors and collided, head-on, with a man who was coming out. Nose to nose they impinged upon each other. A pair of eye-glasses caromed against the bar and shivered, musically, into fragments. O'Leary's hat flew off, and in righting himself he stepped on it.

"———! ———!!" observed the man who had lost his eye-glasses.

O'Leary was about to reply in kind when he recognized the other as Cowles of the Courier.

"Well, I'll be cussed!" he exclaimed. "Is that you, Jim?"

Cowles smiled, sourly, when his near-sighted eyes had adapted themselves to O'Leary. "It's what you left of me, you wild Irishman," he grunted. "I just had those glasses fixed."

"Well, this was a new hat, too," said O'Leary, pacifically. "Come and have a drink."

"No, thanks," Cowles answered. "Just had one. Got to go!" His tone was still surly.

"He's mad," mused O'Leary, sadly. "Old Jim Cowles! Best-natured man in the world, too."

He felt a sudden need for sympathy. "Wasn't *my* fault, was it?" he asked the bar-tender. The man behind the counter smiled. "Just about a draw, I guess," he opined. "What'll it be?"

O'Leary nominated his poison. Perhaps it *was* his fault, after all. Old Jim Cowles was near-sighted. He felt aggrieved. "Might have had a drink with me, anyhow," he thought.

Perhaps this was retribution. Like all Celts, O'Leary was superstitious. Maybe some curse would follow him, like that of the Ancient Mariner after he had shot the albatross. He poured out four fingers of vile whisky and gulped it. The taste offended him, and he left the place hurriedly. In entering the car, he stepped on a woman's foot. She glowered at him.

"I *beg* your pardon," said O'Leary in his best manner.

"Diable!" remarked the woman to her companion. "*Nom du chien! Cochon!*" She continued to glower, and, though O'Leary did not understand French, he felt that the words were unkind. He got off the car in a huff, and entered another saloon.

"Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eyes,"

O'Leary quoted. Surely the anathema of an outraged temple was upon him. He took two drinks at the second bar. It was getting dark. O'Leary looked

at his watch. Stokes must be expecting him. He got down town without further mishap, but his depression had not lessened. Near at hand was his favorite drinking place. It had begun to rain, and O'Leary sought shelter there.

"Rotten weather, isn't it?" he addressed the bar-keeper.

"Is it?" said the latter. He was a new man and seemed out of sorts.

"Where's Joe?" O'Leary asked.

"Sick," responded the new man, tersely. "What'll you have?"

O'Leary decided on a cocktail, but the stranger did not possess Joe's skill as a mixer, and the result was displeasing. O'Leary looked about for a friend or acquaintance, but found none. He turned to the slot machine. After feeding it profitless nickels for a quarter of an hour, he cursed his luck and departed. The office was just across the street, but O'Leary decided that Stokes could wait. There was plenty of time, anyway. He hastened to the Press Club, where his yearning for congenial companionship was further blasted. A party of comparative strangers were the only occupants. The rattle of chips allured O'Leary, and he "butted in," breaking the ice with a round of drinks. But he was in no mood for poker. His moody expression, which might have been the biggest kind of an asset, proved, unfortunately, a true index to his cards as well as to his feelings, and his pile diminished steadily. Frequent libations did not drown his melancholy.

To add to O'Leary's tribulations, numerous telephone calls came for him from the office. Why couldn't they let him alone? He instructed the steward to say he was out, and tried to dismiss the matter, but every time the bell rang he knew that Stokes was getting angrier. Finally the steward appeared, and, carefully disclaiming any personal responsibility for the sentiments conveyed, delivered a message of such eloquent force that it called for action. O'Leary threw down his cards, and navigated, none too certainly, toward the coat room. He jabbed the battered derby upon his head, vindictively, and went forth into the night.

A great and virtuous indignation arose within him. Stokes had made a tool of him, a wretched hireling to profane a sacred place. Confound Stokes! Why didn't he employ some porch climber or second story man to do his house-breaking? Why hadn't he sent one of the "cubs?" There was a limit to this newspaper game. It was a rotten game, anyhow. What thanks would he get for losing his self-respect? None. What reward had he *ever* got for violating his sense of decency in the pursuit of yellow news; of house-maids' gossip and character assassination! Not a blankety-blanked bit! He would tell Stokes a thing or two. He wasn't afraid of Stokes. Not on your life! Stokes needed some one to read him the riot act.

O'Leary discerned suspicion, contempt, abhorrence in the faces of hurrying passers-by. There must be something in his looks that betrayed him: branded him as a brute, a vandal, a man without reverence or respect for holy things. It was all Stokes's fault. Stokes had ruined his life.

He stamped into the local room like a savage, bent on war, steering a zig-zag course for the managing editor's office. En route he collided with a chair. The sporting editor turned and grinned at him.

"Oh, you go to h——," said O'Leary.

The city editor looked up, annoyed. He was a punctilious man, and disliked profanity in the office.

"What's the matter, O'Leary?" he asked, sharply. The other men forgot their various tasks to watch the situation. To O'Leary's distorted fancy their looks seemed unfriendly, accusing. He steadied himself and struck an attitude of profound despair. He waved his hand toward the managing editor's office.

" 'With my cross-bow,' " he quoted, impressively, "I slew (hic) albatross.' "

"You're drunk," said the city editor in disgust.

"Drunk nussin'," O'Leary returned with much dignity. "Drunk nussin'. I'm despic'ble black'ard. Outraged sacred (hic) altar cloth. Sacred altar cloth of (hic) church."

O'Leary wept.

"What's the matter with him?" asked the sporting editor.

"Damfino," said the water-front man. "Bughouse, I guess."

Just then the door of Stokes's office opened, and there emerged, clad in his priestly habiliments, the Reverend Addison Tyler.

O'Leary threw himself forward. He caught the astonished prelate by both sleeves.

"Oh, shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!" he implored, still spouting Coleridge. "I slew (hic) altar cloth. Desecrated holy albatross."

"My *dear* sir," remonstrated the Reverend Tyler, trying to free himself.

Stokes ran out of his office and tugged at the weeping reporter.

"O'Leary, for God's sake, what's wrong with you? Let go. Are you crazy?" he cried.

The Irishman turned on him with a mixture of reproach and wrath.

"All your fault," he shouted. "All your (hic) cussed fault, Stokes. Made me burgl-rize church. Profane sacred altar. Never f'give m'self. Never (hic) in world."

"What *is* the man talking about?" asked Rev. Addison Tyler in perplexity.

"He's crazy drunk—that's all," explained Stokes, cutting off further remarks from O'Leary by placing a hand over his mouth. "I am very sorry this has occurred in your presence. Most unusual, I assure you. Please do not mention it. I will see that every reparation is made you."

Incontinently, he dragged the protesting O'Leary into his office and slammed the door. O'Leary sank into a chair, overcome. Stokes strode up and down in agitation.

"Now, you double-dyed, pin-headed ass," he bellowed. "What do you mean by this rough-house. What have you got to say for yourself?"

O'Leary blinked at him, uncertainly. All the fight had gone out of him.

He was dazed. "Couldn't find (hic) body," he said. "Looked in steeple, 'xamined floor, organ—everywhere. Nussin' doing. Preacher innocent. Damn outrage. Never again profane (hic) temple. Never——"

Stokes burst into a roar of laughter.

"So that's it! Ha! ha! Is it! Ho, ho, ho! Why—you three-ply, all-wool idiot—I've been trying to reach you ever since four o'clock. They found the girl in Chicago."



THE LOVE REGENERATE

BY MRS. JOHN DALY

SHE WAS a woman of—well, say five and thirty. And as she sat in the light of the glowing coals, she looked it. Hers had been a strenuous life.

He was, perhaps, a decade older, slightly grizzled, a few faintly chiseled lines about the eyes giving a wearied look to his face—or was it the fire-light?

There had fallen a long silence between them. Presently, raising seriously calculating eyes to his face, she said:

"Should you call the police if I were to tell you just how I feel about it?"

"I think not," he smiled.

The big clock on the mantel ticked laboriously through another minute or two. She was wondering how much of her meaning was going out to him through the silence.

"We are both married," she said, finally, in low tones that might have had to do with the weather or a discussion of the latest opera, but which, as a matter of fact, had in them a vibrant, underlying note of pain that was not lost on her listener.

"And you, at least, as a minister of the gospel, ought not to believe in marriage."

"Well?" he questioned gently, as if afraid to disturb the trend of her thought.

"In Heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage." The words fell solemnly.

A disintegrating clinker seemed to echo an approving "so be it."

"But heaven? Where is it?" he inquired, more as if in hopes to stave off conclusions than for any real desire for information.

"As much here and now as anywhere," she replied simply.

"I wonder why," she continued, speaking slowly, "all Christendom has been content with something less than the highest; why we are satisfied to accept for ourselves what is not good enough for our model Christ and our teachers, the priests. If celibacy is wise and good for a picked few, why not for all? Are we such babes in understanding that we should be tossed a sop? If we are brothers and sisters all, why the Romeo and Juliet act?"

"But Nature?—the replenishing of the earth?"

"Leave it to the understudies! You and, together with hundreds of women and here and there a man, have outgrown the ideas of cannibalism, war and hell!"

"Well, what do you propose to do about it, sister mine?"

"I want to rise to higher ground; I want to drop off the shackles of my married life; to cast off the coat I've outgrown; to build more stately mansions for my soul!"

The wind, rising, blew a flurry of sparks from the fireplace.

"You are a theorist, little sister. You count not the cost in terms of practical experience."

She seemed not to hear him.

"For years," she said, "I have longed with all my whole heart to love some one man. I am not particular about his loving me in return. I am rich in love. It is one of the things that have come easily to me. And I have given it freely. But never to a man, in the way I now mean. I *might* have loved an occasional man

of my. acquaintance, perhaps," she continued retrospectively, "but at the psychological moment our friendship grew tender, he invariably proposed marriage—marriage of the mundane order. That spoiled results."

The dying coals in the grate were one by one twinkling and going out, to leave an ashy whiteness.

"And now——"

"And now I have accidentally stumbled upon you—or is it that we have been magnetically drawing nearer and nearer since the world began? I love you," the words came low and charged with feeling. "I have loved you since the first day I was drawn into your church and saw your face and heard you speak. Loved you in the right way. I feel no embarrassment in the telling of it. Why should I? You are my brother."

The pine trees outside the long, low windows soughed whimsically in the rising gale.

"And then——"

"I ask only that you will not discourage my love. That you will let me grow close into your life. That I may know and share your problems. That my love may warm into life the slumbering genius that is in you."

"And you——"

"Ah," radiantly, "my joy will be in loving you! In generation, the woman gives of her body to nourish her child. In regeneration, the woman, as freely and more joyously, gives of her heart and mind to nourish a man into a god."

A gust of wind, screeching shrilly through the pine trees, caused them to glance toward the windows.

"It is late. I must take you home," said the man.

He placed her wraps about her, and together they passed out into the boisterousness of the night.

Have you noticed that, at some crisis in your life, the elements seemed to typify the spirit of the event?

It was so to-night. The bold, adventuresome mood of the woman was as the wild, compelling force of the wind. The lull that followed each fierce blown blast had in it a suggestion of the keen tension under which the man was struggling.

He helped her over a stile and she sat down upon a lower step.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" she asked wistfully.

"You have already guessed all the pent-up feelings of my heart," he said, hoarsely. "You know that I dare not speak. That I have your future to consider as well as that of—the others. You know that, since you cast discretion to the winds, I must think for you."

"Discretion? It is only that I am to be your sister."

"Let us consider how your plan would work out. We should write each other letters, should we not. They would, of course, be occasionally intercepted. We should want to meet sometimes—as to-night. The very breezes carry tales." Then, after a pause, "If meat maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no more meat," he finished, with some bitterness.

"Is this dream, the dearest and fairest my heart ever knew, to be altogether given up? Are the purest and highest ideals of a woman's life to be abandoned simply because the common run of men cannot comprehend the beauty and sincerity of them?"

The pine boughs were lashing the very ground now in a fury of outraged emotion.

"This man you married, Katharine—is he not to be considered? He loves you most truly, most tenderly. We men are all alike at heart, you know. It is the God-principle in us that you love. You are an idealist. Why not make him your hero?"

She laughed lightly, quite unimpressed.

"I'll admit that is the philosophy of the thing, and, maybe, in another incarnation I'll have risen to the heights of it. But just now I want you—you—for my hero and none other will take your place. You are the other half of me, and any other arrangement would be a misfit and a mistake. Working together, we shall accomplish that whereunto we both were sent. Apart,

we shall waste our lives in desolate incompleteness." Rising from her seat on the stile and coming quite close to him, she said very gently:

"Why fight against your best interests any longer, Joel? You know you need me—even almost as I need and love you."

In the early hours of the following morning, the wind died away, and the moon, peering now and again through the banks of drifting clouds, shone down upon the lifeless form of a man —shot dead through the heart—near the stile.

IN AN ALPINE CHAPEL

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

In Wengen, where the hills and heaven meet,
I went into a little chapel quaint;
Of solace and of love the still retreat,
A house of comfort when the soul is faint.

A white-haired priest, before the altar there,
In worship knelt, and bowed his head to say:
"The hills resound with everlasting prayer—
And only man is silent all the day!"

I fell upon my knees in gratitude
For glad days gone, and blessings yet to be—
And as I prayed, the mountain, brook and wood
Were praising and adoring God for me!

The tender whispers of the pointed pine
Came down the crags, and entering on their own
Incensing airs, announced the half-divine
Thunder of groaning ice and falling stone.

The murmur of a cascade on the hill,
The dance of winds from mole to grassy mole—
These answered back, when all the crags were still,
A music for the silence of my soul.

Poppies some little parish girl had shorn
From cliff and cranny on the mountain brow
Looked down upon the altar dim and worn,
And made her little prayer to heaven now.

Then, like an acolyte, the golden sun
Came in the window, lighting up the dim
Dwelling of God—the flowers, one by one,
Nodded their velvet heads, adoring Him.

Till lo! I saw a miracle that day;
For all the unadoring to atone,
The purple poppy petals dropped and lay—
In tears of blood upon the altar stone!

THE HEBREW IN THE AMUSEMENT WORLD

BY ROBERT GRAU

NINETY PER CENT of the entire amusement calling is to-day controlled by men of Hebraic faith, and the amazing fact is that the greater portion of achievements have resulted in the last two decades.

The gentlemen who composed the so-called theatrical syndicate are all Hebrews. Klaw and Erlanger hail respectively from Louisville and Cleveland, and both were earning average salaries in advance of theatrical companies a quarter of a century ago. To-day they are multi-millionaires. Nixon and Zimmerman, also of the syndicate, started in Philadelphia in the late '70's. They control nearly all of the first-class theatres in the Quaker City, and own or lease theatres in all the larger cities. William Harris is a member of the same syndicate. He was a black-faced song and dance artist in the '70's, and displayed from the outset a marked ability for the business side of the stage. To-day he owns a half dozen theatres in Boston, and is a part owner of several New York theatres, with enormous interests throughout the country. He is worth five million dollars at least, while his son, H. B. Harris, who owns the Hudson and Hackett Theatres, is also a millionaire. The younger Harris has a score of companies on tour. Several plays, such as "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Chorus Lady," "The Third Degree," and "The Traveling Salesman," have had as many as four distinct organizations simultaneously interpreting them, and the profits have been enormous. In fact, "The Lion and the Mouse" has yielded a half million alone to this enterprising manager.

The Frohmans are Hebrews. They began at the very bottom. Daniel was a clerk in the New York Tribune office thirty-five years ago, while Charles traveled as treasurer of Callender's Georgia Minstrels five years later. The spectacle of the great magnate of to-day strolling down Broadway, in the street parade of these minstrels, attracted no attention in those days, but is none the less interesting to record at this time. The Frohmans are not as wealthy as some of their colleagues. Both have possessed much public spirit in the conduct of their business affairs, Daniel in particular leaning to the artistic side to an extent which made his operations often of a precarious character.

Al. Hayman is a Hebrew. He was a millionaire before the others I have named began to accumulate wealth. Hayman amassed a fortune in Australia and California twenty-five years ago. He was the only millionaire in theatredom.

Samuel Harris, who is George Cohan's partner, is a Hebrew, too. He has risen meteorically in the last decade. He is still a young man, and his annual income is of tremendous proportions.

The Shuberts are Hebrews, and they also have come to the front in the last ten years. They were originally three in number. The late Sam S. Shubert founded the present great institution operated by Lee and J. J. Shubert. When Sam died, he had barely passed his majority, but he had already a dozen theatres, and as many

companies, under his control. The Shuberts to-day own, lease or control fourteen theatres in New York, in addition to the Hippodrome, and Lee Shubert was the business manager of the New Theatre. Outside of New York, the Shuberts own, lease or control seventy or more theatres, and with their allies have sixty companies on tour, involving a pay roll of over $100,000 a week. Their success has been nothing short of phenomenal.

In grand opera, all of the impresarios of the last two generations were Hebrews. The Strakosches, Maritzek, Maurice Grau, Heinrich Conreid, and Oscar Hammerstein among them. The latter alone survives. He is a millionaire, and is the only impresario to reach that distinction, but it is fair to state that the great bulk of his fortune was made at the Victoria Theatre at 42d street and Broadway. In fact, vaudeville's profits often provided Oscar Hammerstein with the funds by which his artistic and operatic ambitions were realized.

Several of the important figures in modern vaudeville are Hebrews. The proprietors of the vast Orpheum Circuit, Morris Meyerfeldt and Martin Beck, have built up a chain of thirty theatres in the last fifteen years. The majority of these they own outright. Mr. Beck was working on salary as recently as ten years ago, and ten years before that was actually a waiter in a Chicago music hall. To-day he is many times a millionaire, and practically the head of American vaudeville.

One lone man has fought what is known as the vaudeville trust during the last ten years. His name is William Morris. He came here sixteen years ago from Germany, a poor boy. He found employment in a variety agency in East 14th street at a weekly salary of $7. In three years he was the partner of his employer, a man thrice his age, and at the death of the latter started for himself. Ever since he has been the leader of the independent forces in vaudeville. Morris has had an income as high as $150,000 a year, and he has gone to bed one night not knowing that the next morning he was to be without this annuity, for his competitors had succeeded in enticing all of his clientele into their own booking offices. But William Morris fought on. To-day he has a dozen theatres under his exclusive direction, and is constantly adding to his chain.

In the artistic side of the stage the Hebrew is not particularly prominent, although in the strictly musical portion the race figures more conspicuously than in the dramatic, but the Hebrews' sway of the managerial side of theatredom is absolute and permanent.



THE DECISION OF DOLORES

BY HAROLD DE POLO

IT WAS EVENING in the little Indian village of Boca del Monte, and a bright quarter-moon, in the deep blue Mexican sky shone brilliantly over the black outline of solid mountains, proclaiming that the coming day would be a pleasant one. Jose Arguya, father of the pretty Dolores, and the only man of the tribe who could boast the possession of two burros, stood on the threshold of his adobe home, bowing courteously to his departing guests and wishing them, one by one, God-speed. For on the morrow, according to the monthly custom of these Yaqui Indians, the men of the tribe—excepting the old and feeble—would fill their wooden racks with the earthen utensils of their handiwork, strap them securely to their backs and journey untiringly for three days across the hill and stream and plain to the city of Hermosillo, some forty leagues distant, there to vend their wares in the market-place.

As was usual on nights before the departure there was an unwonted stir throughout the village, the older folk congregating in one another's huts, the younger men strolling off with their sweethearts to the plateau that skirts the town, and inquiring teasingly and affectionately what gifts they should bring back, whether a ribbon, a bauble or a bit of colored cloth.

Because of his importance in the village, by far the largest gathering was at the home of Jose. Here they made merry after their fashion, squatting in a circle on the earthen floor, while old tales and legends were told, and in the Indian's monotonous drool, ancient songs of the tribe were sung, amid the smoke of corn-husk cigarettes and the drinking of much *pulque* and *aguardiente*. But now the gathering was dispersing, the guests slowly filtering out, lengthily and politely bidding their host adieu.

In a corner sat his daughter—the pretty Dolores—near whom her two lovers still lingered. The quiet, gentle Fernando, who had bought cheaply, on one of his trips, an old ramshackle guitar, and was now singing in a soft voice an old tune, occasionally intonating a note with a twang from the instrument, the while gazing adoringly at the girl's dark eyes and serious face. Paulo, the arrogant, strong, handsome and conceited rival, sat on her other side, sneering openly at the smaller man's song, and making a pretense of conversing loudly with Dolores, who sat silently thinking. These two men for over a year had loved the girl, but the race was an even one, for she loved neither and liked both.

Her father bid the last guest good-night and crossed the room.

"Ah, Fernando! ah, Paulo!" he said agreeably. "I am pleased to see that to-morrow will be a pleasant day."

"Yes, yes," answered Fernando, smiling. "God is good."

"I mind not the weather," laughed Paulo with bravado, and shook his head.

Jose Arguya frowned; he did not like this speech and had never wholly approved of Paulo's manner. He said nothing.

Fernando arose. "It is late, people; I go to my sleep. Good-night, all. God be with you," he said, fingering his guitar and looking appealingly at Dolores. She nodded smilingly, and walked with him to the doorway. "*Querida*," he implored her. "I fear it is useless, but I cannot help asking

you again: Why is it that you love me not—why? For I love you with all the strength God has given me. I have loved you long, Dolores; I love you more than life. I would make a good husband, Dolores, I love you so." He paused, and his winsome eyes shone lovingly.

The girl gazed at him frankly, her face was serious and the moonlight made it more beautiful and desirable than ever.

"Fernando," she said quietly, "it is truth that I tell you. I do not love you. I do not love any man—that way—though I like you very much. But I do not know what it is to love otherwise than the way I love my father;" unconsciously, she rested her hand over her heart and gave a pretty little shrug of uncomprehension.

Fernando's heart yearned for her, but he knew that she did not like being pressed. He smiled sweetly and moved his head sadly.

"Ah, Dolores," he sighed, "pardon me if I have annoyed you, but I could not help it. I pray to God that some day you will love me. Ah, when I am away the time seems so long, and everything so empty," he ended hopelessly. "Well, *adios*," he added, and turned away.

"*Adios*, Fernando!" she answered gently. "God go with you."

He stopped and playfully shook his finger at her. "I shall have a surprise for you when I get back," he said with a laugh.

"You are kind, Fernando," she called after him, and went inside.

Paulo scowled at her, and bidding her father a brusque good-night, walked to the door. She did not follow him, and he spoke up brazenly: "Dolores, could I talk with you?"

She followed him hesitatingly, and he stepped outside and beckoned her to him.

"Well, Dolores," he broke out impetuously, "I ask you again whether or not you will be my wife? *Caramba*, girl, I tell you I love you—I love you. Why don't you love me, eh?" He squared his shoulders, tilted back his head and eyed her with a questioning frown. He could not understand how any woman was able to refuse him, for there was not a better looking man in the tribe.

"Paulo," Dolores calmly answered him, a slight coldness in her tone, "I do not love you. I do not love any man that way—to marry him."

Paulo was of a fiery temperament, he clenched his hand and jutted his head forward, a scowl on his dark face. "*Caramba*," he said testily, "but I love you, girl. I want you. Why do you not love me? What is the matter with me? I am strong. I do as much work as any other man. I would give you more pretty cloth than has any other woman in the tribe," he said, temptingly. "*Caramba*, I would even build a new house. I——"

"Paulo," the girl cut in sharply, "I have told you that I do not love you," for she did not like having her words taken lightly.

A new idea came to the man. "Ah," he almost hissed, "it is Fernando, eh? That soft-voiced, gentle fool."

Dolores stopped him with raised hand. "No, it is no one. You are both my friends," she said angrily.

He leaned a bit closer. "I—I, God, girl, marry me—I love you," he emitted, his strong face filled with passionate appeal.

"No, Paulo, no," she said, a trifle more gently, for she felt pity for him. He smothered an oath and strode briskly off.

Dolores stood there in the moonlit roadway, gazing thoughtfully at the ground. She was not averse to Paulo's arrogant, conceited and dashing manner, and it was true that many of the girls in the village would gladly have accepted him. Then she thought of Fernando, with his quiet ways and soft voice, honest and kind, always obeying her patiently, and abiding by her word as law. She shrugged hopelessly and gave a little sigh. "But I love neither," she uttered in a whisper, and entered the hut.

* * * *

The yellow-gold ball of sun topped

the horizon and with one stroke enveloped in its rays the hills and streams and plains. Across the prairie that bordered the village of Boca del Monte were to be seen the figures of many Indians, strikingly picturesque in their loose white garments of tunic and pantaloons, bare-legged and sandaled, with huge straw sombreros reposing on their heads, and large rack loads of brown colored pottery strapped to their back. They were setting off, singly, in couples, and sometimes in threes and fours, by their own particular paths and trails, for the city of Hermosillo.

Fernando Robales and Paulo Bazan journeyed together by a road some two kilometres distant from the main one. They jogged along, silently, each studying the other—Paulo scowling, Fernando serenely, both distrustful. For the two felt that sometime—somehow—soon—Dolores would choose between them; therefore, they were watchful.

The smaller man was satisfied to wait quietly and let matters take their natural course. For, he argued, he loved Dolores with all his heart and soul. If he was worthy of her and she loved him, she would marry him. If, on the other hand, she chose Paulo, it was because he was the one she loved, and she would be happy. Such was his simple creed, and as he plodded along, he thought longingly of Dolores, and prayed fervently that she might love him.

The other man, in his own selfish way, also loved the girl, but one way or another, he told himself, he wanted her for his wife, and he had made up his mind that he would possess her. If Fernando stood in his road he must be eliminated. With such intent had he asked his rival to travel with him on the sparsely trodden pathway, for he knew that the quiet man was not a coward, and feared not to walk with danger. By killing him, he would be running a great risk, but he believed that to further his own ends his companion's death was absolutely necessary. But Fernando was filled with alertness, and Paulo resolved that he must take him unawares, with a jab of the knife.

So they journeyed on through the day, always watching, stooping furtively, when thirsty, and with a scooping dash of the hand throwing water between their lips; eating their simple fare of *tortillas* under half-closed lids.

When the moon arose, instead of curling up on their blankets and sleeping soundly, they slung them over their shoulders and sat facing each other, some ten feet apart, hands on knives: Fernando rigidly, his face grave and stony, waiting for the attack he expected; Paulo with body and lips twitching nervously, trying to buoy up sufficient courage for the spring, but his opponent's still, inscrutable eyes deterred him, for there was not a quicker man in the tribe than Fernando.

The dragging night passed, the blue-gray dawn spread, and the two men hoisted their wares and moved forward, speaking not a word.

The second day passed somewhat like the first, the pace the same, although the country was more mountainous. The sleepless night did not bother them, for these men have vitality that sometimes seems unhuman, and their endurance is phenomenal. Again followed another watchful night, and the third day found them still going on, silently, doggedly, a bit more slowly. The strain was just beginning to be felt.

At noon-day, when the sun was strong and penetrating, Paulo resolved that before they reached Hermosillo he must strike. He staggered along, appearing utterly tired out, and dropped back some few feet behind Fernando, who seemed to notice nothing out of the ordinary. Paulo grinned diabolically, and stealthily and noiselessly slipped his hand under his loose tunic and drew out his knife. He leaned back for the spring.

So quickly was the action done that it appeared magic, and Fernando stood on guard, knife ready, and smiling, not a gentle smile, but a taut-lipped

smile that showed his teeth and made him look extremely dangerous.

Paulo halted undecidedly, cursing, and then circled around the other, why he knew not, for he was afraid of Fernando's grim, quiet smile and weapon that could be wielded with such dexterity.

Fernando did or said nothing; he was simply waiting. After some minutes of hesitation, Paulo returned his knife with a string of oaths.

"Fiend," he shrieked, "are you dumb?" For the small man's silence and stolid face impressed him as something uncanny.

In answer, Fernando put back his weapon, closed his lips, and nodded that they should go on. After this they traveled quietly, each man thanking himself that ere many hours they would reach their destination, and procure some much-needed rest in safety.

As the sun went down, they tramped through the outskirts and into the city.

Four days later, at mid-day, Fernando and Paulo were homeward bound. The former, with his rack heavily packed with provisions and some presents for Dolores; a bundle of colored muslin, and a much bejeweled set of hair combs. The latter man, for a purpose, carried as little weight as possible. When they had passed the city limits, Paulo spoke what was in his mind.

"Fernando," he said, warily, "we both love Dolores, eh? She loves neither, but while both are in the race it will be very difficult for her to decide. I have an excellent plan. It is that we have a race to Boca del Monte. The last one to arrive loses, and steps out of the way, allowing the winner to court Dolores without interference. Eh, what say you?" His eyes flashed maliciously, for he had cunningly cogitated this scheme, thinking that he would surely be the winner. For his strength was greater, and he had taken the precaution of carrying hardly anything. He also knew that Fernando would agree to the compact, and he thought him a fool for doing so.

Fernando remained silent before replying, and then he smiled—a gentle smile—but his eyes showed that the other's mind was open to him. "A moment," he said coolly, looking Paulo straight in the eyes. "I would have it clearly understood. We are to start now, together, and all the journey is to be made on foot, no? Good! There is but one thing I would stipulate. It is that we discard our knives now," and he extracted his own and held it questioningly.

Paulo scowled and stood undecidedly, looking at his rival. He saw that it was necessary to agree with him, and with a braggart shrug, he threw his weapon into a brook that ran close by. "There," he said with an impudent sneer, "you are satisfied."

Fernando tossed his own after Paulo's. "It is well," he said, "and remember," his eyes pierced and his voice was hard, "remember, we play fairly, Paulo."

The large man laughed conceitedly. "Surely," he said, "fairly," for he felt secure in the knowledge that in every way he had his opponent thoroughly outclassed. He was very confident.

Fernando tightened the thongs that bound his rack to him, stooped and saw that his sandals were in good order, and nodded. "Come," and so they started.

The third day, at mid-afternoon, they were still some twenty kilometres from home, weary and tired. They had traveled at an exceedingly fast pace, always keeping together, and their nights had been sleepless, lying on the ground, watching each other from half-closed lids, holding, for protection, their heavy sticks that the Indians use to help them along on their travels.

It was easily apparent that Paulo was most feeling the strain; his brawny shoulders were bent in, his tall, upright form was almost doubled up, and the impudent, cock-sure expression was gone from his face, leaving it haggard and worn with fatigue.

Fernando was in vastly superior condition, although he also was suffer-

ing keenly. But his small, wiry frame was filled with hard bunches of well-playing muscles, and his staying power was wonderful. Only his face had changed. His lips were drawn tight, the bones in his nose and jaws showed sharply beneath his bronzed skin, and his eyes had a look of tired, fixed determination. Paulo's guess-work had not been very accurate, for as matters now stood, Fernando would surely win.

Never before, to the two men, had the sun seemed so hot, the way so long, so dusty, so hard. Never before had they traveled at such a killing pace.

Paulo was viciously mad, for by some inexplicable trick of fate, the smaller man was beating him at his own game. This filled his mind with bitter, cowardly thoughts—for he wanted Dolores—and could not bear to see his chance of possessing her slipping away from him. Somehow, he swore to himself, he would still arrive first, and he glared hatefully at the figure of his rival, now about a hundred yards in front, and snarled hopelessly.

To Fernando, the thought that he would win, and thereby gain the privilege of courting Dolores alone and in his own way, helped to keep up his spirits and give him strength, so he was happy.

An idea flashed through Paulo's brain, and he walked faster. He feared to perpetrate the action he had just thought of, for the law was dangerous, but this feeling was soon overcome by his insane desire for Dolores. Fernando must be killed. He reeled along, appearing on the verge of breaking down. He came close to his opponent, panting and mumbling weakly to himself. Fernando turned, eyed him blankly, and walked onward. He had been fooled.

Paulo gripped his heavy club, and with all his strength struck Fernando over the head; the man tottered and threw up his arms; blood spurted from his head, and he fell to the ground without a groan.

Paulo continued his way, and as the sun sank behind the mountain-tops, he entered the little village of Boca del Monte.

He staggered up the narrow street, looking neither to right nor to left, but with bulging, blood-streaked eyes that stared ahead. He came to the hut of Dolores, threw the door open, and walked in.

The girl was sitting alone, putting some finishing touches on an earthen bowl. She looked at him searchingly, for his exterior impressed her as peculiar. She said nothing.

Now that he was facing her, his brazen heart quaked, and he felt fear of the deed he had done.

"Well, Dolores, I am back," he mumbled, trying to calm himself, but as he looked into her clear eyes, his own dropped, and his hands clasped and unclasped his pantaloons nervously.

Dolores was quick. She knew that something serious had happened, and an idea came to her.

"Paulo," she said, and her voice was even and penetrating, "where is Fernando? You left with him."

The man shifted on his feet and brushed his hand across his forehead.

"Why—why," he stammered, "he is back on the plain. We—we did not come back—together."

Dolores' face grew cold; her tone was icy.

"Paulo," she said, "you lie."

His face reddened. He snarled, and tried to speak with his customary bravado, but her eyes made him tremble.

"*Caramba!*" he blustered weakly, "am I his nurse, that I should know just where he is? I tell you, girl, I do not know."

"You lie, Paulo," she told him again.

The man went pale. He was frightfully nervous, and finally he broke out:

"*Caramba*, Dolores, I will tell you the truth. When we left Hermosillo we both made a compact to race for this place. The loser was to step out of the way; the winner was to court you at his will. Some ways back—

about fifteen kilometres—I saw that Fernando was gaining—that he would surely win. I struck him on the head —he fell. I came here. God, Dolores, I could not help it," he went on fiercely; "I was crazed at the thought of losing you. I love you, girl, I love you, Dolores." He stopped abruptly, panting and twitching.

The girl paled slowly; something seemed to strike her all in a moment, and she suddenly jumped to her feet. The bowl slipped from her hands and fell with a crash to the floor. She heeded it not, but stood rigidly, with outstretched arm, pointing her finger at Paulo; her breast heaving, her nostrils dilating, dumb-stricken for the moment.

"Paulo," she emitted, after a short time, in a low voice, "you hound; Paulo, you hound." She said nothing else, but brushed past the dazed man and out into the dusk.

* * * *

Not two hours afterwards, when the great, full silver moon shone brightly and unflinchingly, over the lighted prairie rode Dolores, on one of her father's burros. She urged the small animal forward with the end of a rope she had brought for the purpose of strapping Fernando on the burro's back, lest his hurt be so severe that he could not walk. With peering eyes she gazed ahead, fearfully impatient for a sight of her quest; for at hearing Paulo's confession it had surged through her that she loved Fernando—loved him as she loved her life—and each quick stride of the burro seemed to take endless time.

Presently, some hundred yards distant, she descried a white spot on the ground, lying still amid a heap of broken wood. She trembled violently, took a sharp intake of breath and flogged the animal onward.

She reached Fernando, and flung herself down beside him, taking his head in her arms and cooing soft words into his ear. He was very pale, and breathing faintly, for he had lost much blood. His matted hair and dark-stained garments told her that. She passed her hand tenderly over his face. His eyelids fluttered, while she prayed beseechingly for him to speak. He groaned slightly, stretched his limbs and then opened his eyes. He appeared dazed, and blinked curiously at Dolores.

"Fernando," she sobbed happily; "Fernando."

His pale face came to life, his lips parted in a smile, and the whiteness of his face and the wanness of his smile were accentuated by the moonlight. "Dolores," he murmured softly; "Dolores."

The girl answered not, but continued her sobbing and hugging him closer.

"Ah, yes," he went on with more strength. "I fell—Dolores, and cut my head. It was a hard blow," for he had the Indian belief of shielding his enemy.

"No, Fernando, I have heard," said the girl. "I have seen Paulo."

Fernando thought of the terms of the race; he sank back. "My God," he muttered hoarsely, "Dolores—Dolores, then Paulo has won; I have lost, and Paulo—Paulo has won."

The girl gasped with a tearful laugh.

"No, Fernando, no; *you* have won, *dear* Fernando," she said, and gently —ever so gently—kissed him upon the lips.



THE BELLE OF THE DEPTHS

BY WALTER McGUIRE

LONG, LITHE, her gracefully tapered, cigar-shaped hull glistening in the sunlight, the *Belle of the Depths* sped along down the far reaches of the Columbia. Her sharply-pointed nose parting the waters with never a ripple, her turbine explosion engine working as noiselessly as a fine watch, no throb or rumbled tremor presaged her approach. A very master-craft of mechanical ingenuity was she. Her powerful engine would by the turn of a needle valve in the steady hands of young Bannerman, her commander, who, unlike most commanders, need not telegraph his commands to an engine-room staff, speed her through the water on the surface at a 30-knot pace or submerged at a 20. Although it is true she carried a crew of mechanicians in her engine room, they were more in the nature of oilers and tenders than drivers. These engines, the very acme of 20th century accomplishment, were the product of a hitherto unknown inventor. Modeled on the lines of the steam turbines that had been driving the monster Cunarders across the Western ocean on their record-breaking voyages, they were yet unlike, for their fuel and energy came not from thousands of tons of coal stowed away in bunkers and fed to a hundred hungry furnace mouths by a small army of stokers. Oh, no! tanks of methol, containing enough latent energy to send her on an ocean voyage for weeks at a cruising speed, or across a 3,000 mile stretch of blue ocean at her topmost speed, were cunningly fitted into her double bottoms and around her sides. Her engine, a marvel of strength, was nothing more than a turbine wheel, while all around its rim was fitted a series of explosive chambers that expended their force upon the main wheel. By an ingenious arrangement of mechanically operated valves, each explosion chamber was allowed to liberate its imprisoned powers at the precise moment that the inner blade passed its port of exhaust. By the throwing of an electric switch at Bannerman's left hand, he could cut off the sparking current from the forward, or go-ahead engine, and turn it to the rear, or backing engine. This engine was but a duplicate of the other, and was fitted to the same shaft, but its cylinders were pointed or inclined at the opposite angle to the forward engine.

Designed for war and war's grim purposes was she. The peaceful pursuit of commerce would never have brought her into being. One would but have to glance at her slim, fish-like lines to know for what special service she was fashioned.

The antennae of her wireless, swinging pulse-like from her slender telescopic steel mast, drinking in from the blue ether the messages sent from the Chief of Division's office a thousand miles away, her instruments, always attuned to the pre-arranged cadences of the war bureau, heard not the commonplace words of the commercial lines. Th price of stocks, the whirl of drifting news of commerce, were of no concern to her commander, yet, should he so desire he could, by a quiet word to Vanworth, his operator, apprise himself of any messages on commercial lines. For since Congress had legislated so drastically on the operation of aircraft and wireless, sending station's cadence was carefully regulated, and was known and

recorded in the secret archives of the war office. This knowledge was given to commanders of vessels in a little pocket volume equipped with a lead cover such as the code books, to be sunk into the deep in extremities.

But an hour agone, the *Belle* had been lying at her slip in East Portland. Her engine was quiet. Her crew were amusing themselves on the wharf at her side. Bannerman was in his cabin putting the finishing touches to his last report. Not by the old laborious method, you must understand. He was dictating his report into the bell-shaped cone of an Edison machine. The cylinder, after being loaded with his message, would be dipped into a gelatine bath of simple proportions, and upon a five-minute exposure to the rays of a Tungsten lamp, would become impervious to its ever disclosing its hidden message, except to those who possessed the secret of the gelatine's decomposition. Needless to say, this secret was one of the most jealously guarded of the Navy Department's prizes. No cylinder had yet unsealed its gelatine closed lips except to those it had sought. The discovery of this gelatine and its decomposing agents was one of the last acts in the life of a famous inventor, and he had bequeathed it to his Government as a parting tribute.

Just as Bannerman was putting the cylinder containing his full report, in its mailing case, the annunciator from the wireless called for him. Lifting the lid of the teleautograph at his desk, he read in Vanworth's clear handwriting the following message:

"*Belle of the Depths*, Bannerman, Commander: You will proceed to Astoria at once. A. J. B., Chief Intelligencer."

Touching a button on the desk, the clear, silver tones of a gong rang forth resonantly, and the crew with one accord scurried from the dock to the open hatch, and disappeared like magic. Bannerman reached the conning tower by a short flight of steps leading from his cabin. Arriving there, he threw a switch and released the current from the mooring magnets. The indicator, located just above the compass, showed him that the engine was all in readiness. Pressing a button at his side, he sent the electric spark flying to the explosion chamber of the auxiliary starting engine, and simultaneously he moved the needle valve, admitting the methol to the main engine.

Her churning propeller whipped the water at her stern into foam, for all the life like a huge leviathan of the deep swinging his massive fin. Silently, yet like a thing of life, she swung into mid-stream and sped away down the Willammette, then into the Columbia. Four o'clock in the afternoon found her passing Goble, and with the pace she was making, a full 25 knots, she would be at Astoria by supper-time. Knowing not what was in store for him, in the line of duty, for he had had no further message from his chief, Bannerman concluded to take himself to his cabin and secure a little rest. He well knew that, so long as he was speeding along under orders from headquarters he could get in touch with them at any minute, did he so desire, but like the wise young commander he was, he was perfectly content to obey orders, and not to ask questions.

In answer to his electric summons, there entered the conning tower a youth of about 24 years of age. Lieutenant Hubert, though young in years, had attained to much distinction in the service already, for he had attracted the attention of his superiors by his eminent knowledge of hydrostatics, and he was accounted one of the best electricians the service had.

"Hubert, I wish you to relieve me," said Bannerman. "Should anything arise that you consider needs my attention, you will please call me."

"Very well, sir."

It seemed to Bannerman that he had but laid himself down when he was aroused by a touch on his shoulder. His mulatto cabin boy informed him that the wireless was speaking. Taking up the relay receiver at his side,

Bannerman heard the following message:

"S. O. S. Submarines. S. O. S. Submarines. Fort Columbia. Liner *Maricopa* outside heads. Distress. Engine disabled. Drifting onto bar. Wind N. N. W. 40 to 50 mi."

Vanworth cut in at the first break. "X Fort Columbia. *Belle of the Depths* one mile above Astoria. Coming."

Bannerman sprang from his berth and stepped into the conning tower. Glancing hurriedly at the indicator, he saw that the engine was turning five hundred revolutions, and he knew that the *Belle* was making her best speed.

"You caught the message, I see, Hubert?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll take her," said Bannerman, as he stepped to the wheel. "You may look around and see all snug for diving. I expect it's pretty rough on the bar, and I may put her half under to avoid the rollers."

"Very well, sir."

Rounding into the straight stretch of water that leads from Astoria to the bar, the *Belle* commenced to plow through the choppy waters that the fierce nor'wester was raising. She plunged into the teeth of it at her 30-knot clip, and the spray and spume of the waves, as they hit her, rose like a cloud. At times she was completely submerged, to all appearances. The heavy gyroscope in her waist kept her from rolling over-much, but its tension springs and cushioned pistons were stretched almost to their limit as, twenty minutes later, she entered the angry sea on the bar.

Fearing that the rush of water over her deck would strip her upper works, Bannerman gently depressed her horizontal rudder planes, and like a porpoise, the *Belle* dipped her slender nose into the blue.

In the small mirror at the base of the projecting periscope, Bannerman could see the *Maricopa* about three miles in the distance, and that she was drifting shoreward stern on. He knew that they no doubt had their sea anchors out, and that she was more than likely making slow progress towards the shore. As the seas were breaking over his mast, the upper glass was somewhat obscured, and for short periods he lost track of the floundering liner altogether.

No small boat could long have survived in that mountainous sea. Bannerman, cool and steady though he was, found his pulse accelerated greatly as a vision of the life and treasure aboard the big liner flashed across his mind, and yet he calmly smiled as he thought of the ease with which he would extricate them from their imperiled plight.

Hitherto, the naval vessels had not been called upon for such service. The life-saving service was equipped with magnificent power boats, and had made many thrilling rescues of passengers on both coasts.

Following a growing custom, the navy department had for years been guarding the secrets of all its attainments in the line of offense and defense, and the public knew but little of the powers of such craft as the *Belle of the Depths*.

It seemed but a short moment from the time he was in the tumultuous seas on the bar until he was in the lee of the liner. They had been using their oil-bags over her bow, and the water to leeward of her was somewhat quieted.

For the past half hour or so the officers of the *Maricopa* had known that a submarine was on its way to their rescue, but, as they knew nothing of the powers of such craft, they had paid but scant heed to the intelligence. In their opinion a submarine might be of fine service under water, but they could not see how it was going to help them. Hence they were not on the look-out. Gruff old Captain Hensen, on the bridge, as he surveyed the preparations to launch the life-boats, remarked to his mate: "Bloomin' lot of good a submarine will do pickin' us up from the bottom after we're all drowned. Have the

women and children into the boats first, Mr. Brown."

"Aye, aye, sir."

As Bannerman elevated the horizontal rudder, the *Belle* came to the surface. Over his shoulder, to Vanworth, he said:

"Ask them if they have their anchors down."

Vanworth immediately got into communication with the *Maricopa's* operator with the submarine telephone, and, contrary to his chief's order, he spent a long, precious half minute in assuring the badly-rattled man on the liner that the *Belle* was able to save them. That done, he learned that they only had their canvas sea anchors out. This information he conveyed to Bannerman.

"Tell them to cast their sea anchors adrift and to unshackle their main anchors from the chains, then to pay out about twelve fathoms of chain."

"Yes, sir."

"Captain Hensen wants to know what you are going to do, sir. Says if he casts his sea anchors adrift he will be on the lee shore in less than twenty minutes."

For the first time that day a wicked and dangerous light sprang into the eyes of Bannerman. "Damn him!" he muttered between his clenched teeth. "I suppose I'll have to pull him out, not by and with his assistance, but in spite of him. Tell Captain Hensen to do just as I say, and it may be possible for me to save his vessel and all on board. Tell him that my word as a naval officer should convince him that I know whereof I am speaking."

As Bannerman spoke these words, the *Belle* had ranged herself along the lee side of the crippled boat, under the instinctive guidance of his clever hands. For the first time he turned his gaze full upon the stricken vessel, and as he did so he gave a start, as though he had come into touch with a powerful electric current, for the sight that met his eyes taxed his self-control to the uttermost. Along the full 500 foot length of the big steamer the life boats were swinging from their davits, and to Bannerman's horror the usual had happened. Some rattle-headed fool had cast off the forward falls of one of the boats and away the bow of the boat went with a run, spilling its forty or more helpless women and babes into the ocean.

Bannerman's teeth snapped shut with a click. Into the speaking tube he directed his voice—each word enunciated with clock-like precision and clarity. He directed Lieutenant Hubert to go on deck with two of the hands and throw out the inflated life-buoys. Ranging the *Belle* close up to the struggling mass of human beings in the water, at the same time giving crisp directions to Vanworth to use his every effort to assure the officers of the *Maricopa* of their power to help them, he watched his able Lieutenant and men effect the rescue of some two dozen of those in the water who had not gone to the bottom at the first plunge.

And such a rescue! The life-buoys that the *Belle* carried were like no others known to seafaring men. Shaped very much like an ordinary buoy, being round and having a hole in them to put one's body through, they were different from the common kind in that they were equipped with a small inflatable balloon. Immediately a struggling human would get into one, Lieutenant Hubert would turn a small valve at his side. Through a connecting flexible tube that acted as, and was no larger than an ordinary heaving line, would shoot a stream of hydrogen gas from the compressed tanks on the *Belle*, and the life-buoy would raise its occupant from the water. It took but a second to inflate it, for the gas was compressed at hundreds of pounds pressure. So soon as the balloon was raised clear of the water, one of the men would grab the tube from its connection and throw it clear of the side of the vessel. A small check valve in the tube prevented the gas from escaping outwards.

Within five minutes after the life-boat had dumped its load into the sea there was a string of balloons carry-

ing their human salvage towards the sandy beach south of Fort Stevens. They were just buoyant enough to raise their load above the surface of the sea, and as they skimmed along with the wind at express speed, they presented a wonderful sight to the assembled spectators on shore.

Landing on the sand was easy. Not a soul of those who were thus sent shoreward and to safety received injuries more serious than abrasions of the skin.

As no more struggling souls were left in the water, Bannerman ordered Lieutenant Hubert and his men below. The sight of the novel rescue thus effected acted in a most salutary manner on Captain Hensen. As Bannerman pointed the *Belle* towards the bow of the steamer, he dove her to about ten fathoms depth. The beam of light that shot from the powerful searchlight of the *Belle* illumined the waters before her like day, and as she cut slantingly under the bow of the liner, the passengers looking over the side were given a strange and thrilling sight indeed.

Cautiously advancing to where the suspended anchor chains soused up and down with the rise and fall of the liner above, Bannerman maneuvered the *Belle* in between the two chains. As she passed between them, and just as they came opposite her after mooring magnets, Bannerman reached over and threw the switch connecting with them. As the powerful current was sent on its way, the dangling anchor chains were attracted to the magnets with the rapidity of thought. As they crashed against the sides, their impact had such force as to shake the *Belle* from stem to stern.

Moving his throttle valve slightly, the *Belle* forged ahead, and slowly tautened the heavy chains, as the crew of the liner paid them out to towing distance.

Hitched thus, like a horse with traces, the doughty little denizen of the deep settled into her work as though made for such service, and as the full power of her engine was brought to bear, her mighty pull on the chain almost brought her to the surface. This was bad, as she was threshed around too much by the angry seas, so Bannerman let water ballast into her emptied methol tank to hold her down.

Slowly, yet surely, the mammoth liner gathered headway against the dashing wind and waves. As the officers on her perceived her slow momentum forward, the word was passed to the passengers. It was then that the plucky souls far beneath, who were battling for them, would have blushed and been more embarrassed than they had yet that day could they have heard the praise and adulation that was justly accorded them from all sides.

Hours afterward, when the lights were gleaming across the quieter waters of the inner bay, the big ship dropped anchor outside her berth at the pier.

As the *Belle* released her hold from the chains, Bannerman shot her away across the still waters of the Lower Columbia to where the twinkling lights of the naval base showed flickeringly through the night.

He had asked for and received permission to partake of the rest which he and his crew had so well earned. And the *Belle*, like her crew, must have relished a rest after such strenuous hours of labor.

THE CHINESE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

BY HARTWELL DAVIS

OF ALL RACES of men congregated on the Western shores of America the Chinese are the most maligned. It is an undeserved reputation, and the result of political chicanery and the vicious, underhanded and continued persecutions by labor unions.

There is little of truth in any of the statements readily given out by interested parties. Sifted to the bottom, we find the Chinese sober, industrious and law-abiding. The Chinese merchant is an honor to any race. Failure is practically unknown among them, and the word of any Chinese merchant in any of the cities of the Pacific Coast is as good as his bond.

Among the lowly, the homely virtues are practiced, and the criminal element is steadily on the decrease. It is true that we have had tong wars, but they are in no wise worse than the labor tong struggles, and if statistics are invoked, it will be seen that there have been just as many cracked heads among the whites, yes, and cold-blooded, designed murders, resulting from labor troubles as among the Chinese.

The curse of opium is no worse than the curse of bad whisky. It may be said for the Chinese that he has a greater reverence for law and order than his white neighbor. It must be said, and it cannot be contradicted, that he has a greater reverence for age and a larger kindliness for helpless youth than the Caucasian.

Since the great San Francisco fire a great change has come over the Chinese of San Francisco. The merchant, realizing that this fire had removed much of the filth incidental to the Chinese section, has turned his face against the re-establishment of the sinister and crime breeding conditions. The Chinese business houses are marvels of art and elegance. They are a continual exhibition of all the most beautiful art of the Oriental countries and the fabrics displayed are worth a trip across the country to see.

The Chinese are a credit to the Pacific Coast and to themselves. Everything should be done to encourage them and to foster an increase in the business relations between the Pacific Coast and the empire overseas.

If every nationality on the shores of the Balboan seas were as well behaved, as munificent in subscribing to public movements, to charities and to expositions, as law-abiding and as truthful as the Chinese, much of the disagreeable features of life would be removed. No encomium is too great to shower on these people.

Such men as Ting Ely, of the Canton Bank, vice-president of Sing Chong Company, is a case in point. He would be a man distinguished among men in any community. Doctor Wong Him is so well known in the charities of the city of San Francisco that it is needless to discuss him.

The Pacific Coast Canning Company in Oakland has a pay-roll of twenty-five thousand dollars a month. This is a Chinese company, but all its employees are American-born whites. Any corporation could point with pride to its record, did it equal that of this company.

The Chinese Six Companies of San Francisco is known the world over. This quasi-corporation, which is almost civic in its activities, is composed of many companies and makes for good citizenship and order.

It is ever ready to enter enthusiastically into any project which is to the benefit of the whole city.

It is useless to enumerate at length the Chinese who have made their mark on the coast. From Vancouver to San Diego it is a clean and conservative record.

THE TOYO KISEN KAISHA COMPANY

BY HERMANN FITTLER

A RECENT TRIP across the Pacific has impressed me with the idea that something should be said in the public prints about the magnificent service of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha Company. I have been many times over the Atlantic, and it is only in the finest of steamers plowing the sea there that the equal of the steamships of this company are seen.

The Tenyo Maru and the Chiyo Maru, sister ships, built in Japan, are marvels of speed. Every conceivable comfort is yours for the asking, and the most wonderful part of the story of these ocean leviathans is the lack of vibration or roll. You would easily imagine yourself in some great hotel when on board them.

The two steamers are turbine driven, and there is no tremor or noise. In the worst of weather they travel as easily as though propelled through oil.

When the steamers are at the dock at San Francisco there is a continual stream of visitors, and every passage sees an increase of passengers. The officers of these vessels, from Captain down, are polite to a degree, and the dining saloon service is perfection.

To the tourist, to the man or woman who is a-weary of the every-day, nerve racking life, I would commend the trip on the Tenyo Maru or the Chiyo Maru.

A trip across the Pacific in one of these magnificent vessels is one of the reminiscences which will not be forgotten in a life-time.

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The general idea of Mother's Day is a simultaneous observance in every country of the love and reverence men, women and children owe to a good mother. The second Sunday in May is observed as Mother's Day throughout the United States. The Movement is not denominational—Every society and organization is asked to unite in making the observance universal. Do some distinct act of kindness to the sick or unfortunate, in loving remembrance of your mother. The White Carnation is the Mother's Day special flower.

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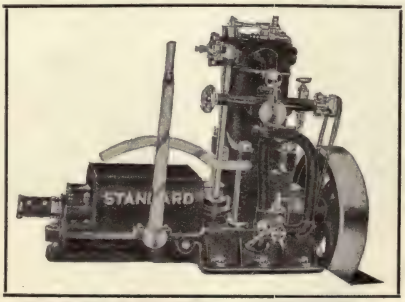
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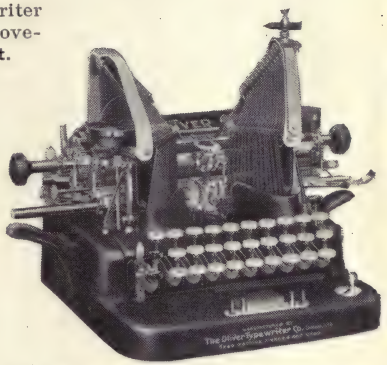
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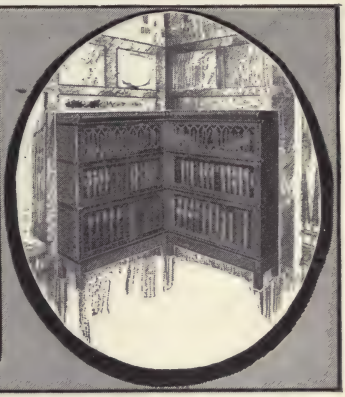
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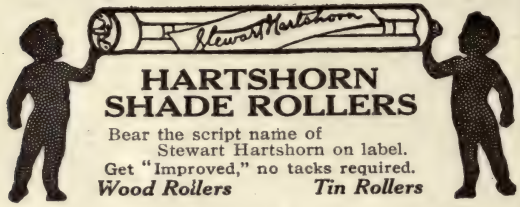
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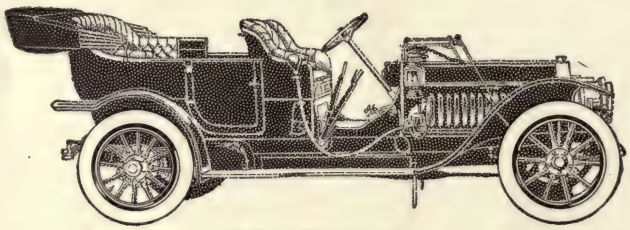
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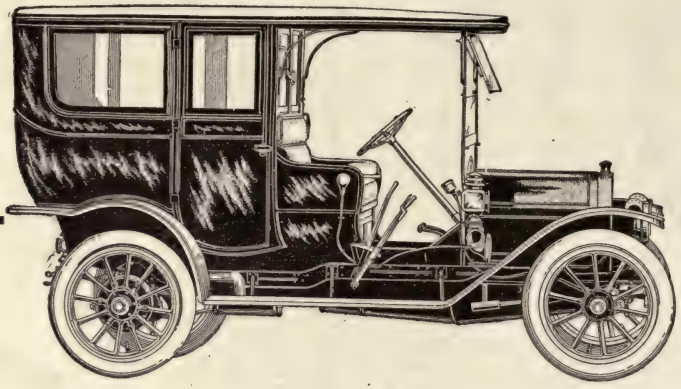
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JUNE 1911

OVERLAND

FACT AND FICTION

Next month's issue of this magazine will contain articles of special merit and great interest, including:

The American Orders of Knighthood

By FRED A. HUNT

This is a complete description of the various military, patriotic and hereditary orders recognized in the United States, with pictures of the various insignia and portraits of men who have won their medals by gallantry.

Brotherhood of the Holy Cross

By ELEANOR HINCLE POWELL

A description of a remarkable sect that performs strange religious rites in a remote spot in New Mexico.

The Amazing Prosperity of Vaudeville Entertainers

By ROBERT GRAU

An account of the enormous financial returns from a popular class of theatrical productions.

Refuges for Land Birds

By JOHN L. COWAN

A discussion of the various places reserved by the United States Government for the purpose of preventing the extinction of wild birds.

In Old Monterey

By LENORE KOTHE

A graphic description, profusely illustrated, of the old capital of California, where the American flag was first hoisted in the State.

Alaska's Agricultural Activity

By MONROE WOOLLEY

In this article, it is shown that the vast territory, once supposed to be a nearly worthless wilderness of snow and ice, has great opportunities for the farmer as well as for the miner.

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JUNE 1911

MONTHLY

VERSE AND HUMOR

Vivid Stories of the Far West

Will be told by clever Western writers, such as Katherine Lynch Smith, M. B. Levick, Winifred McNeill, Mercer Vernon, E. E. Odom and others.

Rev. C. T. Russell, Pastor of Brooklyn Tabernacle

will contribute another of his powerful discourses upon the leading social and ethical topics of the day.

Will Uncle Sam Move His Borderline?

This question is asked in a timely article by Felix J. Koch, in connection with recent events on the Mexican border.

Panama's Purse

is the subject of an essay by Edward Perry, of Panama, who sees cause for apprehension for the financial future of the young Central American Republic.

Among the poets whose contributions will appear in the JUNE OVERLAND MONTHLY will be:

HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

FREMONT WOOD

JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY

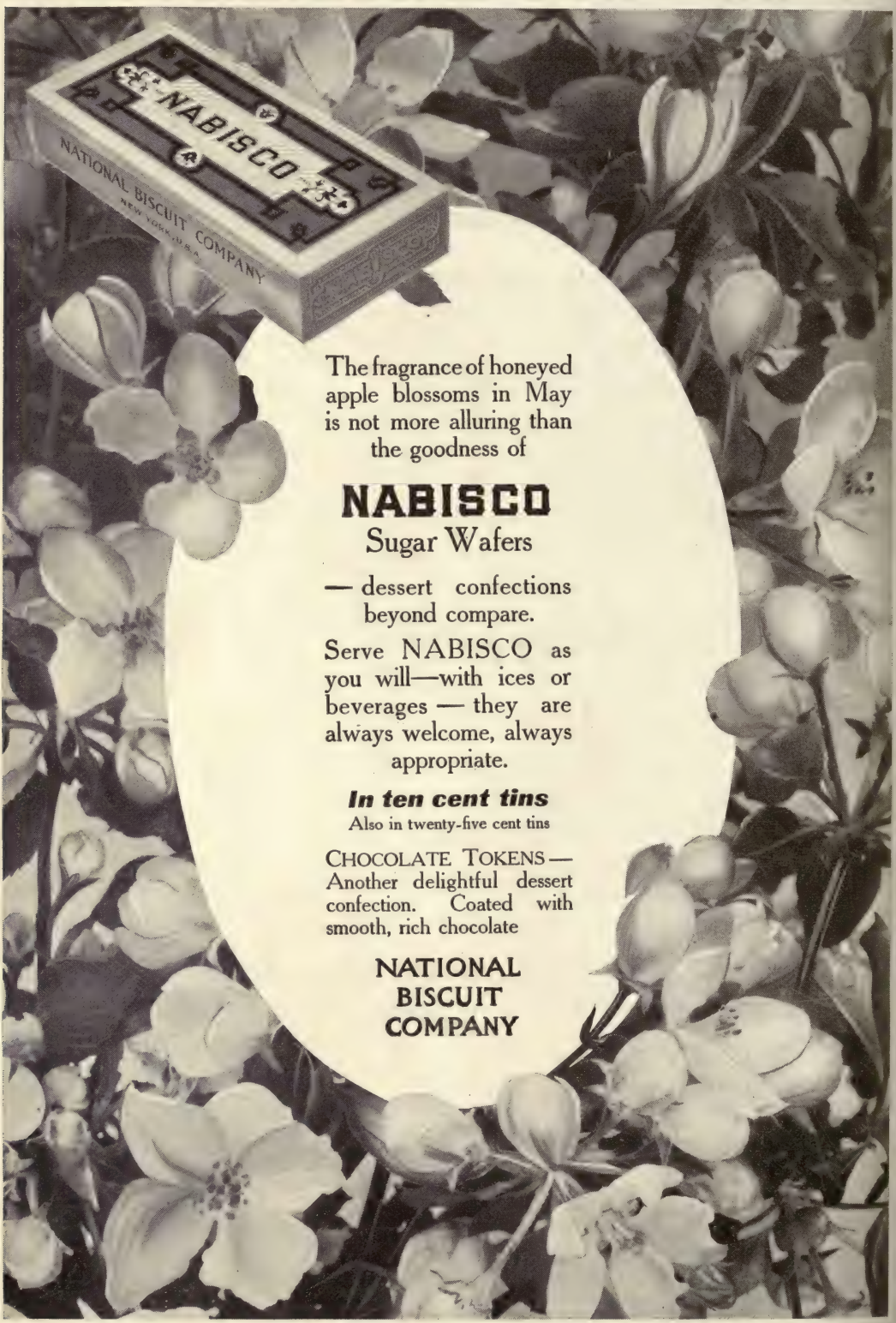
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Vol. LVII **No. 6**

OVERLAND MONTHLY

An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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Issued Monthly. $1.50 per year in advance. Fifteen cents per copy.
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Northwestern offices at 74 Hirbour Building, Butte, Mont., under management of Mrs. Helen Fitzgerald Sanders. Entered at the San Francisco, Cal., Postoffice as second-class mail matter

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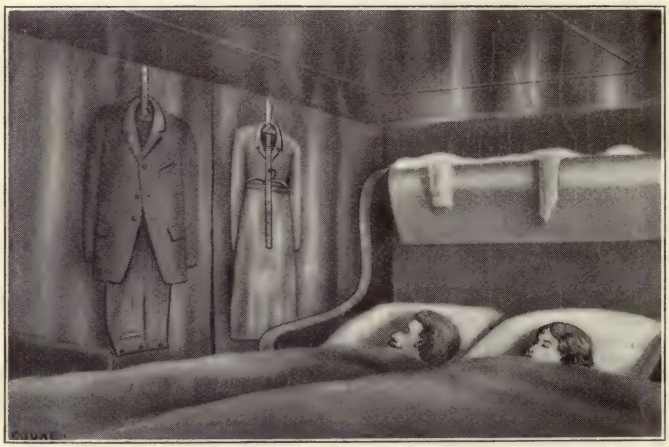
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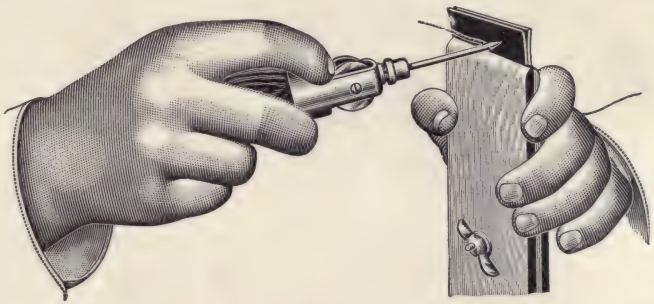
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BY E. P. SEABURY

We waited below, the Friar and I,
While the lovers mounted the belfry stairs,
The strains of the music drifted by,
On the quivering wings of the wafted prayers.
The sea was aglow like a passionflower,
The mountains were floating in amethyst,
The Islands were pearls in the sunset hour,
Hung from the blue in an opal mist.

We talked of the night and the tuneful psalm,
Of life and care, the bitter and sweet,
Of the roses' breath, and the breezes' balm,
Of all he missed in his monk's retreat;
Of the world of men with its ceaseless strife,
Of the human soul and its call divine,
Of the victor who won in the battle of life;
But only one thought was his, was mine.

As they came through the doorway with eyes that shone,
And smiling faces, we felt the cost,
Of the love his starved life never had known,
And the love that I in the world had lost.
But he never could know in his narrow cell,
As he prayed by his window with bolts and bars,
There were hearts that starved in the world as well,
Who prayed 'neath a universe of stars.



Brigadier-General Joseph W. Duncan, U. S. Army.

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AMERICAN ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD

BY FRED A. HUNT

WITH MORE general travel among and intercourse with the glittering people of the Old World, Americans have departed from the distinctive democratic simplicity that received its most striking manifestation in the demeanor of Benjamin Franklin at the court of France, and adorned him more than all the iridescence of the courtiers. Our people have become imbued with an inordinate affection for decorations, orders and aiguilettes. Were these appropriated and displayed because of some meritorious activity on a specific occasion by the wearer, the deed might be less open to criticism, but for the most part the "sounding brass or tinkling cymbal" is used as an *appanage* solely because the wearer is the grandson of his grandfather, or the granddaughter of her grandmother. Inasmuch as this was a matter entirely beyond the selection of the descendant, whatever it might have been with the ancestor, any claim for honorable recognition by the posterity on such account would seem to be lacking in merit.

Because of the redundancy of decorations worn by some officers at a recent function, these remarks were engendered, and in the making of them the conjecture arose as to whether a consideration of some of these orders and societies might not be of interest and also a brief survey of the only decorative Order that the United States of America has.

The Society of the Cincinnati was an order established by the officers of the Revolutionary army in 1783, to perpetuate their friendship and to raise funds for the relief of those who had fallen during the war. It was so named because it included patriots, headed by Washington, between whom and the old farmer-general, Cincinnatus, there were supposed to be many resemblances. In these days no one has discovered the Cincinnati performing many of the functions for which it was organized, and it has now arrived at the summit of organizations, being, probably, the most exclusive of any. To belong one must be a descendant, in primogeniture, of a revolutionary officer. The initiatory dues are one year's pay of the officer's grade, which, say, for a brigadier-general in active service, would amount to the snug little sum of $5,500. This elegant selectiveness has operated not only to make the society exclusive, but also moribund. At the time of its institution, because of its being a hereditary dis-

tinction, it was viewed by many eminently wise and patriotic men of that day as containing the embryo of a future aristocracy, hence most dangerous to the character of the Republic, and was, in consequence, most violently attacked. The badge was designed by Major L'Enfant, and the members assemble annually on July 4th.

The Military Order of the Loyal Legion is too well known to require any special mention as to its scope and membership, the latter, however, comprehending only commissioned officers, who served in the Civil War and their male descendants, but the order is among the officers what the Grand Army of the Republic is among enlisted men.



Captain Thomas W. Custer, Seventh U. S. Cavalry, killed in the battle of the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876.



Henry Hogan, Co. G, Fifth U. S. Infantry.

The Grand Army of the Republic is an organization for the enlisted men who served in the War of 1861-65, although it numbers many officers among its posts. The emblem of the Order was based on the old Medal of Honor.

The Society of the Sons of the Revolution qualifies its membership as "any male person above the age of twenty-one years who is descended from an ancestor, as the propositus, who, either as a military, naval or marine officer, soldier, sailor or marine, or official in the service of any of the thirteen original colonies or States, or of the National Government representing or composed of those Colonies or States, assisted in establishing American Independence during the War of the Revolu-

tion, between the 19th day of April, 1775, when hostilities commenced, and the 19th day of April, 1783, when they were ordered to cease."

The Society of Colonial Wars assimilates "any one above the age of twenty-one years who is masculine, of moral character and good reputation, and is lineally descended from an ancestor who served as a military, naval or marine officer, or as a soldier, sailor or marine, or as a privateersman, under authority of the Colonies which afterward formed the United States, or in the forces of Great Britain, which participated with those of the said Colonies in any wars in which the said Colonies were engaged or in which they enrolled men, during said colonial period," or who held any specially designated official position in certain Colonies, Territories and Provinces.

The Sons of the American Revolution accept male persons of "twenty-one years or over and a citizen of good repute in the community," who are descended from any participant or belligerent or active opponent to the authority of Great Britain, or those who were in any Colonial, Provincial or Continental Congress or Legislature, or who was a civil officer of any of the Colonies or States, or who "performed actual service by overt acts of resistance to the authority of Great Britain."

These three latter have a pretty comprehensive lasso wherewith to acquire members, but the decadence of Americans and the extinction of the genus has enfeebled many such societies, despite the liberality of the conditions of the entrant.

The Aztec Club of 1847 was instituted September 14, 1847, and comprises officers of the United States Army, Navy or Marine Corps, who took part in the Mexican War. This original qualification was afterward broadened so as to include lineal descendants of such primarily qualified members.

The Order of Indian Wars of the United States has two classes of members; the first class being commissioned officers or those honorably discharged as such, also any male descandant of any qualified to be members but were not. The second class absorbs the male descendants of living members of the first class.

The Order of the Founders and Patriots of America embraces any man "of the age of twenty-one years, of good moral character and reputation, and a citizen of the United States * * * who is lineally descended in the male line of either parent from an ancestor who settled in any of the Col-



Brig.-Gen. Frank D. Baldwin, U. S. A.

onies, now included in the United States of America, from the settlement of Jamestown, May 13th, 1607, to May 13th, 1657, inclusive, and whose intermediate ancestors at the call of the Colonists, adhered as patriots to their cause through the Revolutionary War that followed, and which ended with the independence of the Colonies."

The Society of the War of 1812 takes in those who participated in any way in that war, or the lineal descendants of such, and in default of the lineal descendants availing themselves of the luxury, one collateral descendant, "whom the Board of Directors deems worthy" to enter the arcanum.

The Society of American Wars, as its name implies, is comprehensive in its acquirement of members, taking participants of any war waged by the United States, or to be waged, or the Colonies; and the lineal descendants thereof, and certain specified officials and their descendants.

The Military Order of the Dragon has for its affiliates the participators in the Chinese imbroglio of 1900 (the Boxer rebellion.)

The Naval and Military Order, Spanish-American War; the National Society, Army of the Philippines; the Society of the Army of Santiago de Cuba; the Society of the Porto Rican Expedition; the Society of Manila Bay; the Military Order of Foreign Wars of the United States; the Naval Order of the United States; the Society of the Army of the Potomac; the Society Army of the Cumberland; the Order of Descendants of Colonial Governors; the Confederate Veterans' Association, the National Society Children of the American Revolution; the Dames of the Revolution; the National Society of Colonial Dames of America; the Society of the Daughters of Cincinnati; the Daughters of the Confederacy, and an illimitable number of other patriotic societies, all afford greater or less scope for the purchase of membership and the privilege of wearing more or less handsome emblems, badges and regalia. Some of these are quite modest in the expression of their aims and prospective attainments—as can be seen by reference to any standard encyclopedia under the heading of "Societies."

But it remained for the Military Order of the Carabao (which partakes more of the character of a social club than do many of the other societies) to prophesy that "this society is destined to be one of the most prominent and important of the military orders of the United States," and also confidently to proclaim that "already the annual dinner of the Order is one of the important social events of the Washington season."

One society is entitled to special mention and comment, that of the Medal of Honor Legion, which is composed of those who have been officially decorated by Congress with this rarest of all conferred adornments, outside of very sparse and isolated instances where Congress has authorized the manufacture and presentation of some emblem, as, for instance, the medal given to Sergeant George Foster Robinson, 8th Maine Volunteer Infantry (now Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. Army, retired), for saving the life of William Henry Seward, Secretary of State, on April 14, 1865.

The Medal of Honor was primarily authorized by act of Congress, July 12, 1862, two thousand medals being ordered prepared thereby, and on March 3, 1863, by another Act, by which other medals were authorized to be struck from the dies recently prepared at the United States Mint, enabling the President to "present the same to such officers, non-commissioned officers and privates (the first Act contained no proviso for presentation to commissioned officers) as have most distinguished or may hereafter most distinguished themselves in action."

The first men to receive Medals of Honor were Private Robert Buffum, Company H, 21st Ohio Infantry; Private Jacob Parrott, Company K, 33d Ohio Infantry, and Corporal William







INSIGNIA OF PATRIOTIC ORDERS.

Left, top to bottom—Society of the Cincinnati; Military Order of the Dragon; Military Order of the Carabao; Society of the War of 1812. Right, top to bottom—Sons of the Revolution; Colonial Dames; Naval Order of the United States; Society of the Army of the Potomac. Center top —Military Order of Foreign Wars. Bottom—Grand Army of the Republic.



H. Reddick, Company B, 33d Ohio Infantry, the medals being issued on March 25, 1863. The ground of award was because they were "one of twenty-two men (including two civilians) who, by direction of General Mitchel (or Buell), penetrated nearly 200 miles south into the enemy's territory and captured a railroad train at Big Shanty, Georgia, in an attempt to destroy the bridges and track between Chattanooga and Atlanta." There were others of the twenty-two awarded medals for similar service, but they were not issued until September, 1863.

On January 24, 1866, a medal was awarded Dr. Mary E. Walker for "services rendered during the war." Dr. Mary Walker may have been preeminently entitled to the medal; there were several who received them who were not. One notable instance (and the only one) of the distribution of medals with a shovel was to the 27th Maine Infantry, and is thus officially condoned: "The term of service of the 27th Maine Infantry being about to expire, the regiment was ordered to Arlington Heights, Virginia, where it arrived June 25, 1863, preparatory to being sent home for muster out. While the regiment was at that place, the President requested it to remain in service a short time longer, on account of Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania. About 300 officers and enlisted men volunteered to remain, and did remain at Arlington Heights, Virginia, in the defenses south of the Potomac, until the result of the battle at Gettysburg was known. They were sent home on July 4th. The remainder of the regiment consisting of about 560 officers and enlisted men, was sent home on July 1st. The entire regiment was mustered out of service at Portland, Me., on July 17, 1863. On January 24, 1865, medals of honor, 864 in number, were issued to all members of the regiment who were mustered out with it. The official records show that it was intended to issue the medal to those who volunteered to remain in service beyond the expiration of their term, but evidently through inadvertence, the medal was also issued to about 560 members of the regiment who did not volunteer to remain in service. The records do not show either the names of those who volunteered to remain or of those who did not so volunteer."

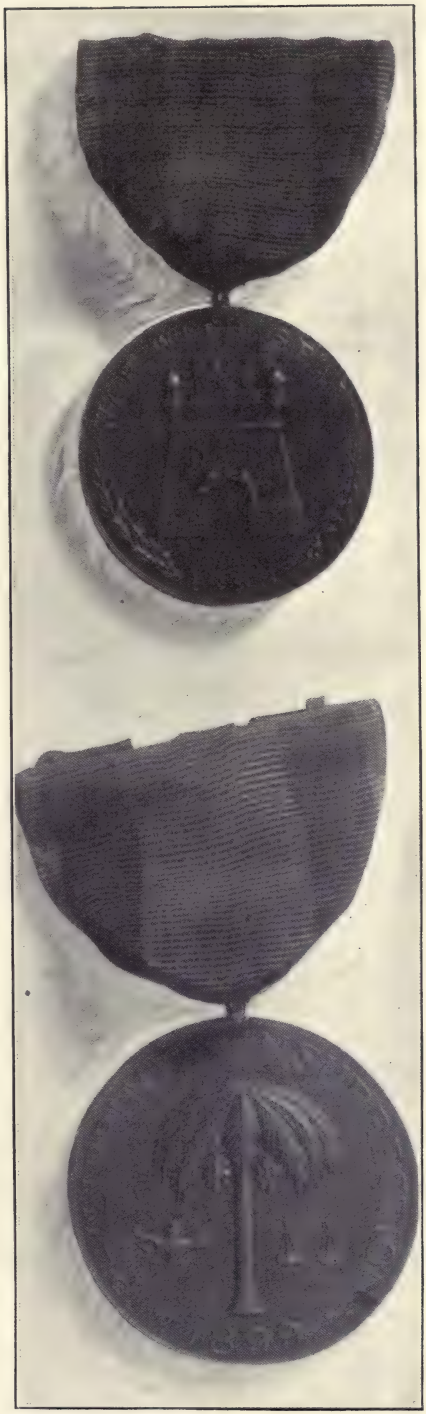
So, on the Roll of Honor, the names of the recipients of this largess are entered: "John Jones," rank and company and regiment, but no place of action nor date and ground for award.

But one man, Musician Willie Johnston, Company D, 3d Vermont Infantry, received a medal September 16, 1863, without date, place of action or ground of award being given as the reason for the conferring of the medal.

As it became borne on the consciousness of individuals that the Medal of Honor was unique among the emblems of distinction in the world, it became natural for many officers who did not have it to covet its possession, and an extraordinary recrudescence of gallantry and heroism appeared as eminent characteristics of such officers in the auld lang syne, and it is a striking testimony to the enduring quality of the human memory that the incidents, supposedly a qualification for the receipt of the medal, could be recalled after so long an interval had elapsed. Twenty, thirty and forty year old deeds of gallantry were hauled out from limbo, furbished up and made to glitter with sufficient radiance to dazzle the eyes of the War Department and obtain the coveted insignia. One officer "carried despatches through a region infested with hostile Indians"—doesn't specify that he saw any—"making a journey of 70 miles in one night, and walking thirty miles the next day." It would seem that this officer deemed the medal a reward for physical stamina like unto the Grecian games. "Also for several weeks, while in close pursuit of Geronimo's band, and *constantly expecting* an encounter," etc., etc. Most of the grounds of award, however, with military terseness, tell a story of eminent service and cool bravery, such as in the case of one man who, "with three comrades, during the entire engagement (two



Top—Army of the Philippines. Bottom—Naval and Military Order of the Spanish-American War.



Top—Commemorative medal of the Spanish-American War. Bottom—Commemorative medal of the Philippine Insurrection.

days), courageously held a position that secured water for the command."

The Indian allies of the troops were found worthy of the medal, as Indian scout Blanquet, Indian scout Chiquito, Sergeant Co-rux-te-chod-ish (Mad Bear), Pawnee scouts; Corporal Elsatsoosu, Sergeant Jim, Scout Kelsay, Scout Kosoha, Scout Machol, Scout Nannasaddie, Scout Mantaje, Private Adam Paine, Sergeant Rowdy, Company A, Indian Scouts, and Sergeant John Ward.



Later design of the United States Medal of Honor. (Courtesy of designers, Bailey, Banks & Biddle.)

Up to December 31, 1906, there were 2,669 medals issued; subtracting from this number the 560 donated to the unworthy members of the Maine regiment, leaves a total of 2,109. An estimate of the number of men in the Union Army from April 15, 1861, to the close of the war is 2,778,304; reducing this number to an average of three years' standing, leaves 2,326,168. Add to this total the average strength of the regular army from 1865 to 1900 (175,000), and from 1900 to 1906 (110,000), and that of the Spanish-American war volunteers (60,000), and the sum is 3,123,304 (exclusive of sailors and marines), making the average of distribution of the 2,669 .008 per cent; or taking the number distributed as 2,109, the average is .006 per cent, and this average would be still more diminished if the number of scouts, etc., who were civilians were subtracted.

There have been but four persons to whom two medals of honor were awarded:

Frank D. Baldwin, Captain, Company D, 19th Michigan Infantry, for gallantry at Peach Tree Creek, Ga., on July 20, 1864, when he "led his company in a countercharge under a galling fire, ahead of his own men, and singly entered the enemy's line, capturing and bringing back two commissioned officers, fully armed, besides a guidon of a Georgia regiment."

The same Frank D. Baldwin, First Lieutenant, 5th U. S. Infantry, at McClellan's Creek, Texas, November 8, 1874, because he "rescued, with two companies, two white girls, by a voluntary attack upon Indians whose superior numbers and strong position would have warranted delay for reinforcements, but which delay would have permitted the Indians to escape and kill their captives." (Baldwin is now Brigadier-General, U. S. A., retired.)

Thomas W. Custer, 2d Lieutenant, Company B, 6th Michigan Cavalry, for "capture of flag," April 2, 1865, at Namozine Church, Va., and for gallantry at Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6,

1865, when he "leaped his horse over the enemy's works and captured two stands of colors, having his horse shot under him and receiving a severe wound." ("Tom" Custer was killed in the fight with Indians at the Little Big Horn, Montana, June 25, 1876.)

Henry Hogan, First Sergeant Company G, 5th U. S. Infantry, for "gallantry in action," from October, 1876, to January 8, 1877, at various engagements with Indians in Montana (one medal), and at Bear Paw Mountain, Montana, on September 30, 1877 (one medal) when he "carried Lieutenant Romeyn, who was severely wounded, off the field of battle under heavy fire." Sergeant Hogan was celebrated because of having captured a couple of young elk and training them at Fort Keogh, M. T., to be driven. They were not a particularly exemplary or decorous span of trotters, but they were driven. He was also the deserved recipient of that most eulogistic of Western encomiums—a "square man."

William Wilson, Sergeant, Company I, 4th U. S. Cavalry, received one medal "for gallantry in pursuit of a band of cattle thieves from New Mexico," at Colorado Valley, Texas, on March 28, 1872, and another for "distinguished conduct in action with Indians," at Red River, Texas, on September 29, 1872." Sergeant "Billy" Wilson was an accomplished swordsman and equestrian, and took part in many notable exhibitions with members of his troop and regiment. He died in 1895 or 1896, his remains lying beneath a neat monument in the Presidio cemetery.

It was always the steadfast policy of the War Department to refrain from bestowing two Medals of Honor on one person; it is easily surmised, therefore, the exceptional character of the services rendered by these four men that suggested, and obtained, this double accolade.

The copper Medal of Honor of the first design—but two designs have been made—was perhaps not so elegant as the recent one, but was more highly esteemed by its possessors, and



Original design of the United States Medal of Honor.

the boutonniere was decidedly more natty and tasteful than its successor, which is a small blue rosette besprinkled with thirteen white stars, two each on six radii and one in the center. On the button that holds the rosette in place "valor" is stamped.

The recent Medals of Honor are elegant and handsome, although tinctured, perhaps, somewhat with a suggestion of the French *Medaille d'honneur.*

The incursion of the new medal met with but scant favor from the wearers of the old one, to whom the suggestion was made that they could surrender the time-honored copper one and receive in lieu thereof the gold-plated one. The medallists preferred their

old copper medal, wherefore the War Department found itself with an aggrandizement of *l'art nouveau* medals on hand, with but small prospect of their utilization; so, on February, 1907, the edict was promulgated that the holders of the old medal could also have one of the new ones, under the proviso that they were not to be worn simultaneously.

Apart from the honor conferred by the bestowal of the medal, no emolument results to the recipient. Not so in the other prominent European countries. In France, the Legion of Honor members receive twenty dollars a year for life, if they have suffered amputation resulting from wounds received in action, and in addition to their regular pay. In Germany the Iron Cross holders, if officers, get 150 thalers a year, if enlisted men, 50 thalers. The wearers of the Russian Military Order of St. George receive an addition of one-third to their customary pay. The confreres of the gold medal of the Austro-Hungarian Military Order of Merit receive an increase of 50 per centum of their pay, and the silver medallists 25 per centum. The Victoria Cross recipients of Great Britain and its dependencies also are entitled to a pension of 30 pounds sterling per annum, and also have "V. C." in old English, black-face letters put after their names in official publications (of very late years the American army register has "M. H." under the names of officers who have received the decoration.) In Italy the holder of a gold or silver medal for bravery receives a pension of 100 lire ($20) per annum, which at the death of the veteran passes to his widow or to his children under fifteen years old.

On February 22, 1904, U. S. Senator Boise Penrose introduced Senate Bill No. 4483 "granting a service pension to all officers and enlisted men of the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps, both regular and volunteer, who have been awarded medals of honor, or who may hereafter be awarded such medals under Acts of Congress approved December 21, 1861, and July 12-16, 1862, and March 3, 1863, and any other Act or Acts amendatory thereof or supplemental thereto." This Bill, which was defeated, gave all veterans, as provided, $75 a month after reaching 60 years of age if it was applied for, but it was not to be paid in addition to any retired service pay or pension received by the applicant, but any recipient of the pension or retired service pay could relinquish such emolument if he so desired and receive the Medal of Honor pension in lieu thereof.

The Medal of Honor is worn at the collar, immediately below the hyoid bone.

It is a matter of regret to the writer that he is unable to give the proper credit to the writer of the following sentences that convey tersely and admirably the sentiments of the veterans who wear the medal:

"No argument can be advanced to justify the requirement and the notion that it (the old medal) was unworthy of the object or action for which it stood, because it resembled the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic, which notion was as inane as it was insulting. The Medal of Honor, in its original integrity of design and intrinsicality of composition, was without a blemish as a badge representing gallantry and heroism. Nothing was added to the significance of the emblem by making it gaudier. It could have been as much to the wearer if it were of rusty iron. Its meaning rose above mere adornment."

The medal was pendant to a simulacrum of the beloved flag of our country, for which the medallist fought his best and unsparingly lavished his worthiest efforts, and that little piece of silk ribbon had a peculiar and venerative meaning to him. But of whatever material composed or design wrought the Medal of Honor may be, it is certain that as true hearts and stalwart arms will be found to keep the glittering, silken folds of dear "Old Glory" from being smirched in the future as were fortunately and patri-

otically found in the past or present.

Commemorative of the manifestation of this staunch upholding of the flag, the Government has had struck off at the Philadelphia mint a number of medals, which are to be distributed to specially deserving participants in the recent unpleasantness with Spain.

The medal is of bronze, somewhat larger in diameter than a half-dollar, having on the reverse, "For Service, 1898." The first medal was presented to Colonel Joseph W. Duncan, General Staff U. S. Army, Chief of Staff, Department of the East, an old Indian fighter of the Twenty-first Infantry, who was actively engaged in the Spanish-American struggle as captain in the Twenty-first and Major of the Thirteenth Infantry.

"FORGIVEN"

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

I know a grove
Where I love to rove
At the pallid hour of even,
Where the whippoorwill
Doth lilt and trill
Like a heart with sorrow riven;
Where the naked trees
Writhe in the breeze
Like souls from Heav'n driven.

I well recall
How in the pall
Of the twilight, I stood dreaming,
While in the West
The sun at rest
'Neath the clouds was faintly beaming.
What spell was here
To blight and sear—
All life a phantom seeming?

Then through the gloom
I saw a tomb
With the single word "Forgiven."
Ah! what dark crime
Of long past time—
What sin of a soul unshriven—
Lay buried here
In the forest drear
'Neath that single word "Forgiven."

Now I know well
Why the searing spell
That makes all Life mere seeming,
Doth brood and dream
Where the sunset's beam
In the ashen sky is gleaming,
And the evil owl
In feathered cowl
Is screaming, ever screaming.

Ah! such the grove
Where I love to rove
At the pallid hour of even,
Where the whip-poor-will
Doth lilt and trill
Like a Heart with sorrow riven,
In the nightly gloom
O'er the ancient tomb
With the single word "Forgiven."

PALMIER DAYS

BY ANNA MATHEWSON



The bungalow and the palm.

The difference 'twixt the East
and West
Is, largely, one of size:
Pacific States, it is confessed,
Dilate the Yankee eyes,
Fruits, deserts, canyons are
immense—
And daily papers cost five
cents.

When living in an Eastern cot
(Called bungalow, for style)
We had a palm within a pot,
And, every little while,
'Twas put out-doors when warm winds blew,
And, snail-like, inch by inch it grew.

Too many years we scorched
or froze
In weather wild or calm,
Until we left, 'mid wintry
snows,
Our bungalow and palm,
And now, where flowers
overgrow,
We have a PALM and
bungalow.



The palm and the bungalow.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE HOLY CROSS

BY ELEANOR HINDE POWELL

HIGH UP on the summit of "Baldy," or "Hermit's Peak," in New Mexico, a mountain of some nine thousand feet above sea level, there gathered on the eve of May 5, 1911, the most unique religious society in the world. Certainly it is the only one of the kind known to be in existence.

Now that eyes are turned on the new aspirant to Statehood, it is interesting to know something of its people and those societies or bodies which have a bearing on the political, religious or moral character of the people.

This "Brotherhood of the Holy Cross," which to all intents and purposes is for religious purposes only, has nevertheless a strong political influence as well. Its present President, Don Margarito Romero, is a politician, and while his devotion to the purposes of the society cannot be questioned, yet he naturally has the support of his co-members of the Brotherhood, in his political aspirations.

The society now numbers eighty or more members, and the story of its birth and of its practices and purposes is very interesting.

There are but two meetings of the society in the year, the first Friday in May, and in September. It has its by-laws and rules, as has any fraternal organization, and its founder was the hermit after whom the mountain was named "Hermit's Peak." The hermit —whose name was John Mary Augustiniani, was the son of noble parents in Sizzario, Lombardy, Italy. When he was about seventeen years of age, it is claimed that while walking in the park of his father's palace, he saw an apparition of the Virgin pointing afar off, and interpreting this to mean that he was to travel to distant lands, and also moved by religious enthusiasm he decided to give up all luxuries and become a solitary wanderer.

Conforming to his parents' wishes, however, he consented to spend three years in study and reflection before starting on his travels. At the end of this time, his inclinations being still the same, he started for Rome, where he spent seven years in a solitary existence in caves. Five more years he spent in journeying afoot over Europe before sailing for the new world, eventually landing at Caracas, Venezuela. After traversing, on foot, Brazil, Chili and Argentina, working as a missionary among the Indians, he made his way to the volcano of Orizaba, Mexico, where, among the natives and Indians, he won considerable fame as a lecturer and doctor.

The civil authorities of Orizaba, on some trumped-up charge, threw the hermit into prison. He demanded a trial, the result of which was deportation to Cuba. From Cuba he sailed for New York, and from New York he walked to Montreal, Canada, thence across the American and Canadian wilds to the Mississippi River. Like Father Marquette, he traversed this stream in a small boat, reaching St. Louis December 30, 1861. He remained near this city during war times and little is known of his life during this period, but he is still remembered by a few old settlers. From St. Louis he walked to Westport, Missouri, preparatory to crossing the plains and preaching to the Indians, spending the winter in a cave and hollow tree near Westport.

The Mexican wagon drivers, who

made a business of following the old Santa Fe trail with huge wagon trains, were drawn to the hermit by his religious character and his knowledge of their native tongue, Spanish, which was but one of the nine languages with which the hermit was thoroughly conversant.

Domingo Gonzales, the owner of many wagons, invited the hermit to accompany him to Las Vegas, New Mexico. Declining the luxury of a carriage, or even of the prairie schooners which made up the train, he, with a pack of forty pounds of books on his back, walked all the way to Las Vegas on the flank of the wagons. Twice during the trip he was missed, once for eight days, and when he overtook the train he explained that he had been preaching to the Indians.

After reaching Las Vegas, he first made his way to a Catholic church, of which he was a devout member, and after performing his religious duties, started out in search of a cave in which to live. This he found in Kearney's Gap, three miles west of the city.

The piety and religious character of the hermit impressed the people, the majority of whom are Catholics, to such an extent that they soon began to make pilgrimages, in large numbers, to his lonely dwelling. As this interfered with his desire for a solitary life, the hermit went in search of a more inaccessible place of abode, which he found near the scraggy summit of Serro del Tecolate. Here, in this cave, high above all the surrounding country, he spent three years, and the cave is to-day as he left it then. On the first of every month, if the trail were at all passable, the hermit picked his way down the mountain side and trudged some eighteen miles to church, where, with the League of the Sacred Heart, a Catholic society which always received communion on the first Friday of each month, he prepared himself for and took part in this act of devotion.

In appearance the Hermit was unique, always carrying a staff which had five projections, from which were suspended five bells the tinkling of which gave warning of his approach. He wore his hair long, and wore the plainest and cheapest of clothing.

Don Margarito Romero says that he, together with the children of the few families where the hermit called on the occasion of his monthly visits to town, would always scamper to a place of hiding when they heard the tinkling of the hermit's bell, because his first inquiry was always for the children, and these he would cause to kneel and say various prayers, after which he would give them wise and kindly counsel.

He would never sleep in a bed or accept any luxuries or comforts, but he had with him a trunk of articles of faith used in the Catholic religion, which he gave here and there gratuitously, accepting in return, when pressed, nothing more than corn meal, which was the only food of which he partook. It is said that money and luxuries of all kinds would have been gladly showered upon him by the natives and Indians to whom he preached —but these he always refused.

During the winter, on account of the snow, he would be unable for four or more months at a time to leave his mountain home. He never built a fire in his cave, never used bed or blankets. His corn meal he cooked into a sort of hard mush over a fire some distance away, and this he kept in a covered can, slicing it off with a string as he needed it. For water he had a spring, sparkling and cold, which the natives to-day declare sprung from a rock which the hermit struck with his staff on his first arrival there. The spring is there and refreshes many a tourist and pleasure party to-day.

During the three years which the hermit spent on this peak, he erected on its top fourteen immense hewn crosses, some of which are standing to-day, and those which have been destroyed by the elements have been replaced by members of the Brotherhood.

In May, 1867, when the hermit told his followers that he was about to



Members of the Brotherhood of the Holy Cross.

leave them, there being always some devotees and admirers to whom he preached, he exhorted them to make two visits a year to the mountain top, one in May and the other in September.

Thus was the Brotherhood born into existence, and their semi-annual devotions are performed as fervently to-day as they were when the hermit was with them. On the eve of September 3d, they will again assemble on the top of the mountain, climbing up on foot or on burrows, and there they light great beacon fires as a summons to any of the Brothers who may have forgotten the date. They sit up all night saying prayers, particularly the rosary, and singing hymns and listening to advice and counsel from the priest who accompanies the Brotherhood on its pilgrimage.

Early on the morning following, the real devotions begin, which consist chiefly of the Stations of the Cross, as recited by most adherents of the Catholic faith during Lent, the prayers being said in Spanish, of course. At each cross the priest calls to mind the suffering of Christ, each representing a step in the Passion.

These prayers, which occupy possibly two hours, are followed by mass, which is said in the open on a crudely constructed altar. All of the Brotherhood receive communion during this service and the devotions are thus brought to a close.

Don Margarito Romero has many of the books belonging to the hermit, most of which have his autograph on the fly leaf.

Perhaps the most interesting and highly valuable is the scrap book which contains the life history of the hermit, and Don Margarito had much trouble to secure it. After leaving Las Vegas, the hermit journeyed over rough paths and trails to Santa Fe, and from there to Albuquerque, intending to make his way to Old Mexico.

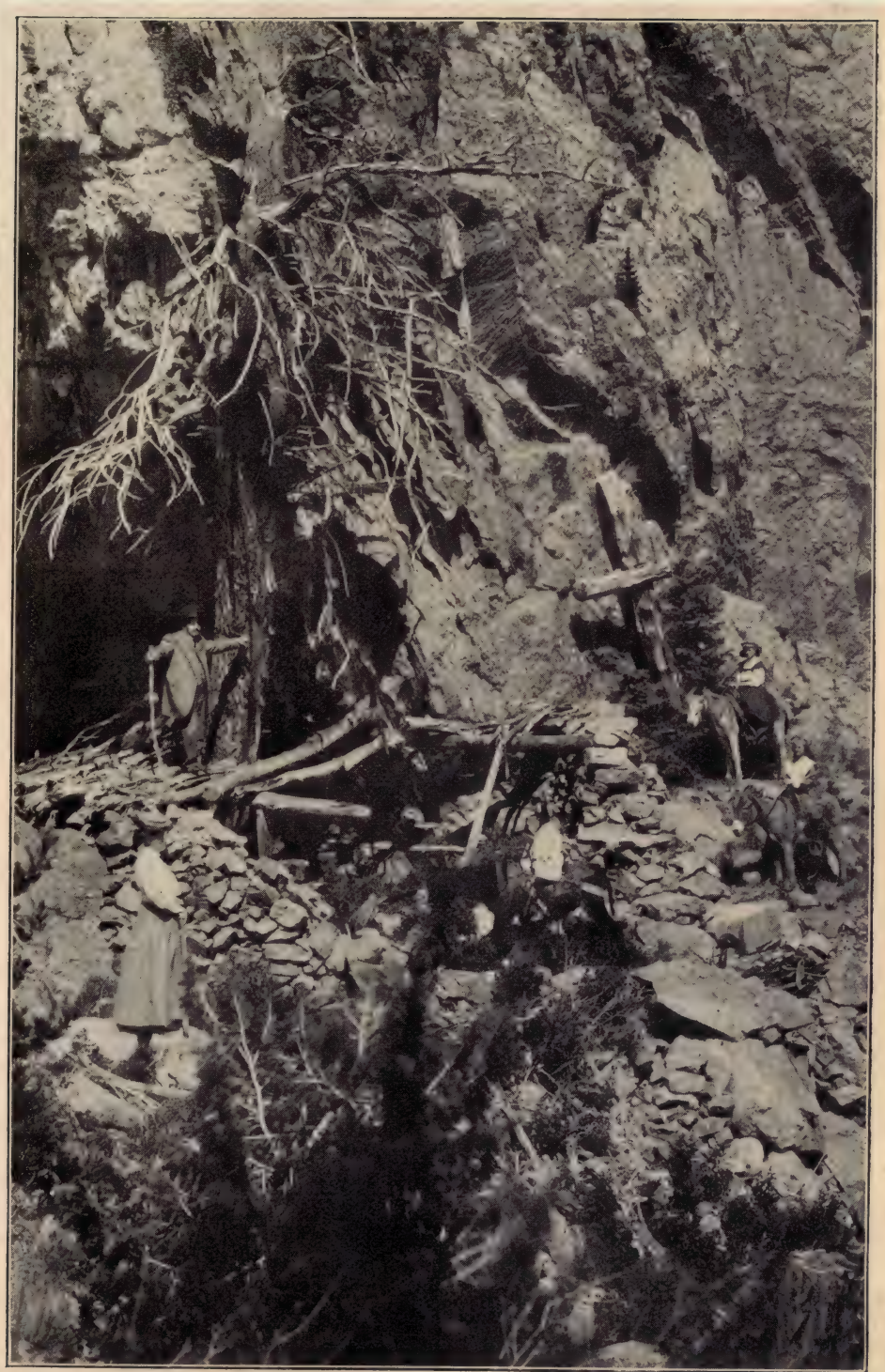
However, when he got to Las Cruces, he decided to linger a while in a cave which he found on the Organ Mountains. When, a little later, he decided to move on, he went to bid adieu to Father Baca, whose acquaintance he had made on his monthly visits to the church. To Father Baca he said: "To-night I will build my last fire on the peak to bid you good-bye. I will recite the rosary, and I wish you and your people to do likewise. Should you not see my fire, you will know that I am dead and you may come to-morrow and get my books and property."

No fire appeared on the peak that night, so the next day, accompanied by six men, Father Baca ascended the mountain, where he found the body of the hermit pierced by many Navajo arrows; the treacherous Indians had killed their beloved friend.

Don Margarito Romero, having seen the scrap book already referred to, made an effort to secure it. He traced it to Mexico, and after a long search, eventually located it at Taos, New Mexico, the scene of the late uprising among some intoxicated Indians. He succeeded in purchasing the book for one hundred dollars. It contains all of the hermit's passports, credentials from influential men in all parts of the world, and notes showing his wanderings. It is a unique curiosity of one of the most unique characters ever known in the new world. Few such obscure characters have had their memories so revered and their practices so perpetuated as has this hermit of Hermit's Peak.

It is said of him that it was impossible to arouse him to anger; that he cared nothing for the material things of this world, but labored only for a place in his Father's Kingdom, living as nearly as he thought Christ must have lived.

In eulogy of him, Don Margarito Romero says: "If there was ever a saint, that man was one."



The hermit's cave



Plowing Time

BY FREMONT WOOD

Hurrah, my boy, the day's begun,
The bacon to a turn is done;
There's griddle cakes—a steaming lot,
And mother's got the coffee hot.

Give Bob and Jerry plenty feed,
Hard work gives them an extra greed;
And turn the Jersies in the clover,
There's plowing when th' breakfast's over.

Hurrah! Hurrah! skedaddle now;
Fat nubbins for the Berkshire sow
And grain a-plenty for the hen,—
Eggs is highest ever be'n.

The lark is calling us a-field,
No time to lure o' dreams to yield,
The farmer boy's most sweet refrain
Is "Gee-haw!" with clank of chain.

There's perfume in the turning soil,
There's merit in your honest toil,
There's music 'round each brae and tarn,
And peace o'er all about the barn.

Of lazying we had a spell
Around the village store, to tell
Of this and that, and t'other thing,
When time hung heavy on the wing.

Folks thought the rain would never come,
Some thought that they could run things some,
But just as things has mostly done,
The rain it come, and now the sun.

So hitch the bay team to the plow;
Don't stand there jawin' 'bout it now,
Don't let the day slip by, my son,
Before we git some plowin' done.

THE COWARDICE OF WILLIE PULLTHROUGH

BY R. J. PEARSALL

WILLIE PULLTHROUGH —I forget his real name —was as long, lank and ungainly as his sobriquet implies. His face was very smooth, fair and pink, and seemed destined to remain so, in spite of the sun and wind of the tropics. He could grow callouses on his hands, but nothing short of mutilation would rid them of their long, slender, lady-like shape. He could try on every size of regulation uniform and drive the Chino tailors to despair trying to fit him, but nothing would rid his figure of its appearance of being just about to fall apart. When Willie struck Company "D" there was a general howl of joy, for we all saw that here at last was a legitimate butt for our humor.

Willie Pullthrough was also a coward. That was generally understood, although no one ever told him as much openly. But he shunned fights and brawls, and didn't seem to mind the slings of wit that we others threw at him, and so we decided that he was afraid. And in the army a coward has a hard row to hoe. Usually he does not last long. He beats it while he still has "two and a butt" to do.

He joined our company in Olongapo in June. It wasn't long after that that we were ordered down to San Marino, a God-forsaken little outpost in Moroland. Oh, we were all glad to go. A soldier is always glad to go anywhere, as long as he gets away from the place he is in. But we were not down there long before we would have given a month's pay to be back in good old Olongapo.

In our new station, Willie Pullthrough's life was even more unendurable. We weren't intentionally cruel, but when a hundred men lay around day after day for months, with nothing to do but keep their rifles clean and their bayonets polished, it doesn't take an expert psychologist to tell you that there's apt to be rather nasty development of temper. And a man's temper, like anything else, naturally takes the line of least resistance. Willie Pullthrough seemed placed there by Providence to stand the brunt of it.

One day, after the chaffing had been unusually severe, I met him a few hundred yards outside of camp. When I first saw him he was walking fast, with his head held high. He saw me and started to go down a side path away from me; then he hesitated and turned. I felt like walking away from him, but I couldn't very well.

He always came straight to the point —that was one good thing about him. "Van Kirk," he said, "why don't you and the rest of the fellows like me?"

Now, when I came to look in his eyes and to frame up an answer to that question, I swear I got embarrassed. To tell the truth, there wasn't any answer handy. There was nothing wrong with him, that I knew of; and yet he'd stated the fact correctly enough.

"I don't know, Willie, I'm sure. And come to think of it, I don't think anyone else does."

"But it's true," said he.

"Yes, it's true."

And at that moment I rather wished it wasn't. Take him for all in all, standing there, I couldn't find anything

objectionable about him, but only a lot that was very miserable and sick at heart and lonely. And yet I could not like him, couldn't think of him as a friend. Strange, isn't it? Did you ever feel that way?

It was about that time that the gugus began to get nasty. It began in a series of incidents that ought to have been trivial. A difference of opinion between a wash *hombre* and one of the Americanos in regard to a wash bill led to the Americano throwing the *hombre* bodily out of the barracks. The local presidente happened to get in the way of a bucket of water thrown from the mess hall. A little brown brother, who had learned the great lesson of thrift from the white conquerors, tried to turn an honest *centavo* by making off with a pair of shoes, and was caught and unmercifully beaten by their unreasonable owner. Add to this two years of peace and plenty, with many a dollar *conant* flowing into the coffers of the people from the pockets of the mad white men, and you will see that the times were ripe for trouble.

Outwardly there was peace and friendship, but to the eyes of men who had learned to look beneath the brown masks of smiling faces, the natives had something on their mind. Then one morning we at San Marino woke to find the wires cut and ourselves cut off from communication with Manila and the rest of the world.

We knew pretty well what that meant. The natives were preparing to attack us, and fearing that we would discover their intentions, had destroyed our chances of summoning help. Still, after the monotony of the last few months, the excitement was rather pleasant than otherwise. However, there was real danger. The Moros are hard fighters when they get started—the worst in the Islands.

That evening assembly was sounded and the case was explained to us by Lieutenant Madden.

"It is essential," he said in conclusion, "that communication be re-established with Manila. I am going to call for volunteers for a mission which I don't attempt to disguise from you is full of danger. It is to proceed to Manila along the telegraph line, repair it if possible, and, if it is impossible and the line is broken all along, to carry a message to headquarters. The man who goes will be in a lot more danger than he would be in a pitched battle. His only chance will be to escape observation. If you don't volunteer, you're not a coward, because it's a job that the bravest of men might well shrink from. If no one volunteers, I'll send no one, and we'll all stick together. It's up to you, men. If any of you wish to go, take three steps forward."

Of course, in such a case there's only one thing to do, and that is for the command to execute "forward, march." That's what we did, for three paces, and then the little line stopped with great precision.

I don't think Lieutenant Madden expected anything else; nevertheless it seemed to please him. "After that," he remarked casually to his second in command, "I'm not afraid of the whole Island." Then he ordered "Port arms!" and passed down in front of the line.

Now, I had the reputation of being a good hiker, and I savvied the use of the telegraph key, so I wasn't much surprised when he picked me out. I fell out and started for quarters.

Half way there, I heard what sounded like a suppressed snort of amazement from the ranks. I looked back, startled, for when Company "D" forgets itself like that, there certainly must be something strange taking place. And there was. Willie Pullthrough was following me to the quarters. Lieutenant Madden had passed up ninety-five *good* men and picked *him* for the hundred odd mile hike to Manila.

Well, I went ahead, packed my knapsack, strapped my poncho over it, filled my haversack with five-days rations from the mess hall, and my canteen with water, and reported to the office for instructions. Willie Pull-

through got there just ahead of me. His ungainly figure seemed already bowed beneath the weight of the knapsack. It filled me with disgust, and also, I confess, with something pretty close to fear. I knew well enough that it was a perilous mission that I was going on, fully as dangerous as the company commander had said. That the camp was being watched by a hundred vigilant eyes I had no doubt. Alone, free to use my own wits, I might hope to evade them and get through to Manila, but with Willie Pullthrough as a handicap—— However, it was too late now to raise objections. Within half an hour we had passed out of the camp into the jungle.

We had waited until it had grown dark before we started, and if care went for anything, I felt that there was a chance of our not having been seen. An Indian might have considered it clumsy work, but for a white man I felt that it was pretty good. You've heard of people *worming* their way through an enemy's line. Well, that was exactly what we did. I engineered the thing, of course, but when it was over I had to admit that Willie Pullthrough hadn't done so badly. But then, his long, thin body seemed adapted to that mode of traveling. Later, after we had traveled fifty miles and still had fifty to go, and then some, when we were hungry and thirsty, when our skin was blistered and our lips were cracked and our feet were bleeding, that was the time when I would have my trouble with him.

It was a tough hike, even at the beginning. Great vines caught our feet and flung us headlong to the ground; coarse grass scratched our hands and faces; spike-like brambles tore our stout khaki through to the flesh. But through it all I led the way at a good round gait—I figured on four miles an hour—and Willie followed me. I really felt guilty for setting him such a pace. But I reasoned that if he were going to break down, the sooner he did so the better. Besides, I was in a white heat of anger, anger at Willie Pullthrough for volunteering and at Lieutenant Madden for saddling me with such a handicap. And so I stumbled on through the hot, moist night, furiously determined to tire my companion out or leave him behind. But still he kept on, lumbering and lurching along awkwardly, until the very sound of him became hateful to me. "Don't make so much noise," I said savagely "Do you want to let the whole island know we are here?"

But one look at him took away most of my anger. From head to foot he was covered with mud and slime, save only where, from a gash which stretched half way across his forehead the blood had dripped and washed it away. His hands were bleeding, too, and I could tell from the way he stepped that his feet were already sore. He was breathing—but you could hardly call it breathing—he was gasping in a way that carried me back to the time when, as a boy, I had seen a wild horse run itself to death on my father's ranch in Kansas. There was something piteous in his eyes; and there was something else there, something that I could not analyze at the time. "I'm doing the best I can, Bob," was all he said.

I don't pretend to remember all of that night. I don't try to. It's not a pleasant remembrance. What with the heat, the underbrush, the swamps, the mosquitoes, the rivers we had to ford, the cliffs and precipices we had to climb, I believe I nearly lost my mind. I cursed the Islands and everything in them, separately and individually; I cursed the officer who had sent me on this mission; I cursed my companion who was sharing it; I cursed myself; I remember cursing with distinct vigor and especial emphasis the day that I had enlisted. And all the time Willie Pullthrough plodded behind, silent save for his wheezing lungs.

It was an awful night. But it had to end sometime, and at last I began to realize, vaguely, that the trail was becoming easier. I came to a landmark that I remembered, a steep cliff,

down which we half-scrambled, half-fell, and I knew that we were over twenty miles from San Marino. There remained only a few more hours of darkness, and I determined to rest. I announced that fact, gruffly, to my companion. I read unspeakable relief in his face, and he dropped limply to the ground, but he said nothing. I took a sort of gloating pleasure in his all-in-ness.

The next thing I knew the sun was shining in my face, and when I scrambled to my feet I found that it was an hour high. It was reckless, all right, but we'd both slept the rest of the night right where we'd stopped. If we'd had nine lives apiece, a single ladrone could have slipped up and taken them all. But nothing of the kind had happened, so it was all right.

We had canned billy and hard tack for breakfast. I was about to take a drink from my canteen, but Pullthrough stopped me. "If I were you," he said in his hesitating way, "I'd save that. There's a good spring over here." It really wasn't his put-in, but I took his advice.

"We'll test the wire, now, Willie," I said, in my most superior manner, to punish him for his presumption. We attached the battery with which Lieutenant Madden had furnished us to the wire and tried to get Manila, but failed. We could not even get the camp. The wire had been cut on both sides of us. We slung our knapsacks and hiked on.

The trail kept opening up, and in an hour's time we struck the plain. Little clumps of bamboo dotted it here and there, but they didn't hinder us any. They didn't offer much chance of ambush, either, and I was sure glad of that. I'd been caught in an ambush once, and saw half of the command boloed around me, and I knew what it was.

But it grew hot out there in the open —hot with the sort of heat that people in the States know nothing about. A constant stream of sweat kept running from the end of my chin. My clothing was wringing wet with it. All my energy seemed seeping out of me. A little after eleven we had to make another halt, and we laid beneath a bamboo and panted like overdriven horses.

At noon we had some more hard-tack and corned beef. At two o'clock we started on again. It might have been an hour later when I heard a funny kind of noise, something half-way between a howl and a moan. It sounded like a dog that is dying slowly, only there was something human about it, too. I couldn't shiver; it was too hot, but it sent curious little thrills up and down my back.

"Do you hear that?" I asked Willie Pullthrough.

"Yes," said Willie. "Don't you see where it comes from, straight ahead under the bamboo tree?"

I saw it easily enough then. At that distance it might have been a native man or a native dog, or, except for the howling, a log. But when we got nearer we saw that it was a woman, very decollete as to dress, brown, almost black, old and wrinkled at thirty, as they are in that country. She lay there, groaning loudly, and turning scared, cunning eyes up at us.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "You hurt bad? You *mucha malo danar?* You *sabe?*" I knew a little Spanish, but there was a lot more that I didn't know.

For answer the woman broke out in mixed Spanish, Tagalog and Moro, pointing up into the tree, then to the ground, then nursing her ankle, then pointing off toward a stretch of wood. I couldn't understand her words, but her meaning was plain to me. She had fallen from the tree and hurt her ankle. She wanted to be carried to her home. And it was up to us, as white men, to carry her. I suppose I was wrong, but I couldn't help wishing either that the code of chivalry was less exacting, or that the woman had chosen another day to fall out of the tree.

"Ask her how far it is," suggested Willie Pullthrough.

I did, and made her understand after about five minutes' jabbering. But the answer wasn't reassuring. "*Poco distantio*," she said, and that, with a Filipino, means anywhere between one mile and twenty. However, I picked her up, handed my rifle and knapsack to Willie, and started off in the direction she had pointed. She guided me as I walked; we advanced about half a mile, and then struck into a narrow trail, I in the lead, Willie following closely.

There is no excuse for our carelessness. We should have suspected a trap. We had not advanced a dozen paces when brown, half-naked figures leaped upon us from both sides of the trail. I flung the miserable decoy from me, and heard her howl with pain as she struck the ground. Willie Pullthrough threw me his rifle. Then came the impact of stout, squat bodies. We were two against twenty and fighting for our lives.

I can't tell you how it happened. I was too busy to make notes. I know I got one of them; but while I was pulling back my rifle for another stroke, I felt a bolo bite deep into my thigh. Then some one sprang upon me from behind, and I toppled to the ground with half a dozen on top of me.

Between their bodies I caught a glimpse of Willie Pullthrough. He was using his rifle as a club, and his long, lean body was working with deadly precision. He had cleared a circle around himself, a circle whose radius was the reach of his gun.

I saw an over-brave gugu make a rush from behind, saw the lightning-like "butts to the rear," heard the dull thud as gun met negroish skull, caught the splash of brains and blood that reddened the grass, and caught, too, a glimpse of Willie Pullthrough's rifle, broken at the breech by the blow. Then I saw him break through the circle, fling away his rifle and run.

I lay jammed beneath burly bodies, and groaned out curses upon him for deserting me in my need. I prayed that he would be caught and killed. I would have killed him with my own hands and been glad of the opportunity. But the gugus who had pursued him soon came back, and I gathered from their talk that he had escaped.

The natives had released their hold on me, but I still lay on the ground, wondering how many minutes I had to live. The woman who had been the cause of all the trouble had crawled away into the bushes. Three of the Moros were dead and one pretty badly crippled. One, a young, smooth-talking fellow, seemed to be the leader among them. He gave an order at last, decisively, and the rest began to pick up my scattered belongings, while he came over and spoke to me in "dhobie" English.

"You *sigue*. You get up."

I guess I could have walked all right if I had tried, but I was sulky, and didn't feel like it. "If these niggers want me to go any place, they'll have to tote me," I resolved. "No can do. *Mucha malo danar*," I said aloud.

The leader bent over me and examined my wounds. Then he issued a few rapid commands. One of his men bandaged my cuts. Then I wished that I had tried to walk, for four burly fellows picked me up roughly and started off with me at a half trot. The rest of them came behind, carrying the rifles and Willie Pullthrough's and my own accouterments. I saw that they carried no rifles, but they were all armed with bolos, and I wondered hastily between twinges of pain why it was that Willie Pullthrough and I hadn't been killed off-hand. They could easily have done it. They must have had some reason for wanting to take us alive.

The fellows carrying me weren't using any Red Cross methods. A particularly violent wrench at my sore knee threw me into a faint. When I recovered, we were out of the thicket and traveling in the same direction that Willie Pullthrough and I had been going an hour before. I wondered at it confusedly, and then aroused myself enough to curse my captors fluently as they dropped me to the ground.

But, no one paying any attention to

me, I stopped; besides, the actions of the gugus took my attention. We were again on the telegraph line. The wire had been cut at this point, and the end of it trailed on the ground. With much talk they managed to connect it with the battery, and to make the connection correctly, too. Then the leader came up to me.

"You *sabe telegrafo?*"

"No *sabe.*"

"You *sabe telegrafo.*" This time it was a statement. "Me know you Olongapo. You *telegrafo alli.*"

I was caught. I had been the operator at Olongapo. This fellow had seen me there.

"You *telegrafo* Manila. *Sabe?*"

"Si," I said. That was the one thing that I longed for. One word with Manila and—well, I might die, but I would be amply revenged.

"You *telegrafo* to Manila alright," said the gugu, trying to make himself understood. "You say Americanos in San Marino *todo recto. Telegrafo* broke at San Marino. Take *duos, tres* days *reparer. Sabe?*"

"I *sabe.* No will do."

"Then we kill you." He knew that much English perfectly. "You no *telegrafo* we kill you. You *telegrafo* we keep you. Americanos come from Manila we kill you. Ants kill you. Americanos no come we *soltaro* you. We let you go. *Vamose pronto. Sabe?*"

I understood alright. He wanted me to wire to Manila that, on account of the line being broken, no more communication would be possible for three days, this in order to allay uneasiness at headquarters, and insure non-interference with the plans of the Moros. I knew, too, the kind of death he proposed to give me if I exposed him—a lingering death beside which burning at the stake would be the height of mercy. My flesh crept. I never laid any claim to being extremely brave. And to be eaten alive by ants! I saw again the long legs of Willie Pullthrough flying before the gugus. "He saved his skin. Why not I?"

The key was under my fingers. "M-a, m-a, m-a," I called. And then, as the key vibrated an answer, "M-a-r-c-o-r-p-s-m-a." An instant more, and Brigade Headquarters at Manila was at my finger-tips, and in my mind my life was being balanced against the lives of my hundred helpless comrades in San Marino.

I was a coward, I admit.

"This message sent from point thirty miles north of San Marino. Intervening section wire down. Storms. Further communication impossible three days. Natives quiet. Mad—" And then my fingers trailed off involuntarily: "Preceding—message—false—compulsion—natives in revolt. Line destroyed. Serious. Send troops. Madden."

The reply came excitedly: "Who is this?"

"Madden, by Van Kirk. Am captured by natives. Do not reply. Send troops." And I took my finger from the key, knowing that in three days a thousand men would be at San Marino and I would die—of ants.

The rest of the day was a series of horrors. The natives are not at all quixotic in their treatment of prisoners, and in spite of my wounds I was dragged at a rapid pace southward. I was tired out, my head swam, awful pains ran through my body until it became numbed at last by an excess of suffering. I stumbled time and time again, and would have fallen if some watchful nigger hadn't pricked me into consciousness with the point of a bolo. At last I did fall; and when they saw that I could go no further, they picked me up and carried me, so roughly that even in my unconsciousness I was in an agony of pain.

When I came to my senses I was lying on the ground in a sort of camp, the stars over me, the sleeping Filipinos around me. I dozed off again, but every bruised muscle and bone in my fevered body was aching, and again I awoke. It was very dark; we were again in the jungle; a sentry was posted over me, and walked up and down vigilantly; these were my first impressions. Then the day's happen-

ings came over me in a rush of remembrance, and I closed my eyes and gritted my teeth to keep from yelling aloud in sheer panic.

I knew that there was no hope of escape. And the torture lay before me! I had seen samples of it, had found creeping masses just in time to witness the last writhing of the outraged flesh, had found them, too, hours after the last struggle—but still the ghastly executioners were busy. At the thought, fear filled me, mastered me, not fear of death—welcome death—but of those last few hours of life. To live, to be, and to be *that!*

There was but one way out. I knew that. I strained at my lashings—the pain was nothing—but they were tied fast. I gave up with a groan and lay back. The sentry pacing up and down gave me an idea. It was so little that I wanted. A bullet, an inch of steel, a drop of poison, any one of these would release me.

I caught the sentry's eye and made a slight, suggestive motion of the bound hands toward the pockets of my trousers. The pockets of the Americano always possess interest for the Filipino. He must have remembered that I hadn't been properly searched. He came closer, bent down and placed his ear near my lips.

"Got ten, twenty, *treinta* pesos. You kill me, you *matar* me, you take *dinero*—you *sabe?*" The thought of the impending torture had half-crazed me, and it was a wild mixture of Spanish, Tagalog and English that I poured into his ear in a broken, uncertain whisper. "You *matar* me, you *dejar* me *matar yo mismo.* Give me a bolo. Let me do it. *Treinta pesos.*"

Slowly the grin of comprehension stole over the sentry's evil face. I imagined I could read his thoughts. To kill me, which was what his hand itched to do, and to take my money, which was what his hand itched to have, and to do it all with my consent, that would be a crowning jest. But he must do it without arousing the suspicions of the *capitan.* His scanty forehead wrinkled into ugly folds as he pondered the question.

Finally he tiptoed over to the side of one of the sleeping men, and when he came back he had an extra bolo in his hand. I looked at it with hungry eyes. "I *donar* you this, you *donar* me *dinero?*" he asked.

I gasped aloud. "Si, si. Yes."

The strange bargain was made. The gugu grinned with delight when he turned away, the money in his hand. I caressed the razor-like weapon as if it were an instrument to preserve my life instead of one to destroy it.

With great labor I managed to roll my stiff and bound body until my face was downward. I worked the bolo around until it lay out straight in front of me. There was a little depression there, and the blade, slanting upward, pricked my throat. I calculated my position carefully. All I had to do was to throw my weight forward and—

I hesitated, the exact moment in which I would do this seeming the only important thing in the world. I was firmly resolved to kill myself rather than submit to the impending torture, but—did you ever feel the cold sting of a naked blade at your throat? The sentry paced up and down, one, two, three, four. When I had counted fifty I would do it.

Ten—fifteen—— I craned my head back and took another look at the starlit heavens. I recalled a whimsical discussion that we had had in camp a few days before, and wondered to which of those multitudinous worlds, if to any, I would be transported during the next few minutes. And then of a sudden they loomed cold and distant before me, for the sky was growing light in the East and a bird sang, and the warm wind rustled through the trees, and I lay soft upon the bosom of the earth. And I must leave this fair world!

Twenty—twenty-five. He was coming this way. He would think the Americano a coward. He would say to himself that all Americanos are cowards. That, strangely enough, was the thought that nerved me. I set my teeth. I would do it now.

That moment there was the sound of a blow, a groan and a fall. I raised my head again. The sentry was sprawled out in a hideous attitude. Some one was coming toward me with a bolo in his hand. I gasped—it was no Filipino. He reached me with a leap, snatched the bolo from my throat, rolled me over on my back, and severed the ropes that bound me. I was jerked roughly to my feet, and gazed amazedly on the face of Willie Pullthrough.

"Keep still," Willie whispered. The warning was useless; I couldn't have spoken if I had tried. The suddenness of my rescue, and that by a man that I had a hundred times dubbed a coward, shocked me into silence.

"Come! Hurry!" Willie Pullthrough grabbed me and led me away. I tried to walk alone, but, so tightly had I been bound I could only stagger. Half-supported by my rescuer's arm I reeled off into the bushes.

But we had hardly left before a yell from behind told that the camp was aroused and my escape discovered. I urged my stiff legs to go faster, and Willie Pullthrough dragged me along in a sort of shambling run. But the yells grew closer. Crippled as I was, I could make no headway. And Willie Pullthrough wouldn't leave me. They pressed us hard, caught us, forced us to bay, with our backs against a steep rock.

Our plight was hopeless. Dazed as I was, I realized that. I had a club, Willie Pullthrough a bolo, but in our hands neither was of use except at close quarters, while with a Moro a bolo is pretty nearly sure death at thirty yards. Well, at any rate I would escape the torture. But Willie Pullthrough——

I turned to him, and I guess there was something in my eyes that he had never seen there before. He smiled a little sadly. "And so you thought I'd left you," he said. And that was all.

The Moros kept coming on. We braced ourselves for a rush forward. "We'll probably be cut down before we get half way," said Willie Pullthrough. "But if we do happen to reach them we'll take some of them along with us." In another moment we would have hurled ourselves forward, when we were checked by the inexplicable actions of the Moros.

The leader had shouted some command, at which the mob drew together and jabbered unintelligibly. He pointed to us, then to the north; he seemed to be arguing with his followers, explaining something to them. I wanted to take advantage of their confusion. But Willie Pullthrough held me back. "Wait!" he said.

Then we saw a curious thing. Moved by some harangue from their leader, the war party, fading away in the darkness as silently as shadows, leaving us staring at each other, nonplussed.

We could not understand; we could not surmise! it was incredible. We only knew that for some strange reason we had been spared, and we turned toward San Marino in a sort of daze.

Alone, I knew I never could have made it in. As it was, I remember but little of that homeward march. I was weak from loss of blood, delirious most of the way from pain and excitement. I remember leaning on Willie Pullthrough's arm and being led by him through the tangled jungles. And I remember detached fragments of conversation, in which Willie Pullthrough embarrassedly explained his unexpected appearance.

"You see, when the gugus first attacked us, I—well, I was scared. And there *wasn't* much use in sticking it out, was there? I knew we were outnumbered. So when I saw a chance to get away, why, I went.

"But I hung on your trail all day. I was close enough so that I heard the proposition put up to you by the Filipino. And, although I don't understand telegraphy, of course I knew what you wired Manila.

"When night came I stood by for a chance to get you away. You sure had me buffaloed when you got that bolo from the sentry. I couldn't see at first

what you intended to do with it. When I did, I knew it was up to me to do something. So—I did."

But when at last we reached San Marino, after what seemed an eternity of pain and weariness, I had to do the explaining while Willie Pullthrough stood awkwardly by, blushing like a girl and disclaiming all praise.

Well, we stood by, ready for an attack, for several days, but none came, and when the reinforcements came from Manila, our company commander got a courteous reprimand for sending in a false alarm. But it might have been different.

What was the explanation of the sudden change of plans on the part of the Moros? It was Willie Pullthrough that offered the first solution of the mystery, and the only one that I have been able to find.

"The leader of the band that had you corralled must have reasoned from your attempting to escape that you had turned in the alarm to Manila. He knew that if you had wired according to his directions you would have taken your chances as a prisoner than to have run the almost certain chance of being recaptured and killed. And with Manila warned, he knew the game was up. If he killed us he knew that he or somebody else would be called to account for it. It wouldn't be a victory; it wouldn't profit him anything; it would only cause trouble. So he called the rest off and let us go."

That seems to me to be a reasonable explanation of the thing. But if it hadn't been for Willie Pullthrough, why, there might have been a different story. He is Willie Pullthrough yet, to all hands; a name like that isn't easily lost. But if any outsider butts in on Company "D" and starts to use the name with undue levity, why, something very strenuous is liable to happen.

THE ICEBERG'S BIRTH

(Muir Glacier)

BY CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON

Earthborn on Alaska's mountains,
 Pressed from Alaskan snow,
Ground in her icy quarries
 While centuries come and go,
Slow-urged through the lagging cycles,
 Slow to my northern sea.
I am free! I am plunging and rising
 And rising and plunging—free!
I have burst from the glacier-clutches;
 Leaped from the ice-walled shore:—
A crash as the heavens were rended,
 A long-drawn, thunderous roar;
Low growls where the startled icebergs—
 Wild splendors of iris-spray—
Dance a mad welcome round me,
 Muttering in Titan play.
Foam-waves, my birth hurls shoreward
 A seething, wavering white,
Surge in wild radiance seaward
 Fringed with auroral light.

THE AMAZING PROSPERITY OF THE VAUDEVILLE ENTERTAINERS

BY ROBERT GRAU

TWENTY YEARS ago there was not a single millionaire in the stage calling. At that period Lotta was regarded as the richest actress, and Joseph Murphy the richest actor. Neither, however, had reached the millionaire class. In the business department of the theatre two decades ago a manager worth $100,000 was a *rara avis*, while the impresario who could keep out of jail was surely destined for either the insane asylum or the poorhouse. The richest theatrical manager then was John Stetson, a man who was as honest as he was illiterate. How different a story can be recited to-day.

Among managers there is a plethora of millionaires, such as William Harris and his son, H. B. Harris, A. L. Erlanger, Marc Klaw, Samuel Nixon, J. Fred Zimmerman, Al. Hayman, Jas. L. Kennan, Al. H. Woods, William A. Brady, and Lee Shubert.

As recently as ten years ago the vaudeville business of this country was yet undeveloped, but in these few years many men have become millionaires in that field. Among the number may be named B. F. Keith, F. F. Proctor, S. Z. Poli, James H. Moore, George Castle, George Middleton, Morris Meyerfeldt, Martin Beck, Percy Williams, Oscar Hammerstein, Marcus Loew, Felix Isman (whose earnings in the moving picture field have been enormous), Max C. Anderson, and Harry Davis.

Vaudeville prosperity has been nothing short of extraordinary in the last decade, hundreds, if, indeed, there are not thousands, of wealthy men and women to be found to-day in this propitious field. The great growth of vaudeville salaries is one cause, but it is not to be questioned that the vaudeville performer is more thrifty than his legitimate confrere.

To give an adequate idea of the wealth possessed by the vaudevillians, one has but to quote a few of the actual salaries paid. Harry Lauder has had an average of $3,500 a week, and is now asking $5,000 weekly to return hither; Gertrude Hoffmann, who three years ago was practically unknown, finds $3,500 in her pay envelope every Saturday night; Eva Tanguay gets $2,500, just 1000 per cent increase over her weekly income five years ago. Amelia Bingham asks and gets $2,000 a week; Annette Kellermann receives the same; Alice Lloyd has $1,500 every seven days, which is just ten times as much as was paid to her only three years ago.

McIntyre and Heath get $1,500 a week from the same managers to-day who paid them $150 for the same period in the very same specialty not so very long ago. Nat. C. Goodwin has just signed a contract in vaudeville at a salary of $3,000 a week. The last time he appeared in the varieties his weekly honorarium was $150.

There are more than fifty other stars who receive in excess of one thousand dollars weekly, while the number of vaudeville stars receiving more than $500 a week is great.

An illustration of the prosperity here is best given by the statement that there are a dozen actor colonies within fifty miles of New York. These colonies are noted for the beautiful and costly homes owned outright by the colonists, the great majority of whom are vaudeville performers.

Take the case of Will S. Cressy as an instance of achievement in this gold laden field. Ten years ago Cressy came timorously from his Vermont farm, and asked a hearing for himself and wife (Cressy and Dayne) in a rural sketch written by himself. A trial performance was given, which resulted in a week's engagement at $100 for the two at Keith's Union Square Theatre, New York. This was, as I have said, ten years ago. Since then

they have been playing fifty-two weeks a year, and ninety per cent of the time for Keith. Their salary has increased each year, until now it is on a par with the best headline acts. But Cressy was not content to confine his activities to writing sketches for himself. He wrote for others, and his success was so great that at one time no less than forty sketches from his pen were seen simultaneously throughout the country.

As Mr. Cressy received $50 a week from each of these, it need not surprise any one to know that he is that great rarity, an actor-millionaire.

THE MOB

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

Hear that hoarse and muffled roar
Like waves breaking on the cliff,—
Like the loud and angry tempest
Warring wildly in the trees!
Ah! behold the mob and rabble
Hurling stones and spilling blood!
See the anger-whitened faces
And the savage, glowing eyes!
O soul of man art stifled
In the heat of passion's fire?
Cruel lips that cry so fiercely—
Couldst thou whisper that word "brother?"
Could those crooked, grappling fingers
Save a life as well as take one?
Were ye infants once, sweet sleeping
On a gentle mother's breast?
What poison of deep hatred
Hath turned ye, then, to demons,
Hath drawn ye from the orchard,
From fireside and roof-tree,
To hurl the white-hot fire brand
And sever all the peace ties?
The howling mob rolls onward,
Smoke and flames are in its wake,
And the cry of little children
Crouching, frightened, in the streets.
The fire will die to ashes
And the heat will chill ice-cold;
The wide-eyed, cow'ring people
Will shudder at each other
Cursed with bonds of common guilt—
Will look with earnest longing
Toward their brethren loved of yore,
But separate now and sundered
By the flowing stream of life-blood
Which no penance can bridge o'er.
The brow of Man, that Temple
Where the Spirit once shone clear,
Is o'erthrown, defiled and broken,
For the brand of Cain is there.

TEDDY-TAD: LOVE-TERRIER

BY JAMES RAVENSCROFT

ROBERT BLECKER was sent to interview Judge Gordon because the Judge never permitted himself to be interviewed on any subject, and because the city editor of the newspaper Blecker was with knew that, even if the Judge could under any circumstances be induced to talk, the subject of an anti-injunction plank in a presidential campaign platform, where it had just been laid, after much oratorical travail, would be, for reasons apparent, absolutely the last one on which he would advance a judicial expression.

Nothing is so near and dear to the heart of the city editor of a newspaper as the known unattainable.

The door of the Gordon residence was opened to Blecker by one of the Judge's bailiffs, who happened to be there because the Judge had ordered him to bring some important papers as soon as they had been typewritten. The bailiff told Blecker that he would have to wait awhile as the Judge was busy. His Honor was looking over the papers just referred to. Blecker said, in his deep-chested voice, that he was in no hurry and would be only too glad to await the Judge's convenience, and the bailiff left him in the reception-room and returned to the presence of the court.

Miss Doris Gordon, only daughter of Judge and Mrs. Gordon, and the world's one treasure in their appraisal, was sitting, at that auspicious moment, on an ample Davenport by a window overlooking her tiny Italian garden, sampling now and then a dish of fudge of her own superlative making, and listening half-disinterestedly to the creaking of the rings in the Smith girl's hammock on the adjoining lawn. (The rings never creaked unless there was more than one in the hammock.) She also vaguely wondered what a reporter wanted with her father.

Squatted on a large Turkish tabouret, the top of which was designed to hold tea-things, books, cards, or most anything except dogs, and directly in front of Miss Gordon so he could watch every movement of the white hand when it passed from the fudge-dish to the red lips, was Tad, her precious fox-terrier.

Miss Gordon was devotedly attached to Tad, for reasons in which were combined charity, sentiment, and an inborn feeling for all dogs in general. Tad, in turn, was faithful unto Miss Gordon, and was fairly crazy over her fudge.

At the sound of the deep-chested voice Tad's ears (even the one that was lopped over) went up, his head shifted to a side-angle, and for about a second—which was a long time with Tad—he sat in tense canine concentration. Then with a leap, kicking over the tabouret, he dashed into the reception room.

Miss Gordon sat up with a bounce, and listened. She heard a medley of half-smothered whines and yelps, and a subdued but still deep-chested voice. Miss Gordon followed, with some hesitancy. She did not wish to intrude, and yet she did not deem a reporter desirable food for her dog.

She saw Tad sprawling idolatrously on the bosom of Blecker, trying to lick him on the chin as often as possible. Blecker had his arm around Tad, and was saying (among other things supposed to be private with him and the dog):

"Why, Teddy, you rowdy! You bum! How the devil did you come here?"

And then Blecker looked up and saw a pretty girl standing in the door, and then he quickly got up, still holding the dog in his arms.

"I beg your——" he began.

"I beg *your* pardon," Miss Gordon interrupted. "I was afraid—I—I did not know Tad had met you before."

"I've known him since he was a puppy," said Blecker, hastily, a warm, rich pink tint settling in his face.

Then, as if he much preferred not to say it: "I had him till he strayed off and got lost about a year ago."

"I knew he had been properly reared, if he *was* a tramp when I found him," said Miss Gordon, decisively, and also impulsively. "He has always been a perfect little gentleman!"

Which makes it clear that Miss Gordon had proved to her own satisfaction that a gentleman is a gentleman no matter what the state of his fortunes.

Blecker, slowly recovering from the embarrassing suddenness of the situation, did not perceive as quickly as he should, to be gallant, that a pretty compliment from a pretty source had been neatly delivered to him. When he did, he straightened like a $1,000 a week star responding to a curtain-call, and said in the deepest tones of his deep-chested voice:

"I thank you!"

Which made Miss Gordon believe that she had been recklessly liberal with her speech. And she failed to improve on it by saying:

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" And then she bungled it with: "I meant, of course, that the dog, that Tad——"

Blecker came to her relief: "And you have named him Tad?"

"Yes. Because he's so cute."

"And I called him Teddy, because he's so strenuous."

And then as neither knew just what to say next, both laughed with the hilarious abandon of old friends.

The Judge's footsteps on the stairway caused Miss Gordon to take the dog unceremoniously by the collar and drag him on stiffened legs out of the room and back to their Davenport and tabouret, where, for some reason known only to herself, she hugged him hysterically and fed him all the fudge left in the dish.

Now the facts as to the dog are these: Blecker got him when he was a puppy, and the puppy became, with as much expediency as plenty of exercise, good food, rest and sleep could create, a lusty, strong-willed dog, thereby corroborating the old saying: "Like master like dog."

When about a year and a half old he tried one morning to follow the street car on which his master went down town, got lost, and later, dirty and flea-y, suffered the "pangs and arrows of outrageous fortune," and then one day, with tucked tail and bowed head, hobbled into Judge Gordon's front lawn where Miss Gordon was swinging in her hammock, fell plumb into the lap of luxury, and in short order was resolved into a bath-hater and a candy-lover. That is to say, he was adopted by Miss Gordon, who had been longing for a little doggie on which to lavish some of her surplus affection.

To return to the Judge. He did not want to be interviewed, and he said so in language that would have discouraged the average reporter. He kept constantly in mind the fact that in the dimly-lit library, within the sound of his voice, though hidden from view, was a girl before whom he was particularly anxious to appear to first-class advantage, so—well, he got the interview, and some fifteen minutes later the Judge returned to his bailiff with the opinion firmly fixed in his mind that he had just met an extraordinary young man.

The interview, it may be stated, was the newspaper and political sensation the next day. Blecker knew about politics and was a good writer, and he did his best, of course. Much of the best of it the Judge could not recall having said, but he was pleased with it and himself. He said afterward that

it was the first time in his memory that he had been correctly quoted by a reporter.

As Blecker was departing down the walk, Miss Gordon happened to be coming up it, with Tad securely attached to a leash.

"I beg your pardon," said Blecker, as Tad strained forward and obstructed the way.

"I suppose I ought to let you take him," said Miss Gordon, sorrowfully.

"I suppose nothing of the sort," was the instant rejoinder. "Why, he's the luckiest dog in the world!"

"Oh!" was the voluminous comment of Miss Gordon.

Tad strained on the leash and panted and strangled.

"Naturally, I'd like it if I could see him occasionally," hinted Blecker, mournfully.

"Of course, you'll just *have* to see him!" declared Miss Gordon, with a smile.

"Only once a week would do," pleadingly.

"Yes," with alacrity. "I'll have him nice and presentable any day you say."

"Wednesday evening," said Blecker.

"Wednesday evening," repeated Miss Gordon. And then: "I'm going to call him Teddy-tad after this."

"Fine!"

"Good-night, Mr. ——"

"Blecker. Robert Blecker. Good-night, Miss——"

"Gordon, of course. Doris Gordon. Next Wednesday evening, then."

"That's to-morrow evening," said Blecker, promptly.

"Sure enough!" with surprise. "Oh, well, as I fixed the date, I certainly will have to keep it."

"Good-night." At least fifty per cent more expressive that time.

"Good-night." Equally expressive.

To say more would be to deprive imagination of its constitutional rights.

FATE

BY SHIGEYOSKI OBATA

I, the flower
Born in spring,
Fragrance shower.

You, the river,
Loose in spring,
Songs deliver.

As I love you,
Blossom I
Fair above you.

Ah, you know me
Fair! You flush
Red below me.

Do you woo me
With your songs?
Loving, sue me?

Or, you hate me?
No—or yes?
Ah, but wait me!

I, the flower,
Must soon fall
In your power.

You, the river,
Must, then, bear
Me forever.

PANAMA'S PURSE

BY EDWARD PERRY

PANAMA, youngest of wards of Uncle Sam, set up housekeeping for herself a little more than seven years ago, and has enjoyed great prosperity ever since. In her cities new buildings of concrete or of brick are under construction, and old ones are being overhauled—some of them practically rebuilt. Automobiles rush through her clean, smoothly-paved streets and along her macadamized roads. On her bay, motor boats—fifteen of them—half a dozen coasting steamers, and innumerable schooners, sloops and canoes come and go every day. Money is plentiful, for thousands who work on the great canal spend part of their wages here, and tourists and passers across the Isthmus buy some things in the shops here, and stay in the hotels while waiting for passage by steamship to other countries.

Panama published, recently, an account of her income and of her expenses, also of the quantity and customs valuation of the things she sent to other countries, and of those she brought from them. These figures may interest merchants and financiers, manufacturers and others who supply or who serve any of these classes. Her income during the first half of the year 1910 was:

Sources of Revenue	Amounts
Consulates	$ 94,207.68
Duties	1,915,132.67
Interest	155,788.03
Post-office	30,479.30
Stamped paper and seals.	36,790.10
Telegraph	6,683.68
Total	$2,239,081.46

From which it appears that 91.1 per cent of her income was from commerce, and the other 8.9 per cent came from all other sources.

Interest on her investments was, during the first half of the year 1910, as below:

Sources	Amount
Permanent, $6,000,000	$135,455.16
Permanent $300,000 dep'sit	4,527.88
Current Accounts	11,686.33
Bonds of National Navigation	1,225.00
Loan and Mortgage Bank loan	2,893.66
Total	$155,788.03

This looks good. Few nations have money at interest, paying so much annually as this young republic has. Her investment in bonds of the Compania Navegacion Nacional really pay her 7 per cent per annum; her $300,000 mentioned above is deposited to guarantee the parity with gold of her silver coinage. Her loan to the Loan and Mortgage Bank was to supply money at a moderate rate of interest to agriculturists chiefly. It had the effect of bringing the interest rate tumbling from 12 and even 24 per cent down to 7 or 8 per cent; therefore was not astoundingly popular with some folk.

In its statement recently issued to show the business of this republic for the first six months of the year 1910, importations and exportations were valued as follows:

Articles	Imported	Exported	Differences
Foods, animals	$ 548,226.12		$ 548,226.12
Foods, vegetables	821,950.68	$536,616.50	285,334.18
Beverages	391,306.30		391,306.30
All others	3,364,678.68	378,371.32	2,986,307.36
Totals	$5,126,161.78	$914,987.82	$4,211,173.96

In the year 1900 the valuation placed, for customs purposes only, upon the things Panama imported, and on those she exported, were as below:

Articles	Imports	Exports	Differences
Food, animal	$1,030,204.04		$1,030,204.04
Food, vegetable	1,411,186.06	$ 938,100.74	473,085.32
Beverages	608,671.74		608,671.74
All others	5,708,048.34	564,370.97	5,143,677.53
Totals	$8,578,110.34	$1,502,471.71	$7,255,635.63

In the year 1908 such valuations were:

Articles	Imports	Exports	Differences
Animal products	$1,258,900.77	$ 137,082.15	$1,121,818.62
Vegetable products	1,879,297.42	1,607,435.20	271,862.22
Beverages	675,703.20		675,703.20
All others	4,092,910.47	82,532.93	3,910,377.54
Totals	$7,806,811.86	$1,827,050.28	$5,979,761.58

Panama shows us that she has bought from other lands, during the thirty months for which she has furnished the statistics, animal products valued at $2,837,330.93; vegetable products valued at $4,112,434.16; and beverages to the value of fully $1,675,681.24—a total of $8,625,446.33—all of which her own lands might produce. Meanwhile all things she sent to other countries with which to pay for these goods, excepting money, were valued at only $4,244,509.81. Here was a total balance of $4,380,936.52 to be made up by cash payments.

"Where have the people of Panama found the money to pay this big balance?" I asked a wealthy Panamano wholesale merchant.

"Mainly from those working on the canal; a little from passengers who stay a short time, and from tourists who stay a few hours only."

"And when the canal shall be completed?"

"*Quien sabe!* Bankruptcy, probably."

Panama has practically no handicrafts, no manufactures, almost no agriculture other than that of banana-growing, which gave 5,154,189 bunches of an average of 32.6 kilos (71.3 pounds) per bunch during the eighteen months which ended with last June. Almost all these bananas were raised and shipped by the United Fruit Company. Before Americans planted bananas in the small district of Bocas del Toro that part of the republic gave practically nothing to the then existing Government of this country. In the eighteen months under consideration, it shipped fruit which equaled in valuation 58 per cent of that put upon all other exports from Panama.

These are some of the more material and easily measured results of seven years of American occupation of a small part of the Isthmus. Not measurable by the standard of dollars, but vastly more valuable to Panama in particular and to the world in general, are the benefits which have already come from the demonstration made that the most deadly parts of the tropics may be made quite as healthful as

are most of the civilized and well-developed countries. Sanitation has been to Panama of greater value than were these millions of dollars which American intervention poured into the pockets of the Panamenos; but benefits which take the shape of the hard round disk of gold or of silver appeal more strongly to the popular feeling.

It is confidently said that the work of making the great canal will be completed within four years. Long before that time shall have come, thousands now earning big wages on the canal will have gone from Panama. What will then keep her streets thronged? What will keep the goods on shop shelves from becoming shopworn, out of date, dusty and unsaleable? When the American invasion shall have become a matter of the past, what will save these people from reverting to their old state of poverty and squalor? While reveling in the joys which come from having plenty of money to squander on automobiles and fine raiment, carnivals and concerts, they look with no friendly eye on those who give that money. They protest that they wish to develop the natural resources of their country, particularly agriculture, yet they persist in keeping up the barriers which forbid that development; because they fear a further invasion of their country by Americans.

I KNOW

BY JAMES BRANNIN

Ah, let me fold my empty arms
 Around your living warmth again;
My soul is weary of the forms
 Of shadowy dreams that ever wane.

And turn to me your vanished eyes
 Across the withered night of fear.
O whither went their still surprise
 That Eros hovered near—so near!

I know your love will find at last
 The road to all our joys of old,
And come across the aching vast
 With scarlet lips and hair of gold.

I know my heart shall beat again
 Beneath the pressure of your head;
O aching heart, forbear to feign!
 I only know that you are dead.

CAPET'S TURQUOISE MINE

BY WINIFRED McNEILL

CAPET SUDDENLY dropped to his knees, digging with his hand-bar frenziedly, striking madly into the rock here and there, anywhere. Almost losing trace of the red streaks he had found, by his hot haste, he forced himself to work into the vein more slowly, like a machine. When he came to streaks of blue-green, he chipped pieces of rock, dropping them into his pockets. And occasionally he found a nodule.

His wild impatience to be sure again snapped leash. With the rocks he had in his hands, he stumbled up, bolted along the ledge. Scrambling, half-falling down the mountain, he came to his kit bag. He broke rock after rock with his hammer. Then, selecting critically, he put splinters in a platinum capsule and heated it. He shook as if in a chill while he waited until the ash formed. It turned slowly into a brownish-black powder!

"Mon Dieu!" He took a breath, catching it like a sob. "It is turquoise!"

The Mananza range of New Mexican mountains is a comparatively low one, lying not far back from the foothills. Yet each peak is a formidable one, set at ugly angles, making jagged, deep gorges, leaving little room for trails.

Capet came out of the mountains down into the foothills the following day, just after the sun had set. He walked beside his pack pony, on which he had strapped two heavy boxes, one on either side.

The road led on down and out upon the plain. Later, Capet passed by the cemetery—a dreary place, just a heap of sand and cactus. He was remembering what Tomlinson had said:

"If you insist upon going into the mountains alone, some one will say *aves* over your grave in the sand and weep beside the cactus."

Capet had smiled confidently then: he smiled victoriously now.

Certillos lay three miles beyond. It was a village of adobe houses with but one business corner, one bank, the post-office, a hotel across from the railroad station. The inhabitants were mostly Mexicans—few Americans lived here—and there was a colony of proud Spanish.

One of these was the post-master, Senor de Nunez. His house was the largest in the village and stood on the road toward the mountains. Capet pulled the bell-rope, hanging outside the stucco wall around this house, about nine o'clock. Senor de Nunez opened the gate, looking both surprised and affronted.

"You will pardon me, Senor de Nunez," Capet began courteously, then blurted out eagerly:

"I found the turquoise!"

"You did find turquoise?" The Castilian spoke instantly, as eagerly as the young man, adding sharply:

"Where?"

Capet checked his answer, and replied coldly:

"It's my business where. It's there; but no one can find it but me!"

De Nunez looked at Capet suspiciously:

"How are you going to prove that you found turquoise at all."

"I have rock here on the pony."

Capet stepped back to the side of the box nearest them.

Mercenary craft had flashed into the Castilian's face, and was as quickly controlled. He spoke indifferently,

without any apparent intention of verifying Capet's statement. He leaned against the gate-post, but he said:

"No one can call you crazy any more for saying you could find a mine up there."

"No," Capet answered back at him. "And you can't say any more that I am too poor to ask the hand of your beautiful daughter in marriage—come and look at the stone—that is why I stopped to-night, to ask for her again."

De Nunez pushed a stone against the gate and stepped into the narrow street. Capet held a rock toward him and lit a match, pointing to the blue-green.

"There is turquoise in it, but it may be worth little or nothing," said De Nunez.

"The rock is perfect—I made sure—I dug deep, and besides, I have already tested it, and I am going to an assayer's at Santa Fe to-night. When I come back I will marry the Senorita."

The Castilian did not reply for an instant, then he said:

"Senorita Matilde is to marry Amijo."

"Amijo!"

The word came like a pistol shot, and as the full force of what De Nunez had said struck Capet, he added harshly:

"Matilde loves me; she cannot marry Amijo—I tell you she loves me—she has told me so."

"The Senorita does what I command."

Almost as if he had not heard this, Capet said:

"And Amijo is a Mexican, his family is low; he is a——"

He hesitated.

"I am not afraid to say it," De Nunez put in. "It is true that Amijo is a Mexican, and that he is a 'greaser'—but it is also true that he is rich—already!"

Capet heard the rough words, sensed the hardness of them. He rolled the rock which he had taken so confidently from the box, in his hands. He looked once at the keen old face of the man who had said them, seeing only unbreakableness there; then Capet threw the stone back into the box.

"Who will finance you in this?" De Nunez asked.

"Tomlinson of Santa Fe," replied Capet, wearily, picking up the pony's bridle-strap.

"What will the mine be worth?"

But Capet was prodding the pony on and did not answer.

At midnight, he boarded the fast freight, taking the rock with him.

It was a week before he returned to Certillos. De Nunez came to the hotel at once. He could not control himself to give the customary greetings, but said, almost before he was near enough to Capet to speak:

"Is it true, what every one is saying, that you will be able to sell the turquoise mine for $50,000?"

Capet answered shortly:

"Yes; probably more. What is it to you?"

"I will tell you something." The Castilian spoke again instantly, as if he had made up his mind before, even as to the words:

"Two years ago I needed money. I—borrowed——"

At the word "borrowed" Capet looked at the other, but De Nunez did not seem to notice, and was going on:

"I borrowed from the post-office funds; I could not pay back; Amijo paid the debt—when I promised him Matilde in marriage."

Capet had the sensation of having been struck across the heart. When De Nunez went on, as calmly as if he were selling sheep: "I came to tell you that I have changed my mind—you will be richer than Amijo—if you will pay Amijo, I will see that you marry Senorita Matilde." Capet struck at him.

Missing, the force of his action wheeled the Frenchman, and when he fronted De Nunez again, Capet had folded his arms as in a vise, but he was hissing at the man who had dared.

Without a flinch, however, De Nunez was already going on with the details, and Capet realized the cruel

power of the brain which had planned thus. And realizing more that there was no alternative, he agreed to pay the debt with the first money he had from the mine.

When he had finished the agreement, he had but one thought—to see Matilde and explain.

"She is away," said De Nunez, with a polite, deprecatory gesture.

The cunning nauseated Capet. He tightened the tension upon his impulses.

That night he was called to Santa Fe. From there he went to Denver.

On that trip he took some of the best of the rock with him to have stones from them cut and polished. He also ordered that an amulet be made, cut with a low, convex surface. He gave the Senorita's initials, and ordered them to be incised in gold, Arabic characters.

He was delayed in Denver; then he returned to Santa Fe to meet Tomlinson. It was a month more before the mine was sold, and then only a nominal sum paid as deposit. The real buyer was in Africa, and negotiating through an authorized agent; upon his return the deal was to be closed—the location given and the mine turned over.

Capet was forced to accept this delay, and went back to Certillos. He sent at once for De Nunez.

"The mine is sold," he said, simply.

He also demanded that he be allowed to marry the Senorita at once.

De Nunez asked quickly:

"You have the money?"

"No, but it is the same as——"

The Castilian laughed, a short, harsh laugh, with a doubting sneer in it.

"Amijo cannot even be paid yet."

"He can be promised; it is all sure—it can all be finished at once," Capet urged.

De Nunez spoke finally:

"The Senorita returns within the week, but your wedding day will be the one upon which you turn over the mine—and the money is yours."

When the amulet and the polished stones came to Capet, he ran his fingers through and through their cool, smooth surfaces. They represented his assurance that he would be given Matilde. She was to be at home that day: he was to see her.

As he stood, he came to a sudden decision. The thought flashed into his mind and was instantly accepted. He must wait for the coming back of the buyer of the mine. He would wait, because he must wait; but in the meantime he would go again into the mountains and make doubly sure of his location, leave additional marks of his own by which he could stake; it would be infinitely more satisfactory than inaction.

By afternon, he was ready. He stopped at the home of Senor de Nunez.

Matilde begged him not to go, but she stopped pleading instantly when he explained:

"You see, no one knows where the location is, but me—and no one could ever find it—I only stumbled on signs of it where no one would think of going—If I couldn't locate the mine for the buyer, when he comes back, it is lost—your father will give you to Amijo, not to me. I want to go again and put more marks; it will save time in the end, too."

When he gave her the amulet, as he was going, he said laughingly:

"Turquoises are said to change color in sympathy with the affections of the wearer."

"This one will always remain pure blue, as it is now," she replied.

Capet stood, holding to the soft-fringed ends of her Spanish scarf. Unconsciously he put his fingers through the mesh of the silk, his soul drinking in her dark beauty, the wonderful charm of her.

Gently she loosened his fingers, taking each one separately from the silken loops, slowly, caressingly.

As gently she pushed him from her, saying softly:

"The sooner you are gone, the sooner you will come back to me—*mon Ami.*"

She kissed him from her finger-tips, again, as he was gone.

He had just passed into the foothills when he stopped his pony. The road had narrowed, and from here would curve round the jutting boulder into the mountains. Certillos was too far away to distinguish the houses, although Capet tried to locate De Nunez' by its position toward the mountains, but he could not; only the white stones of the cemetery, nearer, were at all clear in the dusk.

As he turned to go on, he kissed his fingers, waved them back toward the adobe house gaily.

"Addio, la belle Senorita," he said aloud. "Addio—addio—mon Amie!"

His pony rounded the ledge, then stopped, arrested by a horse, perhaps ten feet beyond, headed toward him, but directly across the road. A man on the farther side, his face hidden by a Mexican hat, his back turned toward Capet, was tugging at a saddle strap.

He was slow about it; then standing up, with his face still hidden, leisurely lighted a cigarette and threw the match down.

Capet had called out irritably:

"Give me room on the road."

And at the voice, the man had turned quickly. It was Amijo, and Capet shouted angrily:

"Get out of my way—you miserable Greaser!"

At the word, the Mexican wheeled —hate and rage snarling in his face— his right hand shot to his hip pocket— his hand vised round his revolver, the forefinger flexed the trigger—as he leveled it.

Capet fell from his pony—in the rocks—dead!

A WIRELESS TORPEDO

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

A RESIDENT of San Diego, California, named Carl Abrahamson, formerly an officer in the Swedish army, has invented an apparatus whereby torpedoes can be propelled and controlled with much greater certainty than has been possible by the means employed hitherto. Experiments conducted privately by Abrahamson in a cottage on the waterfront of San Diego Bay have resulted in his being able to propel a torpedo by means of simple and practicable apparatus working on the same principle as the ordinary wireless telegraph equipment.

Electric current, strong enough to propel a torpedo 16 feet long, of the type now used in the United States Navy, at a speed of 32 miles an hour, is transmitted from an aerial on shore to an aerial supported by cork floats and connected by wires with the submerged torpedo. The torpedo's movements are controlled by a magnet set on each side of the propelier and connected with the steering gear. The magnets, being of different degrees of sensitiveness, are susceptible to different degrees of power in electrical currents; so that the steering can be accomplished by varying the amount of power transmitted. The apparatus has been examined by W. W. Broaddus, the operator in the San Diego office of the United Wireless Telegraph Company, whose work was interrupted by the powerful current used by Abrahamson in his experiments. Now Abrahamson notifies Broaddus when he proposes an experiment, so that the latter may "stay out of the air." The invention has been exhibited to two naval experts, and has now been sent to a naval station in the East for further tests.

THE GOD ON THE DESK

BY M. B. LEVICK

AS HE placed the last sheet of manuscript on the pile of its fellows which half-hid the confusion of the big table, he glanced at the miniature Buddha, staring and stolid, behind the lacquer doors of the little shrine, partly hidden in the shadow. The fat figure of ivory squatted with the stillness of Nirvana, oblivious to the precariousness of its position on the desk's edge, among pipes, books and the rubbish of a writer's trade. The man gave it an irreverent nod.

"If I'm through because of your beneficence, consider this a prayer of thanks," was his thought.

Cause for thanks he had, indeed: with the casting aside of the final bit of copy, the task of two years was ended.

"Done!" he said aloud, as if the need for a confidant—even the air—to whom his exultation might be told, were imperative. A pearly mass of tobacco smoke, blown out sharply as a token of finality, swirled and rolled in the rays of the shaded lamp and lazily filtered up the green glass cone. The man put his pipe on the topmost sheet.

"Two years!"

He spoke aloud again, retrospectively, with the spell of remembrance upon him. Two years for the making of that pile of paper! In a way it seemed ridiculous: the result appeared so slight compared with the fatigue and the disappointments. Only now, with the lines of perspective beginning to lengthen, could the delight of the laborer who looks on the finished task begin to glow within him.

He slipped back into his chair, relaxing from the attitude of work. Languor brought relief from the familiar strain; his body became flaccid, even his eyes closing.

Then, of a sudden, in the somnolent house, darkened except for the work table, there came a plaint, accusing, trembling with a woman's anger at injustice, contrasting violently with the man's lassitude.

He had heard no door open or close. At the outburst he became attentive with a lazy curiosity. To himself he tried to describe in one word the tone of the sudden passion of remonstrance in the woman's voice; a kind of literary aphasia prevented him, and he waited patiently, hoping that the word he sought would come as she talked. He did not rise.

"Why have you treated me like this?" the voice demanded. With something of surprise he told himself what he already knew: the familiar voice was—Thyra Clemenger's.

"Like this?" he asked, considering how he could put her off. "What do you mean?"

His last words echoed tritely in his brain; he should have been clever enough to avoid any so futile, he reflected, his conscience as a professional worker in language reproaching him. No more vital emotion made itself apparent.

"What do I mean?' Thyra echoed, with a perceptible touch of scorn; and he felt that she knew his self-reproach at the hackneyed phrase, and also knew his weak defensiveness.

"After all that we have been to one another! You thought that you could put me aside as you tossed away these papers—with a feeling of relief, quite sure that I would stay, like them, where you placed me. You thought

that there was nothing more, at all. * * * Oh, how could you!"

Clearly, the man reflected, Thyra had settled down to a discussion of her grievances. Affecting indifference, nevertheless he braced himself and foretold, in his first momentary agitation, a "bad half hour"—using again a worn phrase in spite of his dislike of it. "I must be firm," he decided; "firm, yet aloof."

"Thyra, my dear, you're unfair. What you say is ridiculous," he said aloud.

Was this mild remonstrance firmness?

He felt himself under a contemptuous scrutiny.

"Why aren't you frank with me?" she demanded. "Brutality would be better than this—infinitely better. For then I might understand. A woman could love even after she had been treated as I have been, if the man were not calmly pusillanimous. You are greatly changed—or is it merely that I see true now? No." And she eyed him exasperatingly. "You're not the same. It's rather pitiful, too," she went on. "The man I knew was no coward."

For a fraction of a second he wondered if she were not actually right.

She had been fighting splendidly, he saw, for self-control. The keenness developed by repression in a moment of anguish showed in her glance; her voice was pitched in the thin, smooth, rising tone a woman uses when she wishes to wound and yet fears to betray the depth of her own hurt.

"Coward!" rang in his head. Thyra had called him a coward! It stung, this reproach of hers; but it was his own doubt of himself that impelled him to retaliation.

"What do you want?" he demanded, turning on her with a trace of the roughness she had craved a moment before. A tremor showed that the woman's desire for brutality was but a quirk of her strained mind.

"It hurts to be called a coward—when you know it's true; doesn't it?" Thyra taunted, weakly, overcoming a longing, dimly realized, to spare the man she knew to be so necessary to her existence. She knew, however, that her mocking blade of anger had scratched her adversary. But suddenly she shifted from her position of vantage, crying: "I want to be treated fairly, that's all."

The man made a little move with his hand, as if to indicate that her request was hopeless or had already been granted.

"Oh, I've no doubt that seems paltry to you," she continued, putting her own construction on the gesture. "I have cause to know—now."

He attempted a defense—a tactical mistake.

"You accuse me, Thyra, of a—well, call it a crime—of which I never considered myself capable."

There was much gentleness in his voice, but the note of friendliness was scarcely perceptible. "You know what my attitude is on such a question as this; you know how I treated it in 'The Glow in the Ashes.' Come, be sensible." The friendliness became more pronounced. "Do you honestly, in that part of your soul beneath the faculty which controls your words, think I am as bad as you are making yourself believe?"

"You are capable of talking *so?*" the woman burst out, tense with bitterness and blind to her inconsistency in admitting the man could be worse than she had regarded him. "You prate of your books! Who knows better than do I what you write?" she asked derisively.

"You're becoming intolerable," he retorted.

"Only now?"

"Why did you come to plague me at this time?" Perhaps this blunt demand would change the course of their colloquy, he thought.

"I should have taken the cue for my exit; that is the way women are supposed to do in novels."

He was about to answer, when suddenly her reserve crumpled away, leaving exposed the woman herself, poignantly wretched, her acuteness

turned into a sobbing cry, unreasoning, pulsating with human appeal.

"Oh, did you think you could do it; could I marry that creature after——" Her tone was crescendo; she sprang up. "I will have none of it! You thought you could arrange it all, and that I'd have nothing to say! That I would accept whatever plan pleased you, and would follow it like a puppet. You believed that! Oh, how despicable."

For the shortest of moments she paused and gasped quiveringly—the little ripple that precedes the wave of hysteria.

"You thought it possible! And you were cruel enough to ordain it!"

She threw herself on the rug by the desk, and for the first time her figure was in the light. She seemed very pitiable, huddled there, scarcely more than a mass of clothes, save for the rich hair on which the lamp's rays glinted.

For a long time he took no heed of her sobbing.

Suddenly he realized that she was at the door. Still silent, he waited.

"I hope," she said, deliberately, "I hope——" She paused again as if to force the wish upon herself—"that I never see you again."

He was conscious that she had left him; no rustle, no footfall, could he hear, but a sense of emptiness, almost of desolation, became apparent in the room.

He remained gazing at the shrine on the desk, gazing as steadfastly as the ivory god peered at him. Then, suddenly, a turn of decision caused him to lean forward, and in the light's broad zone his eyes took on a gleam of determination.

"Be merciful, O god of another race!"

The nonchalance with which he had addressed the Buddha at first was gone now, yet a smile flickered at the corners of his mouth. He turned his apostrophe to Thyra, thinking of the great while in which she had been dominant in his life.

"Is it too late?" he asked aloud, regretfully. "I was wrong, Thyra; I should have seen that it could not be —that it should not be. You cannot go from me like this."

The pile of manuscript caught his eye.

"It shall not be!" he cried, assertively.

The lighting of a pipe halted him. In the flare of the match the Buddha seemed to laugh grimacingly at him as the shadows wavered within the shrine.

All at once Thyra appeared to be at his side again.

"I did not know," the man said, as if by that he explained everything.

He picked up his book and ran through the limp sheets as if he had no choice.

"It was wrong—horribly wrong," he said. "Thyra, I ought to have seen that I could never, never really marry you off to that chap."

The wraith smiled, half with victory's exultation, half contritely. But the writer did not see; he had already set out to weave his tale anew, as it ought to be.



THE STRIKE AT GOLDCAMP

BY E. E. ODOM

DOUGLAS McILRANY struck Goldcamp just at the time that the trouble between the miners and mine owners was about to come to a culmination. The quarrel was of long standing, neither side would listen to arbitration, and the miners had given notice that at the first attempt to employ non-union labor in any mine, all the union men in that district would strike. The owners, on the other hand, were equally determined not to be dictated to as to whom they should hire to operate their mines. But McIlrany, fresh from the plains of New Mexico, knew nothing of these conditions. He decided to try his hand at mining, he scarcely knew why; so one morning he climbed the trail to the Bonanza and applied to Sullivan, the boss of the day shift, for a job. That red-headed functionary looked him over with contempt for his greenness, and admiration for his bigness.

"Look like a cowpuncher," he observed.

"You guessed it."

"What'd you leave for?"

"Business—my own."

"Uh—union man?"

"Not guilty."

"Can't use you. Don't need scabs."

Sullivan had been about to leave; but he hesitated as the other laconically observed: "Could join, I reckon."

"Know mining?"

"No."

"Then how th' 'ell d' you expect me to use you?"

"Thought I might be able to learn."

"Say, this is a mine—not a correspondence school."

And Sullivan did leave him.

Two men and a girl had witnessed this failure to land a job. They were in the Superintendent's office, which was but a score of paces from the tunnel mouth. The elder, a man of fifty years, judging from his closely cropped, iron-gray hair and bristly moustache of like shade, had just spoken: "I tell you we'll have trouble. Certain. And the men will attack the mine the first thing. Our watchmen sympathize with them; we've got to get some one we can trust."

"You couldn't get such a man in this town if you were to offer the mine in payment," rejoined the other, a young man of light color but rather stocky build. The older man snorted. The girl spoke to him in a low voice; he grunted, turned a searching look upon the big fellow standing outside, then called:

"Say, you; come here."

McIlrany, being the only "say, you" in sight, obeyed. He removed his sombrero without speaking. The two men studied him; the elder carefully, the other superciliously. The girl looked out of the window.

"He'll do. Let him go on duty with the night shift. Give him instructions, Nelson." The older man's tone was final, satisfied. Nelson nodded; McIlrany said nothing—he was looking at the girl. "Report at four." It seemed to cost Nelson an effort to speak. "Yep." And, as he got not a look from the girl, he left.

Thus it was that Douglas McIlrany entered the employment of Old Man Stetson as night guard of the Bonanza. His duties were easy—in times of peace, that is—though the nights were rather long. He took orders from no one but Nelson, or the Old Man; and smashed Sullivan's nose one afternoon

when that bully tried to interfere with him. He continued to wear his cowboy garb, which led the miners to call him Punch. There was no love in the sobriquet, for they looked on him with open suspicion and refused him the companionship he did not seek.

The life he led was necessarily lonely. Nelson was a prig; he never addressed him. He often saw the girl, at a distance, riding to or from the superintendent's office. She seemed on good terms with Nelson. He never had a chance to speak to her; she never looked at him—when he was looking. He slept during the day, or tried to. His room, being over the Miner's Rest, had none of the quiet of the plains. Rather it reeked with the oaths and obscenity engendered by vile liquor and losing games, occasionally punctuated by the staccato voice of an ever-ready Colt's.

One day, disgusted with everything, he hired a horse and went for a gallop over the Pass. Here he was happy. He filled his lungs with the thin, pure air. He looked at the majestic peaks raising their snowy heads above a forest of smaller mountains. He seemed to be at the top of the world looking down on everything. As he sat quietly enjoying the scene—the flash of the snow, the deep green of the pines, splashed here and there with the crimson and gold of the frost stricken quaking asps; all surrounded by the purpling haze of the far altitudes—he was startled by the appearance of a young woman who came toward him from a turn in the road. She was walking, with never the faintest trace of weariness. He studied her leisurely. She was trim and neat; wearing a brown riding habit that matched her hair and eyes, when she looked at him. They were deep, and held but a tinge of fear—or was it the coyness of relief?

Her pure beauty was enhanced by the flush of rapid walking; her small mouth was set so firmly as to bring a dimple into relief in either cheek. He silently noted all these details, though he had known from the first that it was "the girl." She would have passed him, but he looked at her so queruously that she smiled just a little. It was enough. He dismounted.

"The only gentlemanly thing is to offer you my horse," he suggested.

"It isn't necessary——"

"No, but convenient. Unless you take such long walks just for exercise. But your habit suggests that you expected to ride."

"I didn't expect you——"

"Naturally."

She blushed, then mounted the horse to hide her confusion. They began the descent in silence. After a while, as he made no attempt at conversation, she queried:

"Did they send you to take me home?"

"They?"

"Yes. Do you suppose I'd be in this fix if something hadn't happened?"

"For instance?"

"Well, I lost my pony; that is, someone took it."

"Without permission?"

"Oh, I allowed it—under protest. I didn't like the walk back."

"Very ungallant; but—fortunate."

"Oh!" with inflection.

Another silence. Then: "You're sure you're not one of them?" Her eyes were teasing.

"I think," slowly, "you know who I am. It was nice of you to meet me."

"If I'd expected you it'd have been nicer."

"You mean——"

"Yes, another horse."

"That wouldn't have been nearly so gallant."

"Or romantic."

"I like romance."

"But more convenient."

"No one expects convenience in the West."

"Any more than they respect conventionality."

She frowned, considered, then laughed. "Was that personal?"

"No," frankly. "Merely general. Down in the cattle country——"

"Are you a real cowboy?"

"Sure enough."

"Oh, I love the life on a ranch! I'd like to go down there."

"I'd like to take you."

"Why did you leave?"

"Well, say an inherited predisposition to rove. Though I'm beginning to believe that Fate was at the bottom of it."

"Trouble?" Her eyes were as searching as her father's.

"Not a bit. Just wanted to try new pastures—like an obstreperous longhorn."

"I knew——" She stopped, dismounted and gave him the bridle. Instead of taking the hint, he walked on at her side to the house she pointed out as her home. It was on the hillside, well above the town; and had all the appearances, as well as appurtenances, of a modern city home. The Old Man could well afford it.

"Do you take such trips often?" as they reached the gate.

"Quite. I enjoy riding. But not being held up—and robbed. I must inform the sheriff—though I'm afraid he can't do much about it."

"You ought to take some one with you."

"Thank you," she laughed. "For the ride, Mr.——"

"They call me Punch."

"Mr. Punch. They call me 'the Girl.' Good-bye."

The gate clicked; and he rode thoughtfully away. From the porch she watched him; but he did not look back.

A few days later he happened to go to the office before taking his post. The girl was there talking to Nelson. The superintendent was plainly not overjoyed at the interruption.

"What is it," he began, but the girl sprang up and held out her hand. "How do you do, Mr. Punch?"

He took her hand, bowed: "I'm glad you're alright, little girl."

She blushed and asked: "Do you like the work here?"

Nelson answered for him: "He's likely to fall in love with—it."

"Oh-h! But that would be lovely," and she smiled bewitchingly on both men at once.

Punch went to his post, where, after she had left, Nelson joined him.

"Fine girl, eh?" suggested the superintendent. For a minute the only reply was a critical stare. Then: "Did they get the pony?"

"No. She told me about that—what you did for her on the Pass. I'm grateful for—I—you see—I expect to take care of her myself some day."

He waited fully two minutes; but there was no rejoinder. He went away cursing Punch for an unimaginative cur—under his breath. Meanwhile the strife between the miners and their employers grew more bitter. Threats and counter-threats flew from tunnel to office. Each faction waited the first hostile move of the other. There lacked but the contact of flint on steel to arouse the all-too-ready flame of hate and destruction. Flint and steel—miner and operator—were ready; but had not, so far, clashed.

One day Punch was accosted by one of the officers of the Miners' Federation, who asked: "Air y'u a union man?"

"Nope," was the reply.

"Goin' ter side with us er with th' scabs?"

"I'll do what I'm paid for."

"But if you'd kinder look t'other way when we come round nights——"

"What's your game?" mildly, but there was no mistaking his meaning.

"Nothin'—only somethin'll happen durn soon, an' scabs had better look out! I give y'u warnin'—the boys don't like your color no way. Best clear out with your dust while th' trav'lin's good." With that he left.

The something came about three days later. In mid-afternoon a Walking Delegate of the Federation appeared at the Bonanza; and the men promptly quit work at his command. They surrounded the office demanding to see Stetson. They told him their grievances—some union men had been laid off in the Queen Bess mine and the Federation had called a strike of all men in that district until these men

were reinstated and the other demands of the miners granted. The Old Man cursed them individually and collectively in his characteristic manner. They sullenly demanded their pay. He told them to come back on pay day for it. A shower of stones and other missiles greeted this; whereupon he locked the door and pocketed the key.

Then the crowd became a mob. Everything they could lay hands on they hurled at the office. Windows and weather-boarding they smashed. As they surged around to the rear a girl sprang from the back door of the office, jumped on her pony and galloped toward town.

"The girl!" cried a dozen. "She'll get help."

"Where?" the others shouted exultantly, and went on with their efforts.

Punch was sleeping peacefully in his room. For once the town was quiet—ominously so. He slept fully dressed, as was his cowboy custom—it called up pleasant dreams of starlit Mexican nights. Suddenly a noise at the door aroused him. He opened it cautiously. The girl stood there, flushed and trembling.

"Oh, Mr. Punch," she gasped, "the men have struck—they're attacking the office—they'll kill father and—and—Mr. ——"

He sprang past her without a word, mounted her horse and sped up the mountain. When he reached the office the enraged men had pulled off some of the boards and started a fire at the door. He took them by surprise, springing into their midst, striking right and left—and at each stroke a man fell—kicking the fire in all directions. With one of the burning boards he felled three miners who came at him. Then with one mighty heave he pushed open the door. Stetson was pacing the floor, Nelson cowering behind the desk. Punch jerked open a drawer, where lay three revolvers of large calibre. He spilled two boxes of cartridges on the desk, putting a handful in his pocket. Tossing one gun to Nelson, handing one to the Old Man, with the other in his left, and his own, which he carried in his belt, in his right, he sprang to the door just as the miners reached it. They swayed back when they saw his face. Somewhere in the crowd a revolver clicked; the one in Punch's left hand spoke, and the gleaming weapon flew from the man's shattered hand. Other weapons, suddenly drawn, as suddenly disappeared. The men were cowed; the mob broken. It was the psychological moment. Punch spoke:

"Now, you fellows, go back to work or clear out. *Go!*"

They went; but not to work.

When the last had disappeared down the road toward town, Punch turned to the Old Man, but was surprised to see him clasping the girl in his arms.

"Daddy," she cried, "you're not hurt?"

"No, Marie." She left him, held out her hand to Punch, saying simply: "Thank you."

He bowed silently over the little hand lost so completely in his big one, unheeding the amazement of her father or the malevolent glare of Nelson.

That night Punch stood moodily before the tunnel listening to the noises of the town. All the mines had closed that day. All the miners had been called out, and they were now celebrating the strike with bad whisky and worse women. Punch watched warily. He knew there would be trouble if the whisky worked in the usual way, and he would do his duty. Not for love of his pay, or Nelson, or the Old Man—but there was the girl. Marie, her father had called her. Marie—a pretty name. But Nelson—damn Nelson! He was a quitter. And Marie, she thanked him—twice! He felt less like a Hessian. He was fighting, not for money—there were oceans of that back in the tunnel—but for her!

Near one o'clock the town grew quieter. Soon the lone guard at the Bonanza thought to see a moving shadow just below the dump. Others followed. The night was dark; no moon and a cloudy sky. The shadows crept closer.

"Halt!" rang out from the tunnel. It was answered by a spurt of flame and a stinging report from the foremost of the sneaking figures, who next moment sprang into the air with a groan and fell back deathly still. Six reports greeted Punch's shot; but he had jumped behind the timbers. He marked well the points whence the six flashes had come, and groans of pain and rage came from the attacking party as he emptied his six-shooter. Then ensued an inglorious retreat down the mountain.

Perhaps an hour had passed when shots were heard near the mill just across the gulch. A few minutes later the cables which carried the cars of ore from the tunnel to the mill began to move. It was easy to see what that meant. The miners had gained possession of the mill, had piled into one of the cars, and started the cables. Unless stopped, they would go flying past the guard into the tunnel. It was a daring move, but if successful, would achieve their end, give them possession of the mine. But the cables were run by electric power, and Punch knew there must be a cut-off near the mouth of the tunnel. Luckily he found it, turned off the current and stopped the carload of strikers directly over the gulch, three hundred feet from the ground in any direction. Powerless to move, they could only stay there in the car until their captor chose to release them. They dared not shoot; that would be to set up a target for his unerring aim.

So there they stayed until, in the frosty morning, Stetson and Nelson came up to relieve Punch. The superintendent ran in the car while the guard and the Old Man covered the entrapped miners. Commanded to get out of the car, they obeyed sullenly, stiffly. They were Bonanza men, and Sullivan was with them. He scowled darkly, for he bore the mark of Punch's gun in his right shoulder. The men were beaten, but not subdued. The fight had oozed out along with the whisky; but they swore vengeance on the man who had caught them, and who now covered them with his gun while the Old Man relieved them of theirs. They were told they might go, though they had violated the law. They cursed the law: wasn't the sheriff a Federation official? Stetson grimly waved them away.

The strikers were further infuriated that day by the arrival of several hundred workingmen escorted by State troops. The scabs were divided into sections and marched to the mines, protected by the soldiers, and hissed by the miners.

The men who were detailed to work at the Bonanza pitched their tents near the office, a little to the rear and toward the powder house. One detachment of soldiers camped with them. The men worked with a guard at each elbow. The expense was ruinous; but some lessons cost dear. Each faction paid, too.

Hatred and feeling went to white heat as the mines continued to be operated. Scabs, mine owners, were shot down without compunction. A deputy of the National Government was assassinated. Pitched battles between miners and troops were of daily occurrence. Punch went stolidly through it all, relentlessly vigilant. He gained the implacable hatred of the strikers by his cool and deliberate frustration of their plans. He seemed to find out everything. The Old Man relied upon him more and more, much to Nelson's ill-concealed disgust. He slept in a small tent below the office. He rarely saw the girl, although she, her father and Nelson occupied the two rooms of the office building. The house on the hillside had long since gone up in smoke. Provisions, as for a siege, were carefully stored in the tool house.

Such was the situation on the evening of November ——, 18——. Punch, rolled in his blanket in the little tent, was awakened about midnight by a stealthy noise. Before he could get his gun, two forms sprang on him, gagging him and pinning him to the ground. They tied his arms, then led him down the path, where they were

soon joined by five others. Sullivan was one of the latter.

"Got the sneaking cowpuncher?" he growled.

"Bet yer last nugget," chortled one of Punch's captors.

"Bring him along. Time to hit th' trail. I'd take a punch at him if it weren't fer the noise."

"Is the fuse laid?" asked one of the two.

"Right in their own powder house. Damn 'em—they'll go to hell together—and th' sojers with 'em," Sullivan rejoiced.

"When does th' blow-out come off?"

"Three o'clock. She'll make a racket that can be heerd over in Utah."

"Ain't the girl up there in th' office?"

"The girl!" There was a general exclamation of hesitation and doubt.

"Yes," growled Sullivan. "Damn her—ain't she the Old Man's gal?"

"But she saved my little Minnie that time of the cloudburst up in the canyon," began one.

"And she helped my wife when the kids had the measles," another objected.

"She's an angel," offered a third.

"It's a shame." The fourth voiced the sentiments of the crowd.

Sullivan was dismayed by the hesitation.

"But she'll have to go, boys—we can't back out now?" he urged.

"Whose families air we ter save—our own er th' Old Man's?"

"Right," agreed one; and they went on, decided. Not a tremor had shaken Punch's body.

"Say, but yer a cool one," observed the man next him.

"Why not tie him up and dump him in the powder house where he can think about his sins while waitin' fer eternity?" suggested the other.

"Not on yer life," snapped Sullivan. "Yu can't tie a puncher noway. He'll go over the Pass barefoot and in his pajamys—and get a warm dose o' lead afterward. Hear that?" and he punched the unresponsive captive in the ribs.

Now they were in the center of the town, and Punch was marched to a forlorn looking group of men, women and children, standing shivering in the main street. The men were scabs. Many had brought their families to Goldcamp; but the strikers had mercy on none. They had captured all the strike-breakers but those of the Bonanza, and these would be blown up by their own powder before morning.

Then the march began. Most of the men and all of the women and children were in night dress—bare of head and foot. Punch was stripped and shoved in with the rest. His hands were untied; but resistance was folly—fifty revolvers glinted near him. Up the mountain road the procession went, urged on by the vengeful but triumphant strikers. They informed their victims that the enforced pilgrimage would end at S——, twenty miles beyond the snowy, rocky Pass; and that, if any of them ever returned, he would take a trip from which there would be no coming back.

They had but reached the Pass when it began to snow. Not softly and slowly, but in sleety fineness, whipped by a furious wind. The suffering was terrible. They faced the storm—the men squarely, rigidly; the women shrinkingly, though bravely; the children with moans of pain. Their captors only hurried them on—jeering and taunting.

Punch worked his way to the front on the right side where there was no guard. Rounding a curve in the road, he threw himself behind a projecting ledge of rock and waited. The rout passed by; then the strikers, but none saw him. The moment they rounded the next curve, he ran down the road over which they had just come; but, hearing others approaching, he took to the untracked mountainside. It was the identical spot where he had met the girl some weeks before. Downward he sped, taking no heed of the footing. The ground was white, but the snow gave scant protection from the sharp stones. Black fury possessed

him, fury against Sullivan and his gang. But on he sped, impelled by the one awful thought—the powder house. The *girl!* Three o'clock! The girl—sleeping unconsciously not twenty feet from as many hundred pounds of dynamite! Then he thought of Nelson. Why save her for him? But he must! He must save the girl! He must save the girl! It rang in his brain, a shrill, monotonous cry to the accompaniment of pounding blood, flying feet, and fleeting landscape. An owl hooted its dolorous note; high up the mountain a panther screamed; and everywhere the snow—swirling, biting, cutting. But ever in the red mist before his eyes was one figure, the figure of a girl with hair of softest brown, liquid eyes, and a smile that was madness to behold.

He headed straight for the doomed Bonanza; but it seemed ages before he neared it. Would he be in time? His eyes strained for the flash that would tell him he was too late; but there was only the red mist. And the girl, always the girl! Two hundred yards above the cluster of houses and tents he was stopped. It was Sullivan. There was a short, sharp struggle. The boss had had no time to get his gun, and he was no match for the giant Scot physically, exhausted though the latter was. Punch downed him, picked him up and carried him bodily to the office. He brust open the door, threw his stunned adversary into a corner, shouting the danger to the Old Man and Nelson. Stetson comprehended at once.

"Rouse the men!" he shouted.

"Send them to the tunnel," roared Punch as he boldly entered the girl's room. He carried her out just as the men were running pell-mell to the tunnel. Sullivan had got his bearings, and now made for the door. Punch shoved him back and closed it. Marie fully understood, but she stopped.

"Let him out!" she commanded.

"Hurry! Hurry!"

"Not a step until——"

Punch threw open the door, and the whining Sullivan sped down the path like a scared rabbit. Punch and the girl were the last in the tunnel.

It was none too soon. A shout had come from the plotters below. There was a tiny flare of light, then a minute of awful silence as they pressed back into the tunnel. One minute, two—the fuse was long—thr—a blinding spurt of flame—a staggering rush of sound as of a thousand thunderbolts! The earth seemed to split and rock and sway. Then silence, with a trembling of the very mountain, followed by the interminable echoes among the crags.

The soldiers rushed to the mouth of the mine; the strikers charged exultantly, but were repulsed—nonplussed—by a volley. They charged again and again with frantic rage; but morning found them sulking, defeated, in town—and the Bonanza was still intact.

In the dim morning light the men gathered round the jagged hole that was all that was left of the camp. Not one would have escaped but for the warning. Punch was a hero, but a very sorry looking one. Marie had bandaged his frozen and torn feet with strips of her night-gown, rolled him in a blanket and chafed his hands and face until life returned. They cheered him again and again as he told his story. Marie was very pale, but calm; her father very red and excited. Nelson, white and shaky, suddenly announced: "I'm going—I've had enough." And he left without even saying good-bye to Marie.

Punch looked at her in astonishment. She was unperturbed. At her glance he understood.

"Nelson's a quitter," he observed. "He did that at college—lost the game and the championship."

"College!" demanded the Old Man.

"Sure! We were graduated in the same class."

"Then you know engineering?"

"I've a degree—but I've never engineered anything more difficult than steers."

"Take Nelson's place," said Stetson shortly. "Yes. Get the men to work!

I'll see what the Governor will do about this—I'll settle these fellows! I'll——"

He was interrupted by the exclamations of some of the men who had gone down into the hole. They came up with pieces of ore showing free gold.

"A pocket," said the Old Man. But examination proved it to be another vein—far richer than that of the Bonanza even.

When they got up out of the hole, Stetson suddenly turned to Punch. "Boy, I'm going to give that to you! It'll make you rich, but I owe you more——"

"And I want more," interrupted his new superintendent. "Yes, and I resign—I won't work for you—for wages——"

"Well!"

"I want—the girl."

Stetson stiffened; Marie, face flaming, put her arms about Punch's neck and whispered: "My hero! *Lover!*"

The men cheered; her father looked on with misty eyes.

"Well," he said slowly, with a trace of a smile, "make it a close corporation; and agree who is to hold controlling interest——"

He got no farther; Marie was in his arms, weeping happily, kissing him. He handed her back to her lover, and hurried away; the men, too.

And Punch, with wisdom well becoming one of his years, sealed the bargain with a kiss—swearing that his was the luckiest strike ever made in Goldcamp.

THE CRIMSON IVY

BY BARIC CAYVAN

This summer day hath crowned my Queenhood. View
The maiden blush of mine that bids thee stay.
Hast thou forgot my kiss of yesterday.
When all my charms were decked in virgin hue
Ere thou hadst stripped and bruised them, to thy rue?
I warned thee, in barbaric bright display,
To woo me from afar, and go thy way,
Nor cull my burning kisses, wet with dew.

And now that thou hast learned my wanton mood,
In dalliance may memory serve thee well;
And when in other days there is the low
Enchanting call of Naiads of the wood—
When summer wanes, and autumn's glories glow,
Then touch me not! lest madness end the spell.

IN OLD MONTEREY

BY LEONORE KOTHE

Illustrations by the author.

FOR MANY years after the removal of the capital to Sacramento, Monterey slept the sleep of Rip Van Winkle. The people spoke their own language, followed their own customs and allowed their adobe houses to crumble into ruin undisturbed by the disagreeable fact that the *gringo* had come.

One day, some artists in search of the picturesque, found the old town. The quaint streets, the houses with their red-tiled roofs and weather-stained walls where the plaster, peeling off, showed patches of the brown adobe. The romantic gardens full of tangled bushes and gnarled fruit trees surrounded by stone and adobe walls, were beautiful.

The artists were fascinated. They unfurled their white umbrellas, set up their easels and stayed on and on. Among them were men famous in their generation. I need only mention a few: Jules Tavernier, Julian Rix, Joe Strong and Alexander Harrison. Then came their companions, the poets and story-tellers. Among them were Robert Louis Stevenson and Charles Warren Stoddard, and Monterey became a sort of artistic Mecca, where all good and loyal Californian artists considered it



Old Estrada house, Pacific street.



Governor Alvarado's house, Detura street.

a sacred duty to make a pilgrimage and worship at the shrine of adobes, sand-dunes and cypress trees. But the beauty of Monterey will soon be a memory, a thing of the past. In this year of grace, nineteen hundred and eleven, the mania for improvement has become an epidemic, and the old town is being improved out of all resemblance to the Monterey we loved so well. New brick and steel buildings are crowding out their neighbors —the adobes. Plate-glass windows and department stores, where everything from a thimble to a threshing machine are sold, are more in keeping with the spirit of twentieth century activity than with the land of *poco tiempo*.

In the streets of Monterey are a motley throng. Soldiers in khaki from the Presidio; pretty Spanish girls with long, black braids and bewitching eyes; fat old women, whose heads are hidden in voluminous black shawls, after the native style; sun-burned men in



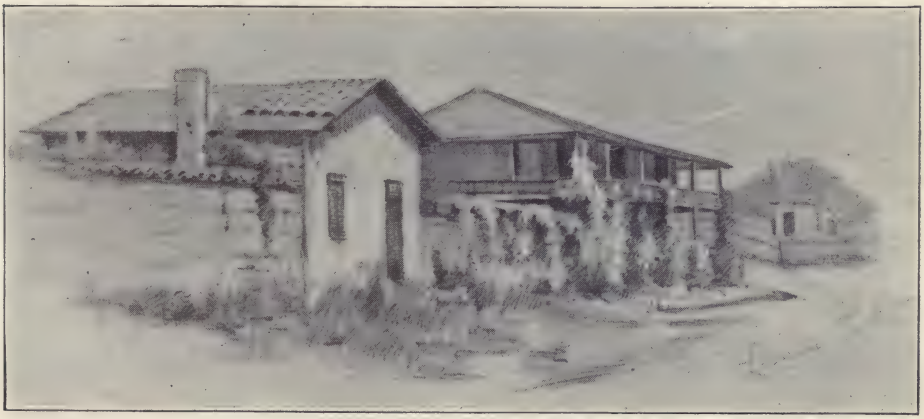
The first theatre in California.



Balcony of the Escolle house.

sombreros, with jingling spurs; fishermen in sea-boots and worsted caps; "the Heathen Chinee" and suave Jap; the millionaires from Del Monte, whose bank accounts would buy the whole town, fly past in their automobiles, accompanied by tooting horns and fluttering veils, jostling the dusty wagons from the neighboring ranches, while an up-to-date Salvation Army and a circus parade go by.

Visitors from all parts of the world wander around, guide book in hand, seeking reminiscences of the padres, the Mexican war, and the numerous other incidents that have made Monterey the stage of early Californian history. The Customs House, which has been restored by the Native Sons, is a landmark of great historical interest, besides being extremely quaint and picturesque.



T. O. Larkin's house.



Robert Louis Stevenson's house.

An old moss-grown house one degree removed from a ruin, bears a placard stating that this was the first theatre in California. San Carlos Church, which has been restored, has often been called a mission, but this is a mistake: it is and always was a parish church.

Let us leave the main streets and wander through the queer tangle of little lanes and narrow alleys that are hidden in out of the way corners of the old town. Main street, now one of the "back streets," was in the days of '48 the principal thoroughfare, and is in some places very picturesque and



Scene in Main street. House of the Four Winds in background.

interesting, with its adobe houses and gardens surrounded by old stone walls that suggest all sorts of romantic beauties on the other side. Here is the old Larkin house, which has been carefully restored by the present owner. Half a block farther on is the famous house of the four winds. Strolling up Jefferson street, we come to a perfect labyrinth of small streets, beginning nowhere, twisting and turning around and ending as they began—nowhere. Somewhere in the labyrinth is Colton Hall, the first Capitol of California. Just how it got there seems a mystery.



Adobe and stone wall, Main street. Larkin house in the distance.

One of the most picturesque of these small streets is Dutra, full of adobe houses and queer cypress trees that look like feather dusters stood on end. There is a quaint old stone house in Pearl street at present used as a blacksmith shop that was remarkably picturesque until some practical person under the slogan of "improvement" gave it a coat of whitewash. Now it stands a monument of bad taste and misdirected energy.

Here is the home of Robert Louis Stevenson, a great, gloomy barn of a house, adorned with a huge sign, "Rooms To-let." Around the corner is the old Allen house, the first wooden house in California. In this old, dilapidated building, Stevenson sketched the plot of "Prince Otto," and in the preface describes it thus: "A house that was far-gone in the respectable stages of antiquity. * * * And yet was a sea traveler in its younger days, and had come around the Horn in the belly of a ship. * * * And might have heard the seamen stamping and shouting, and heard the boatswain's whistle."

Spanish is still the language of the by-ways of Monterey. It seems strange that after sixty years of American occupation there should still be people in California that cannot speak English. The little brown children playing in the streets, the women gossiping in the doorways, the men lounging in the sun, all speak "*la idioma del pais*" (the language of the country) as they call it. And all men, women and children criticise the stranger within their gates with that delightful freedom that comes with the knowledge that their remarks cannot be un-

derstood by the uninitiated. Sometimes they are, and then it is very funny.

The old adobes, half in ruins, bring back memories of another people and another life gone forever. In the twilight we think we hear the echoes of the guitars and castanets, and "the little feet dancing in tune." In the deserted corridors, the shadows linger. Men in capas and sombreros and women in lace mantillas, whose silken skirts and satin slippers seem out of place on the rough earthen floors, walk in the moonlight and whisper the same old story that is always new.

It was a careless, happy life they lived in those far-away golden days, when every one had plenty of *frijoles* and *tortillas* to eat, a horse to ride, and bright eyes smiled in his, and everything disagreeable could wait for *manana*. They were the good old days before the *gringo* came.

SPRING ON THE DESERT

BY WILLIAM HOFFMAN

It is spring on these mesas to-day,
Spring on the ranches away,
 And the ocean of sand;
There is emerald here on the plain,
Loamy hollows are reddened again,
 There is change in the land.

Akin with the valleys of green,
Akin with the watered ravine,
 There is something that speaks;
The pale grass looks brighter, a light
Illumines the cactus more bright,
 And a living thing seeks.

The blossoms break purple and white,
That thrive on the air and the light,
 The mesquite is aglow,
The greasewood is pretty as pine,
A newness, a freshness and shine
 Cling to objects that grow.

It is spring on the desert to-day,
Spanish daggers are driving away
 The cold and the gale;
The plumes of fresh victory wave,
Crimson tassels o'er the mute grave,
 Of the dead winter's pale.

REFUGES FOR THE WILD BIRDS

BY JOHN L. COWAN

THAT UNCLE SAM has established and provided for the guardianship of fifty-one bird reserves is a detail of the work for the conservation of natural resources with which the general public appears to be somewhat unfamiliar. These bird reserves are less known and less talked about than game preserves; but they are unquestionably of greater economic importance, and will be productive of results more plainly beneficial to the whole people.

It is now well understood that the terrific toll of one-tenth of all the products of the soil now levied by insects upon the agricultural interests of the nation never would have reached proportions so alarming but for the heedless destruction of the wild birds that constituted one of nature's checks upon the multiplication of insect life. It is understood, too, that if this destruction is permitted to go on, rendering one species of wild birds after another extinct, the toll exacted by the insect enemies of mankind must continue to become greater and greater. The protection of the flying squadrons of the air, which wage unceasing war against the destroying cohorts of bugs, beetles, caterpillars, grubs, grasshoppers, plant lice, flies, scales and other insects, thus becomes a grave economic problem, more worthy of the attention of our lawmakers than most of the questions upon which the flood-gates of their eloquence are opened.

Many of the bird reserves are rocky or sandy islands; some are nothing but marshes and half-submerged delta lands, and some are lakes and irrigation reservoirs, with the lands bordering them. None are of present or prospective value for agriculture, or



Laughing gulls, Breton Island Reserve.



Pelicans on Pelican Island Reserve, Florida.

anything else, so that the most captious fault-finder can hardly invent a reason for objecting to their permanent reservation for the useful purpose that was in view when they were set aside by executive proclamation.

Florida leads in the number of bird sanctuaries, with ten, and Washington comes second with eight. Alaska has six, Louisiana four, Oregon and Wyoming three each; North Dakota, Michigan, California, Idaho and New Mexico two each; and South Dakota, Utah, Arizona, Montana, Porto Rico and Hawaii one each. This makes just half a hundred, the fifty-first, known as the Klamath Lake reserve, being partly in Oregon and partly in California.

That these reserves have been set aside as breeding places and secure refuges for man's feathered friends may be attributed, first, to the activities of the National Association of Au-



Cross Island Life Saving Station, Maine coast, near only breeding place of eider ducks now in United States.

dubon Societies, and, second, to the enthusiasm with which Theodore Roosevelt, when President, came to the rescue of the wild birds with executive proclamations setting aside these reservations. There has been criticism and fault-finding with regard to the forest reserves established during Roosevelt's administrations, and with regard to almost every other official act of that strenuous individual; but no word has been heard in condemnation of the policy that dictated the establishment of the bird reserves, excepting from plume hunters and milliners. The principal cause for regret seems to be that such action was not taken many years sooner. It came too late to save from extinction the snowy heron of the Pacific Coast; the Labrador duck, which used to migrate back and forth between its northern breeding places and its winter resort in the South Atlantic in countless multitudes; the passenger pigeon, which used to roost in places in the Northern States in such prodigious masses that forest trees were broken down by their weight; the heath hen of Martha's Vineyard; the parrakeet of the Carolinas; the masked quail of Arizona; the whooping crane, the trumpeter swan and the ivory billed woodpecker. These are native birds of North America that are now probably as extinct as the dodo, and that none of us are likely ever to see alive.

But if the establishment of bird sanctuaries came too late to save these species, it was probably in time to save from annihilation the eider duck, the terns, pelicans, mangaser, skimmer and wood duck. As it is, these birds, together with gulls, grebes, wild geese, wild ducks and many others, are rapidly multiplying on the bird reserves, although hunted as remorselessly as ever elsewhere. More refuges are badly needed, and there is an urgent necessity that States and territories that have no laws for the protection of non-game birds should pass such legislation immediately. These States and territories are Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Nevada, Utah, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Arizona and New Mexico. With these exceptions, the States have adopted the model law proposed by the Audubon Societies for the protection of non-game birds. On the whole, while there is still plenty of room for improvement the outlook for the wild birds is brighter now than at any other time since that most remorseless of all tyrants, fashion, decreed the slaughter of every winged creature that gladdened the eye with its beautiful plumage.

The first of the national bird reserves was Pelican Island on the East Florida coast, established by executive proclamation on March 14, 1903. The Breton Island reserve, southeast of Louisiana, was set aside October 4, 1904; and in 1905 four reserves were created by proclamation of the President: Stump Lake, North Dakota; Huron Island and Siskiwit Island, both in Lake Superior, belonging to Michigan; and Passage Key, in Tampa Bay, Florida. The year 1906 was an inactive one, only one bird reserve being established, Indian Key, Tampa Bay, Florida; but this was amply compensated in 1907 with a total of seven. The next year was still better, with eleven; and 1907 was the banner year of all, twenty-six bird reserves being set aside, including those in Alaska, Porto Rico and Hawaii, and several large irrigation projects in Wyoming, South Dakota, Arizona, New Mexico and Idaho. The National Reclamation Service, by the making of great artificial reservoirs in which water is impounded for irrigation purposes, has produced ideal conditions for the natural breeding of water fowl and many other migratory birds, so that bird protection in the neighborhood of the reservoirs is of the very highest importance.

All of these refuges for the birds were provided during the two administrations of President Roosevelt. In future years it is safe to say that this fact will be recalled as constituting not the least of his claims to grateful remembrance. No bird reserves have



Top: *Snowy heron on nest.*
Centre: *Young herring gull and egg.*
Bottom: *Sooty tern.*

been set aside since President Taft's occupancy of the executive chair, but one of the reserves established by his predecessor has been greatly extended, so that it is evident that President Taft approves of this movement for bird protection. When the benefits and advantages of the bird reserves now in existence become more apparent, and their utility better understood by the public, it is inevitable that the number will be very greatly increased and that Congress will have to make more adequate provision for their maintenance and custodianship.

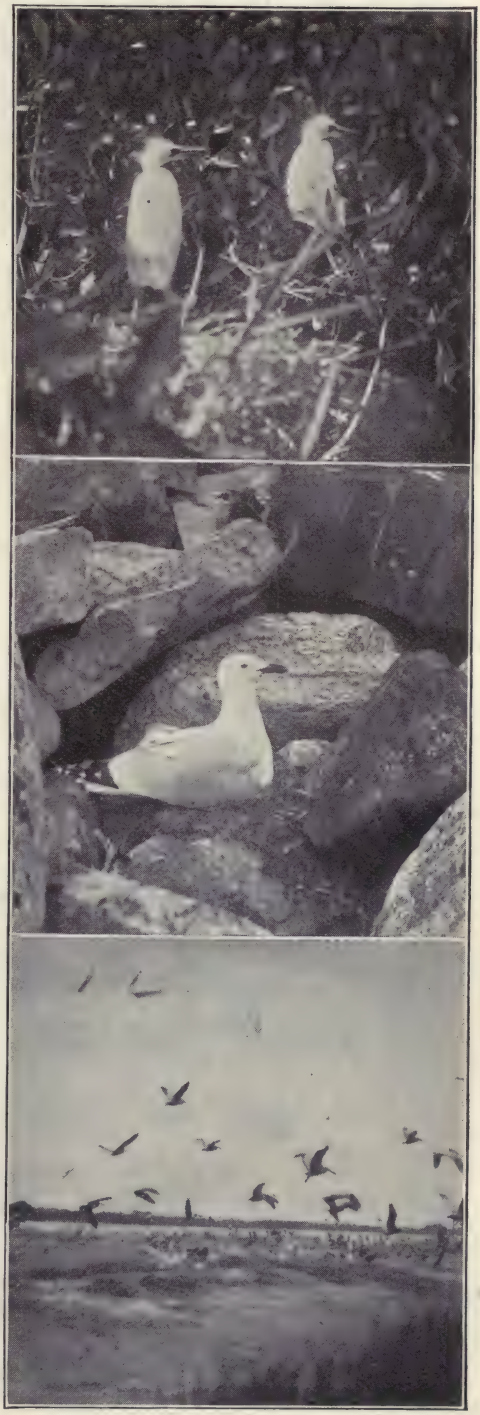
By far the largest of the bird reserves is the Delta of the Yukon river. Fire Island, as the main body of the delta lands is called, is about as large as the entire State of Massachusetts. It is a vast breeding ground for wild ducks, wild geese and other water fowl. Incidentally, moose and other mammals of the Far North are afforded protection by the terms of the President's proclamation. Notwithstanding the fact that this is an island, it has long been the favorite breeding place of the rapidly disappearing Alaska moose, which swim across from the mainland in order to be safe from wolves and other four-footed foes during the breeding season, and until their young are old enough to take care of themselves. But if safe from the wolves, the moose were far from safe from human hunters, until after the proclamation of the Yukon Delta bird reserve, with incidental protection for mammals.

Walrus and other islands in the Pribiloff reserve, in Bering Sea, are favorite breeding places of the horned puffins, gulls and other water fowl. Inevitably the egg hunters and feather hunters found them out and carried off the eggs literally by the ton; also slaughtering tens of thousands of the birds. The Bering, Tuxedni, St. Lazaria and Bogoslof reserves are the four other bird refuges of the Far North, and are the nesting ground of millions of cormorants, auks, gulls and other birds of the seas. Many people think pelicans, terns, gulls, auks and other

birds seen so abundantly along the sea coasts are of little value, and that their extermination would be nothing more than a sentimental loss. In reality they are of very great economic importance, as the universal scavengers of our coasts. It is not improbable that their extermination, or a very great reduction in their numbers, would be followed by pestilences in many of our seaports, fishing villages and beach resorts. Invariably they collect in greatest numbers just where they are most needed—that is, where offal and refuse (their food supply) are most abundant. Thirty-five miles west of San Francisco are the Farallone Islands, proclaimed a bird reserve February 27, 1907. They are the breeding place for pigeons, gulls, auks, petrels, murres, cormorants and puffins. Prior to the President's proclamation more than a million eggs were taken from the islands every season by the Greeks and Italians of San Francisco.

In August, 1908, the Key West reservation was set aside for bird protection, including the Marquesas keys and numerous other small islands south of Florida. Pelican Island (the first of the bird reserves to be established), Passage Bay, Indian key, Mosquito inlet and Island bay, all off the coast of Florida; and Breton Islands, Tern Islands, Shell keys and East Timbalier Island, south of Louisiana, are important as secure refuges for millions of egrets, cormorants, herons, terns, pelicans, gulls and other waterfowl of the Gulf coast.

Laysan Island is one of the most important of the bird reserves. It is in the extreme west of the Hawaiian archipelago, and is the world's greatest resort for the albatross, and is frequented by many other species of birds of the seas. For years, Japanese plume hunters slaughtered the birds in incredible numbers, shipping the wings and feathers to Europe. After the annexation of Hawaii, the United States forbade this, but the interdiction had little or no effect. Even since the proclamation of the bird re-



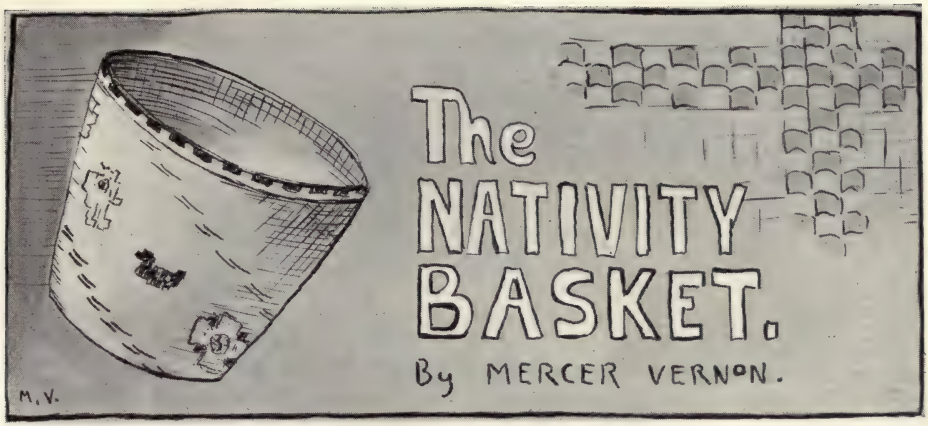
Top: *Young egrets.*
Centre: *Herring gull on nest.*
Lower: *Brown pelicans, Pelican Island*

serve, an American war vessel captured a band of Japanese poachers with a vast quantity of skins, said to represent the slaughter of a thousand million birds. The number is incredible, and is doubtless an exaggeration. One small speck of an island, rarely visited by the whites or by native Hawaiians, was found to be yielding to Japanese plume hunters for the Parisian trade no less than half a million skins annually. This slaughter has not been entirely stopped, but it is believed that it has been greatly lessened. The trouble here, as on most of the bird reserves, is that there is not a sufficient force of guards and custodians to enforce the law and punish poachers. In many cases the salaries of custodians of the bird reserves have been borne largely by the Audubon societies; and in but few instances are sufficient guards provided. It is up to the Congress of the United States to remedy these deficiencies.

It is claimed by some authorities that if wild birds were exterminated, within seven years insects and worms would multiply to such an extent that all vegetation would be destroyed and human life would be impossible. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the birds are of sufficient economic importance to justify the National Government, the various States, and all individuals, in extending to them every possible protection and encouragement. Every farm in America ought to be a true bird sanctuary, where these feathered allies of the agriculturist would be free from fear of the man with a gun or the small boy with a sling-shot, and given every possible assistance in their work of waging war against the swarming billions of the insect world.



Snakes are insatiable enemies of the birds, destroying the eggs and young.



NEAH-WAH was tall and strong and lithe, and when he crushed Star-Flower to his breast and whispered, "I love you," Star-Flower was much the happiest maiden on the Reservation, and with a brimming heart she said: "And I love you, Neah-Wah." And when he confided, "I want you for a wife," she merely lowered her head and nestled down into the strength and passion of his arms.

When they had married, they went to good Incus Buchanan, the agent of the great White-Man's Government, and he gave them a beautiful slope of ground and implements and stores for their own, and bade them be happy and prosper. Ah! the Great White Father was good to do all this.

Neah-Wah felled the trees and wrought them into shape, and soon they had a home, and after that they tilled their bit of ground, and when spring came it was green and rich.

And then when the spring had drifted into summer, and it in turn had mellowed into autumn, their home was brightened by the birth of a little brown boy. Ah, never before had there been such a bright little chap—never one more happy. Neah-Wah and Star-Flower knelt and thanked the White-Man's God, and good Incus Buchanan paid them many a visit and gave them aid and love, and they named the young one Dream-of-a-Flower, and added to this, Buchanan. And once more Star-Flower felt the warmth of Neah-Wah's arms and heard him whisper, "I love you."

It has always been the custom, in tribal days, in the event of a birth, that the mother of the new-born child should go to the marshes and gather reeds, to be woven into a basket upon which should be pictured, as the years moved on, the deeds and events in the life which had just begun. First, of course, must be woven in the name, after that the first act of note, and so on until the death, when the remaining members of the family should finish the basket, having woven in the closing incidents of the life then ended and pass it on through the generations to come.

As soon as she was able to be out, Star-Flower dressed and threw a shawl over her shoulders, and walked down the dusty, sloping road to the marshes. She spread her shawl on the grass and tossed the severed reeds into it. Ah, but they must be strong and beautiful reeds—even and clean—for they were to picture the history of her son's deeds—such wonderful deeds as she knew they would be.

When the shawl was full, she gathered it up and turned homeward. She hastened her steps and was soon back with Neah-Wah and the child—Dream-of-a-Flower. She took the babe in her arms and crooned and chanted it to sleep. Then she and Neah-Wah sat in the open doorway and talked and planned and contrived—oh, such a beautiful life was Dream-of-a-Flower to live. The Great White Father was soon to build schools—he

had promised that long ago to their forefathers; they hadn't been built yet—but, then, the Great White Father was good, and they would surely be built before many more years. Yes—Dream-of-a-Flower was to go to the White Father's schools, and he should learn to love and worship the White-Man's God—and oh, it would be so grand!—so grand!

During the following weeks Star-Flower prepared her reeds and colors and set about the shaping of the basket—the Nativity Basket, as it had been known in tribal days. Every stitch and every lap must be precisely so. And when, at length, having finished the bottom, and started on the sides, she wove into it a beautifully colored and wonderfully shaped blossom—ah, that was the beginning—the name: Dream-of-a-Flower.

* * * *

That was all many years ago. Yesterday a tarnished, creaking cart was drawn, by an almost lifeless horse, along the dusty road of the Reservation, and over the seething hills to a little hut which lingered in the grove of willows.

If Neah-Wah had lived he should scarcely have recognized in this horse and cart the smart turn-out which, in his first days of prosperity, he had bought for Star-Flower. And had he looked within the rig, there would have been very little to assure him that in this weary, crouching and haggard figure beat the same heart that he had known in his Star-Flower. Ah, it was the same heart—but it beat much less quickly, and much less lightly; it was scarcely more now than a throbbing stone.

The jaded horse moved on at his own gait, and went at his own guidance. There was no hurry—no need of making the animal move faster—for there was nothing ahead but—what had once been home. No one there—merely a cheerless hut. Neah-Wah had died a few years ago. And Dream-of-a-Flower had paid the penalty of his only folly to-day. Several months ago he had murdered the agent of the Reservation—not good Incus Buchanan, but another who was overbearing and insolent—and to-day—well, he died on the scaffold. The farewell kiss—the last before eternity—still stung on the lips of Star-Flower.

No matter if the dust rose in huge clouds and choked her—no matter if the tears welled up and ran rampant, down the deep-lined cheek. Nothing mattered now.

"It will not be long," she murmured again. "It will not be long."

When at last the gate was reached, Star-Flower moved feebly up the path. How dim it had grown with the mignonette and daisies so rampant. And the doorway—almost hidden by the new shoots of the climbing rose. She fitted the key into the lock, opened the door and went within. She threw herself across the bed and wept out the misery of her heart and soul.

"Oh! Neah-Wah! Dream-of-a-Flower! Good Incus Buchanan! Oh!"

The White Man's God—he was cruel to do all this. But, then, He knew best. He was the Judge.

She lay this way for many hours, and when she arose the sun was on the landscape's edge; the myriad perfumes of the garden were rising and spreading, and here and there the good-night note of a bird struck out faintly.

Star-Flower stood for a moment in the doorway, then she went to a closet, and opening its door, felt around in the darkness among the things on the shelf. As her hand touched a certain object she started and trembled—and then a sob! Yes—there is was—the Nativity Basket. She drew it out and took it to the door. Here she removed the cloth with which she had wrapped it. She clasped the unfinished basket to her breast and fell to her knees, and between her sobs she rocked it back and forth and sang—a crooning, plaintive lullaby.

Ah, there was the flower which told his name—and there!—that was the bird he had found wounded in the woods!—that?—that was the bear

which he had slain when but eight years old. And this crude design?—why, that was to show how Dream-of-a-Flower had saved a maiden from drowning—and now—now! Star-flower knew, as she crooned and fingered the basket over that she must finish it—she must weave—what?—a noose?—or must she picture a scaffold? No, she would merely weave into it a large black splotch. That might tell the story! Then her work would be done—after that—"It would not be long."

It had grown dark. Star-Flower got a candle, lighted it and set it on the floor beside her. She took up the basket and fingered over the loose ends of the reeds with which she was to finish her task. Yes—it should be merely a large, ugly, black splotch. She would be honest—the basket must tell the truth. Oh, God, she had intended it to be so different—the basket was to have told such a different tale. It was to have told of the wonderful deeds of a red-man—to be an example to others—the wonderful deeds of her Dream-of-a-Flower. But now—the splotch!

"If the Great White Father—if he had only built the schools," she murmured pitifully to herself. "Dream-of-a-Flower should have attended and learned. But the schools—they were never——"

Star-Flower halted in her weaving. Her eyes contained a peculiar gleam—almost as though she were searching down through the centuries. She sat as if listening. "*They—were—never—built!*" She leaned forward a little—her dry lips twitched. "The Great White Father!—he—he—*lie!* He steal our hills from us! he promise to build schools and to teach our children! He promise—that's all—he never keep his promise. And then——" Her eyes were now full of fire, her hands trembled. "And then—if our children do wrong—he *kill* them—he *hang* them! Oh, Dream-of-a-Flower, you killed the great White Father's agent! Dream-of-a-Flower, you the most brave of all! A splotch?—no!—no—no! You so brave. A leaf—the emblem of the brave—a maple leaf!"

Star-Flower's twitching hands strove feebly to hurry in their task. Ah, Dream-of-a-Flower was to have a maple leaf instead. How could it have been better.

Late in the night the basket was finished—the basket she had started some twenty years ago. And near the top shone forth a wonderfully conceived maple leaf. She held the basket up!

"Oh! Neah-Wah! See—the Nativity Basket of our Dream-of-a-Flower! What a wonderful thing it is. See! it tells of the wonderful deeds of our son—*our* Dream-of-a-Flower! And we're so proud! Ah, Neah-Wah! Neah-Wah, I'm so very happy—so very——"

It had not been long.



WILL UNCLE SAM MOVE HIS BORDER LINE?

Rumors that the Great Southwestern Maneuvres are a Prelude to Another Mexican Annexation. A Queer Corner is the Southwestern-most One of the Nation

BY FELIX J. KOCH

DOWN IN MEXICO the mystery attaching to the sudden mobilization of an entire third of the American army on this continent into San Antonio, and the proximity of the Mexican line, was regarded, when it took place, as no mystery at all—but simply the first step in the advance of another crime like the Mexican War. In that connection, one wonders, necessarily, how long before Uncle Sam will push his barriers southward and have need to move his border monuments.

Interesting, indeed, is the region where, on the west, this line of monuments begins; the spot, that is, where Mexico, the Pacific and the United States now meet. The trip is to be made by vehicle out from San Diego, part way over the same route as that taken by winter tourists to Tia Juana, folk who cannot go home without being able to say they have been in Mexico. The "corner" region, though, is a rather desolate one, offering little except opportunity to gather shells on the beaches, and requiring that one



Deserted house in farthermost corner of the United States.



An old oven-like frontier mark.

to take his noon meal along. So the comfort-loving sight-seer is rather apt to omit it from his itinerary.

It is a peculiar feeling, however—that which comes over one as he stands within sight of the very corner of the great American republic. On the one hand there are ranges of hills, separated from the low mountains to be seen far behind. On the other, the right, that is, a wide, flat valley expands. A buggy passes, with a man and wife and two children; the last vehicle this side the line. Somehow, the woman, in dilapidated blue waist, gray skirt and shawl of black and brown, and a straw hat with a broad blue ribbon, seems to fit admirably into the utter loneliness of the scene. The road itself, too, is not out of harmony: it leads to where, directly ahead, now, one sees a heavy surf breaking on the coast. The Pacific, seen from this ridge, is a pure white, and the high surf makes it appear as if the ocean were higher than the land is. Then, again, there are places where things look as if the land were almost level with the sea.

Everything becomes noteworthy, in so silent a region, and so even a little house catches the eye, just a two-room affair, with a little porch before the doorway, and the ivy clinging round about this. A cow grazes in the road; otherwise there is just the quiet.

Flat meadows covered with the deep green ice-plant, succeed. The plant abounds here as nowhere else out West, and the sun glints on the beady drops of its leaves. Then there are quantities of a very small young cypress, so little as to almost seem a mere shrub. These cover the mesa at the end of the hill range, and running down to within a few hundred yards of the sea. Now and then a coyote is to be detected, loping off over the barrens, and giving the cry of his tribe.

Traveling on, by-and-bye you sight the first house on the Mexican side of

the line. It makes you think of the "Rose of the Rancho," with its outsloping roofs, and its long, lean-to's. A whitewashed frame, one door and six windows on the front, and an overhanging roof higher at the fore half than at rear, are its characteristics. The place is enclosed by a white paling fence, though there is little beside two small trees, to one side, and a tall eucalyptus at front, to enbound. That folk should pick such an isolated place for their home it seems difficult to comprehend. Incidentally, to-day the house is deserted; maybe the ennui drove the last tenants away.

It's but a short walk, over the hills from here to the corner monument, the tablet marking the extreme southwest point of the republic. This is located a few dozen feet from the surf, on a slight rise of beach. A tall, iron fence, the pickets bent in, and the whole then white-painted, encloses the stone against vandals.

On the paling a tablet advises that "The destruction or displacement of this monument is a misdemeanor, punishable by the United States or Mexico."

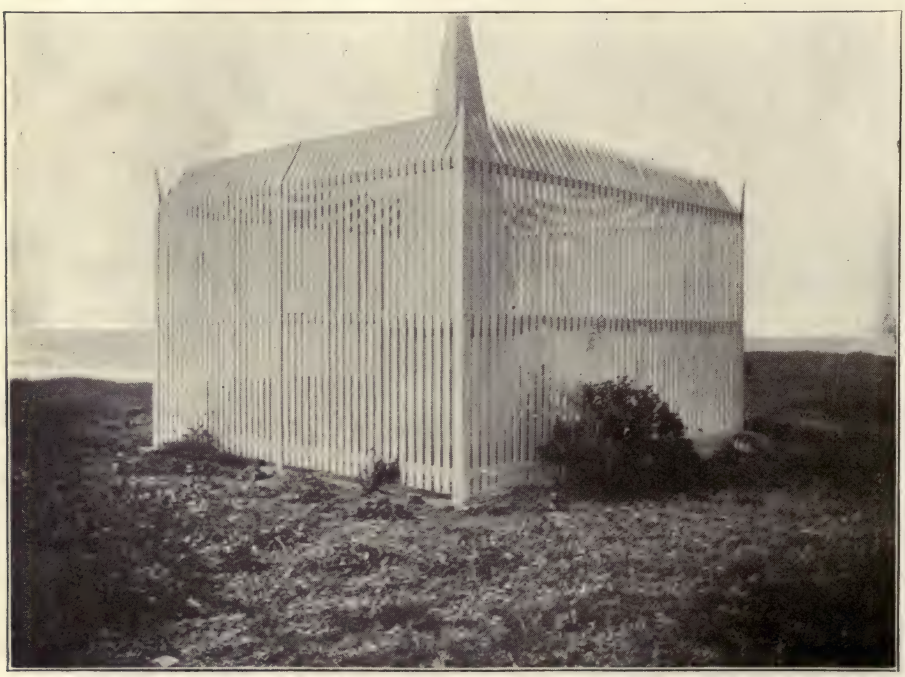
Within, on the monument itself, one finds a line:

"Boundary of the United States," and then the same legend as on the paling, warning against vandalism.

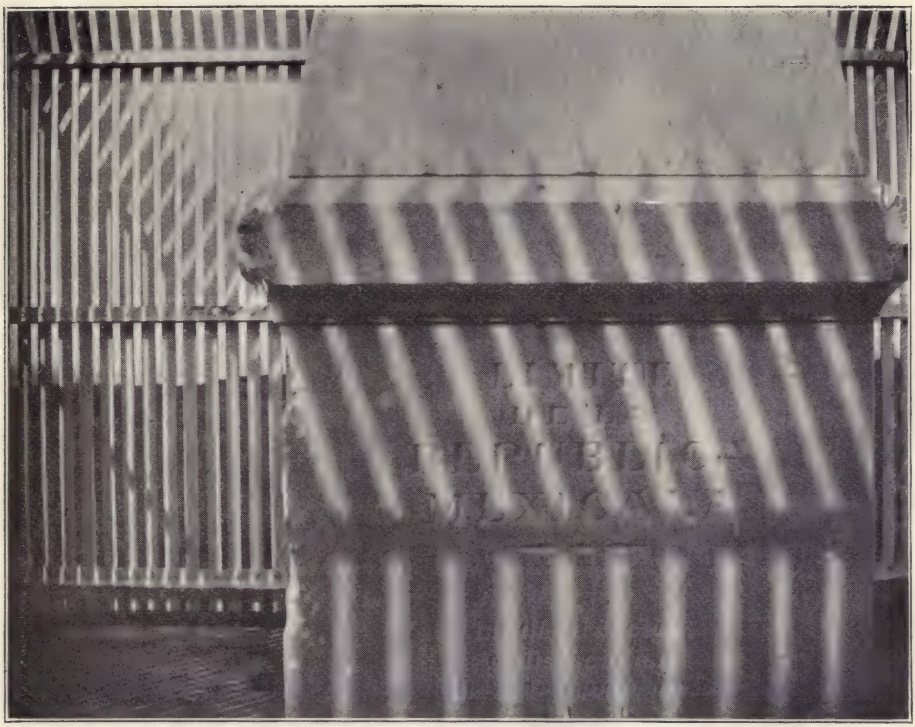
On the other side, toward the sea that is, the epitaph is in both Spanish and English.

Initial Monument
of boundary between
The United States and Mexico.
Established by Joint Commission
10 October A. D. 1849.
Agreeably to the Treaty Dated at the
City of Guadalupe Hidalgo,
Feb. 2, A. D., 1848.
Jn. G. Willer, U. S. Commissioner
Andrew B. Gray, U. S. Surveyor.

The Spanish inscription is identical in sense, excepting that it names one Pedro Garcia Conde as *Commission-*



Bordèr monument and inclosure.



The inscription on the monument.

ado Mexicano, and Jose Salazar Yearregui, as *Agrimensor*.

Passing around the monument again, the next face has the words:

"Limite
de la Republica Mexicana,"

and a note anent mutilation in Spanish. But on both the American and the Mexican side of the grating, the iron tablet warning off mutilators has its advice in English, as if the greatest fear were to come from this side.

Within the enclosure the ground is bare, save for a stray bush of yellow daisies. The monument itself is of a white marble—set on a base of what appears a black granite.

From it one looks, on one hand, out on the sea, with the Coronado Islands away out in the distance. Inland, the old deserted house, standing well back against a screen of brown-green mountains, is the vista. All about, flowers and the yellow daisy form the *parterre*. Just beyond the monument there is a hitching post, and you find that while the animal feeds from its sack, it has its feet in two separate countries.

Wild-flowers abound in the region, and while you wait for the skies to clear for photography, you pluck specimens of these. The Black-eyed Susan is particularly attractive, and there is a plant with leaf as to cactus, but flower in daisy form. A vine, too, which blooms as the verbena does, is a favorite. Guides relate of how two ladies gathered fifty-two different species of wild-flowers here in one day.

The sand, too, is full of shells, and that has an attraction for many. Then, just to sit back and watch the white clouds passing inland and listen to the monster breakers gnashing in on the lone coast is not at all unpleasant.

A passing storm really adds to the scene, but this over, the wanderlust tempts to explore.

The last house on the road, American side, before one got here, has an

interest. A dirty Mexican and an American woman, her husband at work at Imperial, she tells us, and three dirty children, hang about the dirty, one-room cottage. They've lived here these fifteen years, they say.

They tell of the deserted house before mentioned; how one Alexandre Jose, a Frenchman, lived there with his wife, raising cattle, and farming. Later he sold the place to one Ed. Burns, a butcher of San Diego, and Burns lived there and had a slaughter-house near. Then Burns, too, wearied of it and sold to another Jose, a cousin however, is Michael O'Brien, aged sixty odd, who lives in the little cottage out there on the plain, away off from the road. O'Brien was a sailor, years ago; then he started out as a butcher in New York, and by and by drifted down here. There was a time when he was well-off, but now he is accounted poor. He leads a sort of hermit life, and has dropped off all family connections, though he has sons still in San Francisco. His wife is dead some time now. O'Brien, Sinclair states, is a jolly fellow, and a mighty good talker. He has a little



Close to the corner of the United States and Mexico.

of the first. And he, too, has now moved elsewhere.

Down the road, as you're chatting, comes Uncle Sam's most southwesterly servant, a rural free delivery carrier, named E. B. Sinclair, who covers Route Number 1 out of Nestor. He is a genial young fellow, with seventy-five families on the route.

Yonder, that house we photographed, he explains, is the Manser home—they are the southwestern-most family in the United States, the farthest from the Great White Father. The most southwesterly inhabitant, burro, with which he goes out from the cabin to gather kelp to sell the ornament makers. This and odd jobs keep him going to-day. He is a great reader and a man of notable memory, though, particularly along lines of history.

Then he gossips of other phases of this border land, of attempts to smuggle in Chinese and other things; of fugitives who cross the border, in haste at times, and the like.

All of which makes one wonder at the change that must come should this Mexican border be pushed considerably southward.

ALASKA'S AGRICULTURAL ACTIVITY

BY MONROE WOOLLEY

THE IDEA generally held by the American public that Alaska is a country solely of snow and ice and blustery blizzards is soon dissipated after visiting the land of the sour-dough, as the citizen of the Northland dubs himself. Each year, by the time the summer crop of touring visitors makes its appearance, Alaska is a budding garden above the surface as well as a mineral El Dorado beneath it. People may have kicked and cussed in years agone at the alleged folly of Seward in acquiring this supposedly icy domain, but to-day we are singing praises for the man who brought us all this concealed wealth. The finding of gold made Seward's act a commendable one; and if, as seems probable, Alaska also develops into a promising farming field, the wise old secretary may yet get his name in the hall of fame or have a statue erected to his memory and deeds.

Alaska has great—one might say almost unlimited—possibilities in the development of agriculture, and already, at this early day, the pioneers of the industry are making princely profits. This is not so much due to the quantity they raise, but rather to the quality and the price paid in this isolated realm for all kinds of farm produce. The activity in Southern Canada and in the Canadian Yukon, that vast empire yet largely unpeopled, is doing much to spur the Alaskan experimenter to increased endeavor. The outcome of his efforts is being carefully watched not only by Government experts, but by the entire Northwest as well, the farmers of Western Canada in particular. When it is known that Alaska has no connection by rail with other countries, and that freight shipments by water are limited to but a few months yearly, the ports being closed to navigation on account of ice floes in winter, the markets are, therefore, never quite oversupplied, and prices are consequently at the top-notch. This condition will prevail for some time yet, probably years. At the time when the Alaska railroads meet and connect with our great trans-Continental lines, as well as those of Canada, the raising of farm produce will still be a paying industry, because of the long haul.

The soil of Alaska is often a rich, black loam, similar to that of some sections in Washington and Oregon, with a clay subsoil, making it admirably adapted to truck gardening, as well as to more extensive farming. It is claimed that the glacial era which deposited a rich silt over the lowlands of the Northwestern States did not slight the soil where the colossal glaciers formed. That strawberries and turkeys, the extremes in domestic animal and vegetable delicacy, thrive in the northward will no doubt be a surprise to most persons. And if strawberries and turkeys flourish there, certainly hardier classes of vegetation and home fowl should at least equal or excel the product of climates presumably better adapted to these things. The Alaskan who gave up mushing over the trails in quest of gold to take up the spade, the plow and the hoe, is in most cases well satisfied with his choice. The Alaskan rancher who last season raised a turnip weighing eight and three-quarters pounds has not yet ceased writing boastful letters home. A turnip of this size would take a ribbon of the proper

hue at most any county fair here in the motherland.

Richard Pidduck has one of the largest truck farms in the Klondike, having twenty-five acres under cultivation all the time. This is looked upon as quite an establishment for Alaska. His principal products are corn and potatoes, and the more delicate garden truck, such as peas, lettuce, radishes, and celery. In the early days potatoes, being a certain cure for scurvy, were worth their weight in gold, so to speak. Unfortunately, however, they were not then grown as now. Mr. Pidduck has experimented several years with celery, which the real estate men claim can thrive only in Florida, certainly a long way from the gold fields in the Arctic. Last year Mr. Pidduck's crop grew until there were fifteen inches of white, juicy stalk, something that seems almost impossible when one considers how long it takes for the ground to be so enriched as to make successful attempts along this line. Besides garden truck, Mr. Pidduck has over 3,000 chickens, some two hundred odd geese, and a number of turkeys.

On the banks of the Skagway river, a mile above the city and opposite the railroad shops, is a model farm, perhaps one of the best in Alaska. This farm five years ago was covered with stumps and dense underbrush. Today, potatoes, corn and other hardy farm produce may be found growing there. Three years ago the owner secured a steam stump puller from the States, making such excellent use of the apparatus that he now has what would be termed anywhere a model farm. The radishes, lettuce, green onions and peas raised on the place are superior to the produce shipped in from the Northwest markets. Besides his farm produce, the owner, a Mr. Clark, conducts a thoroughly modern dairy, having eighteen Jerseys. While the milk is sometimes worth it, the proprietor does not have to retail it at a dollar a quart, as in the days of the gold fever.

Fairbanks has a town character in the person of "Strawberry" Pederson, which sobriquet is perhaps significant of the fact that Mr. Pederson is not getting rich digging ore out of the ground, except via the strawberry method.

"Strawberry," from his ten-acre tract, realized more than $3,500 for one season, and he was the first man in the Tanana district to cultivate the berry. In 1908 he realized enough from his crop to pay for the tract of land and the labor involved. This is a remarkable showing and a record which is hard to beat anywhere. There are few tracts in the United States which will pay for themselves during the first year. Many of them will not repay the expense of planting. Last year, after he had picked and boxed his last strawberry, "Strawbery" placed $3,000 in the bank, the profit from a single crop. This spring he is enriching his soil with fish fertilizer, with the expectation of banking not less than $3,500 when the next crop is harvested. The berries are luscious ones, and many tourists who have eaten them have pronounced them the equal of the famous Kennewick berry of Washington.

Farming by sub-irrigation, the moisture supplied by melting ice and snow, is a novel agricultural method adopted in the interior of Alaska. The system is proving surprisingly successful. From it many kinds of vegetables are being grown, thus rendering living conditions from a financial as well as a physical standpoint more tolerable now, and the future most promising. The growth takes place between May 20th and September 15th, the sun shining from sixteen to twenty-four hours daily. From the system it is claimed that celery, lettuce, radishes, turnips and potatoes are much better than those produced in the States.

Upon arrival at Ketchikan, tourists from home catch the first glimpse of the "far-famed frozen North." But the spectacle in reality is far from being a frozen one. Hardly a resident of Ketchikan lets a square foot of his

yard go to waste. Early in the spring, immediately following the melting of the snow, out come the shovels and the hoes, and the back yards are soon turned over. When the proper time arrives, radishes, lettuce, onions and even cucumbers are planted. Following this, attention is also given the front yards. Sweet peas are planted, pansies are set out, and the rose and other bushes are trimmed. When the tourists arrive, as they do by the ship load upon the opening of navigation each season, both the front and back yards of the Alaskān pioneer are at their best. It is then that the traveler from the "warm and sunny" South has just reason to ponder and wonder if the stories of the land of snow and ice and perpetual night are really true, or are just the delusions of the fiction flinger.

THE STORM

BY OLIVE WILDER

Dull, dark clouds of sombre hue
Go racing by;
Sullen waves and angry swells
Pile mountain high;
While struggling, fighting 'gainst the wind,
Strong breakers form;
The seagulls flock in shore to wait
The coming storm.

Blacker grow the clouds o'erhead,
The lightning flashes
In jagged rents across the sky,
And thunder crashes
With a low reverberating thrill,
Driving the waves
To ever-mounting fury as the ocean
Moans and raves.

Down comes the rain and the dull gray haze
Of waning day
Grows darker still o'er the foam-white sea;
From far away
The hungry wind wails shrill and wild
Like the gray wolf pack;
The tempest breaks, the sun goes down,
And all is black.

THE CHINESE CHARACTER

BY THOMAS B. WILSON, LL. D.

STANDING upon the floor of the nation's Upper House of Congress, nearly sixty years ago, Senator Thomas H. Benton, perhaps the foremost American statesman in that day of his country's history, reached out his hand to the westward over the Pacific ocean and said: "There is the East—there is Asia." The Senator was concluding a speech before the Senate in advocacy of a national railway connecting our Atlantic seaports with the Golden Gate. He insisted that America's manufactures and commerce would some time have to look to the hundreds of millions of people in the Orient to create markets for the industrial productions of the United States, and that to go down in ships to reach the Orient by practically circumnavigating Africa to reach the markets of Asia was a violation of, and antagonistic to, the natural currents of commercial interchange. "The way to the Orient from the United States," he said, "was by the way of the West, and not by way of the East." That was why he pointed his hand to the westward and said: "There is the East—there is Asia."

In 1852, William H. Seward, another of America's great statesmen of half a century ago, prophesied that the time would come in the not very distant future when the Pacific Ocean and its countless islands, whose shores form a circle within which nearly a billion people dwell, would pay tribute to American industry and American commerce. Mr. Seward lived to see Alaska absorbed by the United States, and who knows but that his prophetic eye saw his country expand and become a powerful influence in the Orient; saw the Hawaiian Islands stand guard over America's Pacific Coast line, and be a base for offensive and defensive operations in the interest of the nation's Asiatic and American possessions, and that the same prophetic eye saw the beginning and the completion of the Panama Canal, which, together with an expanded commerce in the Orient, would eventually make the Pacific Ocean a lake by reducing the time and distance that then separated the United States from Asia.

There were those who later on deplored and who still deplore the acquisition of Hawaii and the Philippines, but it was and still is the same opposing spirit to a greater United States that President Jefferson encountered when negotiations were pending for the acquisition of what is known in history as the "Louisiana purchase," and what President Polk had to face in the acquisition of a certain large territory belonging to Mexico, and what William H. Seward had to struggle against when we acquired Alaska, and still the same narrow-mindedness almost denounced the Government for acquiring Hawaii and the Philippines. Nevertheless, it was the acquisition largely of these foreign possessions that raised the nation to the dignity of a world power by their influence and magnitude, and inducted the United States into the circle of the family of nations, where its flag is always greeted with distinguished consideration. Since the day that Senator Benton told the industries and commerce of America that the Orient was their natural field of expansion, and that the way to the Far East was by way of the West, very much has been accomplished to justify the prophecy of his



Street scene in Peking.

far-seeing statesmanship, and soon the Panama Canal will unite the waters of the Pacific and Atlantic, when ships going down to the sea in the Orient will discharge their burden of Asiatic merchandise in the storehouses of the Occident and return laden with the products of American mills and factories. Then American Asia and Chinese and Japanese Asia—the most progressive of the Orient—and the American States will be united in close reciprocal and sympathetic commercial relations.

Turning to American Asia—the Philippines—we Americans are now identified individually, and collectively as a nation, with the development of the entire Far East. As a nation, our interests are identical with the interests of the Orient. In some ways we are perhaps further removed from the swaddling clothes of the childhood of progress—China, for instance. Therefore, it is the mission of the United States to lead China out of the "rut of the ages," and do our duty on the ground in a practical and open-hearted way. That there exists a state of moral and intellectual interdependence between American Asia and Chinese Asia there is no room for doubt, which should be further strengthened and stimulated by helpful effort on our part and cheerful acceptance on the part of the Chinese in mutual endeavor not only to develop the vast resources of China, but to develop the best in each. The Philippines are not contiguous territory to China, but nearly so. Nevertheless, the Philippines, with their 2,000 islands, 115,000 square miles of territory, and 10,000,000 people, are of sufficient magnitude and importance in and to the Orient to identify the United States, politically, socially, commercially and industrially with the entire Oriental world, and emphatically so with the Chinese Empire.

The immense agricultural, mining and forest wealth of the Philippines

constitute and hold within themselves the potentialities of a great nation with a civilization that will rank with and be the continuation of the standards of the United States. Thus, while the close identification of the United States with the material, if not the political and ethical, unfoldment of the Orient to higher levels of national development and progress is recognized, it also fully justifies the purpose of the American Government and people to establish mutually helpful relations with China, more especially. By the very nature of the possibilities of American Asia and Chinese Asia in the fields of economics and political and industrial expansion, they, as nations, are bound by the ties of self-interest and mutual interests to act in friendly concert in the development of their resources, if they would accomplish that for which an aspiring people ought to struggle.

It certainly should follow as the logical sequence of the identification of the United States with the welfare and well-being of the concerns of Asia by reason of America's ownership and right of government of the Philippines that the possibilities that await American Asia will not be able to secure the full unfoldment without the spirit and good-will of the United States and China, working together on lines of reciprocal trade relations and co-operation. Whether we Americans are in full accord concerning the American-Oriental problem or not, we must acknowledge the fact that events oblige the strong arm of the United States to reach out over the Pacific and sustain the Philippines and China in accomplishing their destiny, and help them up the steep hills of progress and self-development. Our high civilization and the democratic fundamentals of our national political establishment and the decrees of Infinite Good oblige America to lead China more especially up to the high level of our national and individual achievements in the channels and avenues of human progress, the more so because China is our nearest neighbor to Asiatic possessions and needs encouragement and sympathy in her heroic and earnest struggle to master the processes of self-development and unfoldment that her innate mightiness so eminently qualifies her to accomplish.

Although a kindly feeling for China and the Chinese Government prevails in America, no people or nation is more misunderstood by Americans. China is very far from being a nation of ignorant coolies, or superstitious, irreligious pagans. According to the Chinese standards of intellectual worth and ethical culture they compare favorably with the nations of Europe, and in the matter of business integrity and faithfulness to fiducial trusts, the Occident might well crouch at the feet of China and learn of her. In the matter of favoritism in high places and value of an influential "pull" to secure Government or community favor, all Chinese stand on a common level of opportunity, only that the applicant for public preference and commendation must prove his worthiness. The son of the most improvident of the coolie class, by close application to books, is able to pass the Government examination; he is given a certificate accordingly which pronounces him worthy and well qualified to enter public service with nothing between himself and the highest position in the State, except the Imperial family, save only subsequently developed personal unworthiness. Hence it is that the civil service of China stands pre-eminently above almost every other nation in Europe or in the Americas in requiring rectitude and fitness to administer the trust committed to the employee or official's keeping. The applicant for Government examination may not be as scholarly as a Yale graduate, but in economics, in the science of Government, and in the history, philosophy and mathematics of his own country he must be well versed to get a certificate of efficiency and worthiness. Moreover, he must show pretty intimate acquaintance with the classics of China, which, by the way, compare



Chinese farmers and plow.

favorably with the classics of Greece in the days of Plato and Socrates, and their confreres. The education acquired in the home institutions of China is in a language quite foreign to our own, but altogether satisfactory to China, and so far as Chinese statesmanship is concerned, we may say, parenthetically, that the capitals of nations that have had diplomatic intercourse with Chinese diplomatists do not regard them as things to play with nor are they considered conspicuously weak in statecraft.

So far as our commerce and basis of interchange of commodities with China may be discussed, it is patent that it is far from being satisfactory to either peoples, and if the volume has declined in more recent years, and if steadily fallen short of our hope and desire in both volume and value, let our merchants and manufacturers be manly enough to put the blame on themselves and honor the Chinese for refusing to have their business customs and methods Americanized against their will when they know and we should know that they have to pander to the fancies of their clientele just as our merchants and manufacturers have to do to theirs. In this connection, it might be timely to remind our people that the figures and the underlying object lesson they teach show that our merchandise exports to China in 1905, aggregated in value $58,600,000, and have steadily declined since that year until 1910, when they amounted to only $15,500,000. These figures are truthful history, because they are the official exhibits of the United States Government. But for the inner meaning of a decline of $43,000,000 in orders of Chinese merchants for our goods and wares in five years, we shall have to look to ourselves and not to China, and in seeking information we shall find the cause, not in any desire of the merchants of China to throw the products of American mills and factories off their shelves.

If Chinese of the merchant class, and those who conduct other kinds of large business enterprises hesitate to form commercial alliances with our mills and factory companies and other

dealers in merchantable commodities have good and plausible reasons for passing by on the other side of the United States, perhaps it would be well if this Government would show some desire to remove the cause. The masses of China know better than the people of the United States seem to know that it is a common occurrence upon the arrival of passenger ships from the Orient at American ports to see not a few distinguished Chinese merchants, scholars and tourists decline to leave the vessel, but promptly engage return passage on the same ship because of the harsh treatment they are told is in store for them if they land on our shores. The people of China generally and some Americans understand why this is. They know that no self-respecting Chinaman would care to land and be subjected to indignities incident to the "rules" of the detention stations where he is cut off from friends and where he is to submit to a cross-examination concerning his antecedents and occupation, often carrying the inquisitorial torture back to the third and fourth generations of his ancestors, and it may be said that his inquisitors at the detention station are not uniformly gracious or considerate when plying questions.

But these examinations are always made all the more burdensome and aggravating by the positive refusal of the nations' agents in charge to recognize the validity of the claims of the stranger to land without molestation, even when his good character and high standing in his own country is certified to by the American Consul-General at the port of embarkation. For the sake of the nation's honor and proverbial reputation of hospitality to strangers of repute, let us hope that the official Government of the United States is in ignorance of the unjust if not inhuman hardship that is imposed upon reputable citizens of China at the San Francisco so-called detention station by a few self-important and self-sufficient Government officials who conduct the immigration affairs of the nation without reason and apparently without common sense.

But notwithstanding the discourteous treatment that is often accorded by us to Chinese who are distinguished men of affairs in their own country, the fact is patent that the United States and its people as a whole are closer in the heart and have more of the good-will of the Government and people of China than any other foreign nation or people, and although China in many respects is the equal of America, she is wanting in American enterprise and American progress in her broad field of possibilities. It is to that field that China's 440,000,000 producers and consumers invite the United States and its varied industries to join with them in a co-operative endeavor to develop the field's limitless possibilities, and that in their development the United States and its people may participate in the advantages accruing from the joint efforts of China's industry and frugality, and America's enterprise and experience. China needs internal improvements and other public utilities of various kinds; a financial or monetary system that shall give her millions of subjects an ample and safe circulating money medium, every note or coin of which shall be accepted at their designated value in all the markets of the world; a system of customs duties that shall eventually lead to reciprocal trade intercourse with all nations; a system of railway and inland waterway transportation facilities that will bring the interior of the empire into close and rapid touch with all her industrial and commercial centers, and who could accomplish all this completely and efficiently and substantially better than American genius, enterprise and experience under a liberal and comprehensive plan of co-operation?

But however desirable and mutually advantageous such a state of comity and confidence between the United States and China would be, it will never become a reality until the American people recognize the undeniable fact that in dealing with China they

are not dealing with a people who have small appreciation of their own innate prowess and commercial possibilities. Ages before America emerged from crude and brutal barbarism and evolved to the dignity of a howling wilderness, China had become a powerful factor in the machinery of human advancement toward the uplands of civilization, nor need we who dwell in the Golden West be ashamed to admit that fifteen hundred years ago Chinese missionaries stood upon the banks of the Golden Gate and taught a better system of ethics and painted word pictures of a higher civilization than the then dwellers on the Pacific Coast ever had dreamt of or could appreciate. Therefore, let us not approach China in a spirit of superiority or self-sufficiency. Let us, as a nation, invite China to open with us negotiations for a better understanding of what the relations should be between the two peoples, and let the conclusions be embodied in the form of a treaty which invites mutual helpfulness and co-operation in the work of establishing commercial and industrial intimacy to the end that the vast possibilities of China's boundless field of material wealth may be unfolded for her own and America's advantage and profit.

And while holding steadfast to the American principle that it would be an injustice to invite Asiatic sudras to come and compete in our own land with our own skilled and common labor, let us open our gates wide to China's captains of industry, to her merchants, her scholars, to her tourists and to her managers of business enterprises. The time has come when the United States must deal justly with China or forfeit America's greatest prospective field of commercial and industrial expansion.

SONG

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS

In every glowing sunset sky,
 How many gorgeous pictures be!
In Ocean's deepest depths there lie
 Unnumbered gems no man shall see.

But in thine eyes is beauty bold,
 Thy face the fairest flower blown,
And in thy heart of hearts there's gold,
 The purest and the richest known.

Away from thee no sunset's fair,
 And costly gems are little worth;
For thou art all for which I care
 In sea or sky or field or earth.

THE TIE THAT BINDS

BY KATHARINE LYNCH SMITH

BERT HARWOOD strode down the street, serenity in his heart and a smile on his lips. His senior plug was tilted carefully on the back of his head. His thoughts ran in a pleasing channel.

The play last night had been a deuce of a success. All of the fellows had acquitted themselves splendidly. Dickie Hatton, as the college widow, had been too ravishingly funny for words; and Jim Carlton, who played the Freshman innocent, had done the part to perfection.

But there had been no doubt in the minds of the audience that he, Bert Harwood, as hero of the football field, had carried off the honors. Therefore was he at peace with the world, and especially with that portion of it repsented in the six-foot-one of manhood labeled Bert Harwood—University honor man, leader in athletics, and all around good fellow.

Two girls were coming up the street, and from a distance Harwood recognized the taller of the two.

It was Grace Westerfelt. He could not mistake the proud carriage of the head and the long, easy grace of her walk.

He had noticed Miss Westerfelt a good deal lately, and was pleased to characterize her as *all right*. Which is to say that she was thoroughly feminine although she *was* a college girl; that she had a nice dignity; that she wasn't always throwing herself at a fellow's head; that, in fact, she had a proper idea of her own value and kept a man a bit on tiptoe, as it were, living up to her.

Besides which, she was a rattling good-looker. Nobody else could wear clothes quite as she could; and as for talking, she could entertain a roomful. Even the Profs, by Jove! liked to listen to her.

It must not be imagined that Mr. Harwood thought out all these ideas clearly, as he and the two girls simultaneously advanced. It was merely that the hazy background of his consciousness, if expanded and interpreted, would read much like the above.

As he neared the approaching couple he became aware that something more than usually humorous occupied their thoughts. The small one, he recognized her now as the littlest and frowsiest of the Marchmont twins, was quite convulsed with laughter; and Miss Westerfelt was giving way to more sedate mirth, which curled up the corners of her mouth and eyes in little, fetching wrinkles, while a tiny imp of mischief danced in either eye.

Whole-hearted laughter is always infectious, and Harwood felt himself growing very genial. He thought he would stop the girls and tax them to let him into the secret of their merriment; and he had slowed his pace by way of preparation when it was borne in upon him that the two stared at him from time to time more intently than courtesy required, and that the result of each glance was a renewal of their mirth.

For one uncomfortable moment, Harwood wondered if there could be anything about him to cause this merriment, which now began to take on the aspect of unseemliness, as mirth is apt to do when one is the object of it.

A downward glance at his immaculate person reassured him, but the instant loss of confidence had changed his mood, and instead of stopping as

he had intended, he raised his hat with dignity and went on.

The Marchmont girl was red in the face, and as he passed, instead of speaking, she tittered in the most underbred way, and put her hand to her mouth.

Miss Westerfelt, on the contrary, bowed with her customary sweet dignity, and though her face was slightly flushed, her eyes, as they met his, were grave, with just that suggestion of delicate admiration that a fellow likes to see in a girl's eyes.

His sense of well-being was magically restored by the greeting. His momentary apprehension and annoyance were gone. He was glad that the two were enjoying themselves, and even to the Marchmont girl his mind softened a little.

He looked around, wondering again pleasantly about the cause of their laughter, but he regretted doing, so for the frowsy Marchmont girl had turned also, and was looking back at him, her plain little face still distorted with inextinguishable mirth. The sight annoyed him excessively; and for an instant he included Grace Westerfelt in his censure, wondering how she could be friendly with such a commonplace little thing.

Then he recalled Miss Westerfelt's reputation on the campus: of being the only girl of the best set who was never guilty of snobbishness.

By Jove! he liked her for it. That's what a girl in a college should be. Thoroughly democratic in manner with every one, and yet with a fine reserve that kept her someway aloof, in her inner self, from them all.

So the incident was forgotten, and he passed on in the sunshine swinging his cane, again at peace with the world and himself.

His way led over the campus where a Freshman game was in progress. A good many people had turned out to see it, and he went through the throng, lifting his hat to right and to left, or stopping now and then to chat with the girls who were there in carriages, gaily gowned and carefully chaperoned: a contrast to the college girls in their sober suits, mingling indiscriminately in the crowd.

After he had attended to a matter at the Recorder's office and talked with the Dean on an affair connected with his fraternity, of which the Dean, too, was a member; he went down town to do some necessary shopping.

Evening was falling when he returned to his rooms; but a glance at his watch told him that he had time to rest before dressing for the President's banquet.

He flung himself into a big chair, and as the smoke of his pipe curled upward his thoughts followed it dreamily. He was fairly settled for the hour of meditation that a smoker loves when a rap on the door aroused him.

"Come in," he groaned, annoyed at the intrusion.

The door opened and a messenger boy appeared.

Harwood took the parcel that the boy held out. "Where do I sign?"

The boy indicated the line with a grubby finger. "Any answer, sir?"

"No. Here's a quarter."

The boy seized it with avidity, and the door slammed on his hasty "Thank'ee, sir."

Harwood threw on the light and absently examined the parcel. It was small and soft, and the writing gave no clue to the sender.

He tore off the outer wrapping and found an inner layer of tissue paper daintily tied with ribbon of a peculiar shade of yellow, his fraternity color.

His interest quickening, he removed this inner wrapping and drew out a tie, a four-in-hand, conventional in shape and quality, but in color a mixture of red and orange and green in flaming hues that fairly made his eyes ache to behold it.

He stared at the gaudy creation in blank amazement. There could be no doubt that it played a part in some gigantic joke, but he knew of nothing to which this glaring ribbon could be in the least relevant.

Then he caught sight of a slip of paper on which a few lines were traced

in a light hand that was evidently assumed:

"When life is hard and the world unkind,
Then blest be the ties, the ties that blind."

As he read the screed an intuition clutched him disagreeably. Then he was at the mirror, his hand at his throat, his eyes ruefully fixed on the too-glaring expanse of immaculate collar and shirt front, guiltless of a tie.

He stared with unbelieving eyes, miserably noting the contrast between the exquisite correctness of his general attire and the startling inadequacy caused by the omission.

Then the incidents of the day flashed over him, and he sank into a chair overwhelmed with laughter, his hand still grasping the flambuoyant ribbon that had been the agent of his enlightenment.

He smote his thigh in an ecstacy of mirth.

"She did it," he cried aloud. "She did it. By Jove! It's a clever grind, too, and I like her spirit. 'The ties that blind.'"

Later he was at the telephone.

"Is this Sanford's? * * * This is Harwood at the S. A. E. House * * * Send me two dozen roses, red; Jacks, if you have them * * * You have? That's all right, then. Two dozen, and right away. Tell your man to come up to the room. I shall want to give him a card. * * * Inside a half hour? * * * Very well. Good-bye."

He hung up the receiver and went to the desk.

By Jove! his thoughts ran. That *was* a josh. Mightly clever one, too, on a fellow who prides himself on knowing how to get up in correct form. Not many girls would have thought of it, or had the nerve to do it. Yet it was all right. Just funny and awfully clever. Another girl would have done something in bad taste; made a public grind on a fellow, perhaps. That little Marchmont girl, for example, who couldn't do anything but giggle.

"By Jove! I'll show Grace that I'm game all right," he said aloud. And the amiable youth did not notice that in his excitement he had called Miss Westerfelt by her first name.

The next day Bert Harwood appeared on the campus wearing an amazing tie that soon became the talk of the college.

He bore his notoriety with calm nonchalance, and paid assiduous court to Miss Westerfelt, who wore a red rose pinned high on her shoulder, and had a new and somewhat dreamy look on her face, except when Harwood was talking to her. Then she looked gratifyingly interested and the least bit admiring. But there were moments when her eyes strayed to the region of his collar, and rested there with a suggestion of puzzled wonder in their depths.

At such moments, Harwood was more than usually serious in his bearing and conversation. He would show her that he was game and fully in the spirit of the joke. Even when with sweet demureness she thanked him prettily for his roses, he never flickered an eyelash.

Six weeks later the campus buzzed with the excitement of an announced engagement, and Harwood and Miss Westerfelt, serenely aloof on their heights of bliss, thrashed out a problem as old as the world and the first pair of lovers.

"With me it began when you sent those beautiful roses. Before that it had never occurred to me that you cared; and though of course I'd liked you and admired you awfully, I hadn't begun to think of you in just this way," and Miss Westerfelt smothered a becoming color against a coat that felt deliciously rough and mannish and gave out just the least suggestive scent of tobacco.

After the necessary interruption, Harwood continued the argument.

"And with me, dearest, it began fully an hour before that, when my eyes first were dazzled by the 'tie that blinds!'"

He smiled delightedly as he tight-

ened his arm about her. The play was played out, and they would have a good laugh together over the blessed mischance that had led them to each other.

"The what!" she said dreamily.

Harwood bent and looked into her eyes. They were vaguely puzzled, but remote. She was wondering if any other man's shoulder could possibly be so comfortable and satisfying as the large and manly one against which she leaned.

Harwood stared in bewilderment into the unresponsive orbs.

"You don't mean to say?" he began. Then a light broke.

"The Marchmont girl!" he ejaculated, and sat erect with dropping jaw.

"Who?" asked Grace, coming out of her reverie. She had just decided that no other possibly could be.

AN EXILE

BY JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY

Across the silences of drifting snows,
 Come fragrances of bloom, from sunset lands;
From seas of drowsy glinting poppy-gold,
 And rose-leaves, scattered far upon the sands.

Through clouds of whirling flakes, in gray-white skies,
 Come wind-songs of the redwoods, far away,
Where violets, in purple shadows lie,
 Mist-wet and sweet, with gleaming ocean spray.

Beyond the blue white hills, the sunlight streams,
 With glint of olden, golden mystery,
Where crimson roses cling to Mission walls,
 Within my rose-land by the Western sea.

"WORLD THAT WAS." "PRESENT EVIL WORLD" AND THE "WORLD TO COME"

BY PASTOR C. T. RUSSELL

NOBODY THINKS of disputing the statement that we are living in a most wonderful day. The history of the world during the past century fills us with amazement. The wildest dreams of the "Arabian Nights," "Aladdin's Lamp," and other fanciful imaginations come far short of what we have seen—what we are seeing, handling, using, enjoying, daily, hourly! How difficult it is to realize that there are people living in the world to-day who have witnessed the progressive development of nearly everything that goes to make up modern life!—steamboats, railroads, steam railways, electric railways, automobiles, the telegraph, the telephone and thousands of wonders along the lines of conveniences, utilities and wonders in chemistry.

What Does all this Mean?

There are but two ways of accounting for this wonderful condition of things which surrounds us.

Darwin's Law of Evolution was conjured up as a solution of the mystery. With no other thought before their mind to combat this, his theory of Evolution spread rapidly with general acceptance amongst the educated, and, of course, therefore, amongst the uneducated. It has become the standard explanation of the schools, and is even represented in the intellectual food of the primary grades.

But thinkers are beginning to query the theory of Evolution, and to point out that, instead of a progressive evolution being the rule in nature, the very reverse seems the truth. Mr. Darwin's pigeons, developed carefully along selected lines, did, indeed, reach a high degree of specialization; but the same broods of pigeons, released from human assistance and care, instead of going onward and upward, went backward—devoluted. The same principles are seen to operate with all the lower animals: horses, dogs, cats, poultry, etc. These same principles hold good in the vegetable kingdom. Human care and energy have produced wonderful results in fruits, grains and vegetables. But is it not true that in all of these developments there is a constant tendency to retrogression? Thinkers are beginning to realize that the past century has not developed abler minds than any previous century and admit, indeed, that to-day we have few who will compare with the old masters in art, music, poetry, philosophy. Whom have we to-day to compare with Shakespeare, the Psalmist David or the Prophet Job? In depth of reasoning, whom have we to compare with Plato and Socrates, not to mention St. Paul? And what great Law Giver ever made so deep an impression upon humanity as did Moses!

If the theory of Evolution be expected to demonstrate itself as a theory, should we not find a gradual progression from a monkey (Adam) to present-day intelligence, instead of what we do find—great intelligence far in the past and a sudden flare-up of intelligence all in one century? Besides, do we not find that the most intelligent and best educated men of our day have had little or nothing to do with the great inventions and discoveries which make our day phenomenal? Do we not, on the contrary, find that philosophers are fewer than ever,

and that the wide-spread increase of knowledge with the masses is merely a parrot-like repetition of what they have been told and concerning which they have little real knowledge?

A More Satisfactory Explanation.

The other explanation of the phenomena of our day is the Bible one. God's Word teaches a progressive development in the Divine Plan of the Ages, which is the very opposite of Mr. Darwin's Evolution theory. The Bible outlines to us an Epoch lasting from creation to the flood; another, distinctly separate, lasting from the flood to the coming of Messiah and the establishment of His Kingdom—the Messianic reign of blessing promised throughout the Scriptures. The Bible also shows that this Epoch from the flood to Messiah has three subdivisions marked by distinctly different Divine dealings with humanity:

(a) The Patriarchal Period;
(b) The Period of Jewish Favor;
(c) The Christian Period.

The Bible tells that man was created perfect—"upright"—in the image and likeness of his Creator. It teaches that in his perfection and harmony with God he was not subject to sickness, pain, excessive labor, sorrow and death, but was specially cared for under Edenic conditions. Nevertheless, knowing that, in his inexperience, Adam would fall into disobedience, God left the world in an unfit, undeveloped, unmatured condition—except the specially prepared Paradise Garden. Condemned to death for their disobedience, Adam and Eve were expelled from Eden that their death penalty might be worked out as convicts, and that they and their race might learn something of the exceeding sinfulness of sin.

The downward course was swift and culminated in the flood. That first Epoch had its special lessons for angels and for men, which we need not here discuss. A new Epoch, Age or Dispensation, mis-translated "world," then opened.

Again, Noah and his family, all in harmony with God, were planted, but the downward tendency of sin soon manifested itself, and in but a short time the plague of sin was again raging. Next, language was confounded, and the race scattered as different nations over the face of the earth, each to demonstrate how, under various conditions, sin (selfishness) would still blight every division of the race—some more, some less; some in this respect, some in other respects. As a result, many of our race have fallen to great depths of degradation, mental, moral and physical—some have descended almost to the brute, and, by virtue of a greater intellectual power, become worse than brutes.

In permitting this reign of sin and death, God from the very beginning knew what He was doing, and was intent on giving to all of His intelligent creatures a great lesson concerning the exceeding sinfulness of sin. He made no fiery hell of everlasting torture for His creatures, but He did allow them to make for themselves in the present life awful and distressing conditions—mental, moral and physical. But all the while, and from before creation, He purposed a glorious outcome to His Plan, most beneficial and helpful to all of His creatures, who were or who would later become harmonious with His Divine arrangements. The lessons permitted through the reign of sin and death, individually and collectively, we are assured, will result gloriously to the obedient, while the wilfully disobedient will eventually be destroyed in the Second Death, from which there will be no recovery; for, as St. Peter says, They shall perish like brute beasts.—2 Pet. 2:12; Jude 12.

Lessons of the Jewish Age.

God dealt with the Jews differently than with any other people. First, He permitted them to go into slavery that it might be manifest that He had chosen a superior race. Under Divine discipline, and actuated by hopes based upon Divine promises, Israel became a wonderful people, whose in-

fluence has extended to all parts of the earth. Still held by the Divine promises, the Jews have not amalgamated with other peoples, and, although poor and persecuted and outcast, they have neither been destroyed from the earth nor degraded to the level of the heathen. The Divine promises not only selected special representatives of the Jewish race for a share in a future work of blessing the world, but, as we have seen, the Divine promises have maintained the Jews as a race on a high plane of civilization.

Next the Christian Age.

The Christian Age has accomplished a double work, also. It has selected a saintly few, called in the Bible "the elect," who are to be associates with Messiah in His glorious Kingdom. It has also exerted a wide influence throughout Europe and America over the civilization of the nations which it touches. It has been an enlightening and liberating influence amongst them in every sense of the word, even though the "elect," the saintly, are few, and even though the unsaintly may, by the liberty and intelligence emanating from Christianity, be more powerful factors of evil than if they had remained without enlightenment—in barbarism.

Whoever can discern what we have here pointed out realizes that the Divine promises have been uplifting and enlightening influences in the world. Nevertheless, because of sin, depravity and selfishness, the true light of the Divine promises has not benefited the masses, mentally, morally or physically, as it would have done had it been received into good and honest hearts. As it is, the influence of Gospel enlightenment and the spirit of liberty operating in an unregenerate and selfish heart, are about to bring to the world a most awful time of trouble and anarchy. Were it not for the promised intervention of Divine power we could hope for nothing, for we see about us what the Bible foretold, an increasing selfishness, which ultimately will array the world—"Every man's hand against his neighbor."—Zech. 8:10.

Divine Plan Consummated.

The Bible explains the phenomena of our wonderful day by pointing out that we are living at the time when another great Dispensational change is due to take place. We are living in the close of six thousand years of sin and death, and in the dawn of the seventh thousand, which is to be a thousand year Sabbath Day. In it, Messiah, as the great Antitypical Priest, King, Law-Giver and Judge, will give the whole world of mankind a judgment or trial for life everlasting or death everlasting. The great Judge (Jesus) has Himself laid the foundation for this in that, by His own Death, He is enabled to cancel the sentence of death which came upon Father Adam and His race, and to give them a fresh trial for life everlasting under the glorious provisions of His Messianic Kingdom. In that trial all the difficulties and experiences of the present life may prove helpful instructions in righteousness.

That glorious epoch will not merely be for those living at that time when the reign of righteousness will begin, but will include all the twenty thousand millions of our race who have gone into the tomb from Adam's day until now. "There shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and of the unjust"—the just will be the elect few of the Jewish Age, and the other elect few of this Age. The former will come forth to human resurrection; the latter to participation in the Divine nature, as members of the great Messiah, under the headship of Jesus, composed of the saintly of English and French, Jews and Swedes and all nationalities. The former will come forth to earthly *perfection* and to have fulfilled in them and through them the Divine promise, "In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." The seed of Abraham will thus be a double—a heavenly and an earthly—"as the stars of heaven and as the sands of the sea."

The blessing to come to the world will be the release from the dominion of Satan, who shall be bound for that thousand years, and instead of the ignorance and superstition fostered by his reign of darkness, will come to mankind the true light of Divine Truth. "The Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His Beams." Darkness, sin, pain, sorrow, death will all flee from the world in general. Only wilful rejectors will receive stripes, and these, proving unavailing, will be destroyed in the Second Death. Thus, eventually, as the Bible declares, the whole earth shall be full of the knowledge of the glory of God, and every knee shall bow and every tongue confess, of those both in heaven and in earth. And there shall be no more sighing and no more crying and no more dying—because the former things of sin and death will have passed away; because the Divine Plan will have reached its culmination. The elect "little flock," "the Church of the firstborns," will be like unto the angels but more glorious, partakers of the Divine nature. The world of mankind, uplifted out of sin and death conditions, will not only have a world-wide Paradise for their everlasting home, but themselves will be perfect, in the image and likeness of God.

Foregleams of the Millennium.

The Bible teaches that the Divine blessing will wipe away all tears; sorrow and sighing shall flee away gradually and forever during the Messianic reign. The Scriptures imply that wonderful blessings will prevail amongst men. So great an inventor as Mr. Edison, without realizing that he corroborates the Scriptures, tells us that the world is on the eve of most stupendous developments, by which her thousands of millions will be fed, clothed and housed most luxuriously and at a trifling expenditure of energy.

The real explanation of the wonders of the past century is that God Himself is lifting the veil from the human mind and permitting us to peer into matters previously kept secret for man's good, that he might toil with sweat of face until due time for liberation would come. The Scriptures speak of the present as the "day of His preparation"—preparation for Messiah's Kingdom and the world's blessing—preparation for the wind-up of the present evil world (age), and for the inauguration of the world (age) to come, wherein dwelleth righteousness."—2 Pet. 3:13.

The Scriptures not only foretell, but point us to the time and to the influences that will produce these conditions. Twenty-four hundred years ago it was written that various features of the Divine Program were closed up and sealed until the time of the end—until the closing of this Christian Age and the opening of the New Dispensation. That Epoch, called "the time of the end," began in 1799. We have already been in it one hundred and eleven years. The Prophet tells how we may know, saying of it, Many shall run to and fro; knowledge shall be increased, and there shall be a time of trouble.—Dan. 12:1, 2.

The running to and fro, the commingling of peoples of all nations, has waked up the world and given it new conceptions of life and energy. We are still in this time of running to and fro. As a result of this intercourse, knowledge has been increased—made general. The world is pouring out streams of treasure for the enlightenment of the race. Education is compulsory in all civilized lands, and this same spirit is taking hold of the heathen. China has already decided to educate her people in the English tongue, and for years the schools of India have been turning out a million graduates a year in English studies.

Will this rushing to and fro and this increase of knowledge bring the millennium as a natural result, as some have hoped? Nay, verily. Knowledge is a dangerous thing, except for those who are perfect. And all mankind, through the fall, are imperfect. Comparatively few have even what the Apostle terms the spirit of a sound

mind. To all others, knowledge has dangers. In the past, many have been willing to do wrong who knew not how to make it pay. To-day the whole world is keenly alive to methods and opportunities for violating the Golden Rule in the interest of personal advantage. As a result of knowledge, the world would be a terrible place to live in if it were not for the police protection, backed up by every contrivance imaginable for the apprehension of evil-doers and the protection of life and property. When the hour arrives that the law and order of Christendom shall succumb to anarchy, civilization will receive the greatest shock ever. So says the Bible: "There shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation."—Daniel 12:1.

The philosophy of the matter, the lifting by the Almighty of the curtain of ignorance, let in such a stream of light that the world awakened from the slumber of ages with a start. Labor saving inventions suddenly made the world fabulously rich. More and more humanity is becoming intoxicated with a thirst for gold, which quenches other ambitions more noble. The mad rush for money has passed Upper Tendom, and is reaching the middle and lower classes. Flood-like, it sweeps before it justice and love, saying, "Money first; we will inquire respecting a conscience and a God later."

Had the Almighty lifted the curtain of ignorance centuries sooner, this time of trouble would have come correspondingly soon. He has deferred the matter until now, and informs us in His Word that the cataclysm of trouble about to break upon the world will be allowed to go only far enough to teach men and angels a great lesson: then Messiah's Kingdom, established upon the ashes of selfish hopes and ambitions and "bursted" Trusts will establish by Divine power a reign of righteousness in which every evil intention, even, will be punished and every good intention blessed. These are but the beginning of "the times of restitution"—years of restoration—to all that humanity lost, as mentioned by St. Peter in Acts 3:19-21.

"FOR SORROW IS ALL THE END OF THIS"

BY HERBERT HERON

The lonely mist lay white upon the shore;
The wan lights wavered fretfully and cold.
We met: and in that moment the pale night
Fled with the wearied darkness to her hold.

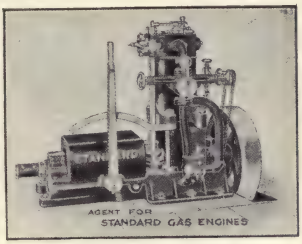
After the light of love—ah, brief the day!—
Comes old Farewell with knockings on the door.
We parted; and the night resumed her guard;
The lonely mist fell white upon the shore.

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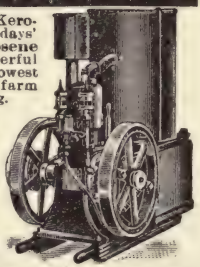
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